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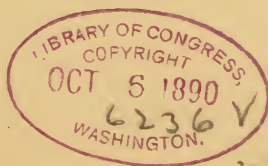
# EVELYN GRAY

OR

THE VICTIMS OF OUR WESTERN TURKS

A TRAGEDY IN FIVE ACTS

BY  
H. I. STERN



NEW YORK  
JOHN B. ALDEN, PUBLISHER  
1890



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*From  
Jug  
cat*

*Dedicated to*  
*GENERAL ELI H. MURRAY,*  
*Ex-Governor of Utah,*  
*as a tribute to official fidelity and efficiency, and as a token*  
*of friendship and esteem.*





## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:

BRIGHAM YOUNG,  
 HEBER C. KIMBALL, } *First Presidency of Mormon Church.*  
 DAN'L H. WELLS,

ORSON PRATT,  
 GEORGE Q. CANNON, }  
 ORSON HYDE, } *Mormon Bishops.*  
 JOHN TAYLOR,  
 JOHN D. LEE,  
 FRANKLIN D. RICHARDS,

JOSEPH YOUNG, *President of Seventies.*

J. C. HAIGHT, *President at Cedar City.*

BILL HICKMAN,  
 PORTER ROCKWELL, }  
 EPH. HANKS, } *Danites.*  
 ROBT. T. BURTON,  
 IKE HATCH,

ELIZA SNOW, *Spiritual Wife of BRIGHAM YOUNG.*

AMELIA, *One of BRIGHAM YOUNG'S Wives.*

LUCY RAWDON, *An Actress.*

MRS. LEE, JOHN D. LEE'S *Wife.*

TOM, *Negro Servant of BRIGHAM.*

LEVI SAVAGE, *Captain of Emigrant Train.*

MR. GRAY, *An English Convert and Immigrant.*

MRS. GRAY, *His Wife.*

EVELYN, *Their Daughter.*

JAS. ST. CLAIR, *Her Lover.*

ROBT. NORRIS, *His Friend.*

LARRY and BIDDY MAHONE, *Irish Converts.*

JERRY BOWLES, *A Trapper.*

GOVERNOR DUMMINGS, *Father Parsons, a Minister.*

JUDGE LETCHER.

*Soldiers, Indians, Emigrants, Mormons, Attendants.*

## ACT I.

SCENE I.— NEW YORK CITY. *Landing place of emigrant vessels. Ships unloading. Passengers disembarking. Bustle.*

*Enter* ROB NORRIS.

This now is life indeed. This is a point  
Of contemplation more transcendent than  
The crumbling piles and exhumed sites which tell  
Of fallen empires of antiquity.  
The living breath of mankind, unimpaired,  
Lingers not o'er those ruins like a seer  
Of old, droning a dirge and making moan,  
But onward wafts, creating newer, fairer,  
Higher commonwealths, great in their youthful  
strength.

Here now, where but few centuries ago  
The sea-tossed mariner appeared,  
The pilgrims clutched th' inhospitable shore,

Amid the arrows of the savages,  
I stand, upon the eastern gateway of  
An empire, stretching hence from sea to sea,  
For many thousand miles of broad expanse,  
Where in the stead of pristine wilderness,  
Infested by wild beasts and men like wild,  
A thousand cities shadow now their spires  
In the white sheen of garden-bordered lakes,  
And rivers, skirted by the rushing trains.  
The heavenly air of freedom gently blows

Over the golden grainfields with their fruit  
Waving and rip'ning in the gladsome sun.  
The wains of commerce bear the loaded store  
By the strange power of steam, on water and  
On land into palatial magazines.  
Ten thousand wheels and shafts, with smoking speed,  
Labor to reproduce the shapeless fruit  
Of field and forest, and the clotted ore  
Dug from the rugged mountain side into  
The fine embellishments of modern life.  
A refuge and a universal home  
For the oppressed and poor of all the world.  
And how they come, like eager pilgrims to  
A shrine, swarming hither o'er many a sea  
Unto this portal of America!  
Ah, what a motley crowd! It seems indeed,  
As if all Europe opened wide her gates  
To send her prisoned populace abroad.  
Behold them here, commingled and confused,  
Showing the costumes of a dozen lands,  
And making with their varied tongues another  
Babel, truly a diverse company:  
There the sturdy German with his swarming brood  
Of chubby offspring—there the Hollander  
Serene and stolid, with his pipe, amid  
The deafening din—there the hot Italian  
Fresh from the Apennines or Campagna,  
Dark-eyed and swarthy—there a family  
Of Swedes from Odin's mystic Northland cold,  
The girls, blue-eyed, with flaxen plaits as thick  
As ship's ropes,—there green Erin's denizens,  
Tattered and poor, yet gay and gossipy—  
As woodchucks in the leafy summertide.



Roman and Gaul, Teuton and Scandinaue  
Celt and Slav, wafted in swelling numbers  
O'er the sea, with hopeful hearts pour in  
Like a great host on their triumphal march  
Of peaceful conquest to the smiling West  
To win by the mild arms of industry  
The heaven of a free and plenteous home.

*Enter JAS. ST. CLAIR.*

Why, who comes here? Jim. St. Clair, by all that's fortunate, my Damon, my Doppelgaenger, my brother. By the shades of the Dioscuri, I am glad to see you.

*Jas.* And so am I, my dearest fellow; I didn't expect such luck to day.

*Rob.* Nor I, indeed. It's almost too good to be real.

*Jas.* Where in the world have you come from? Have you tumbled from the clouds like Vulcan or jumped from the earth like Medea's dragons?

*Rob.* No need of any such mythological rubbish in these modern days of steamboats and railroads. I have come by the prosy, inatter-o'-fact way of a Cunard steamer from Liverpool.

*Jas.* From England? Why the last letter I received from you was mailed from Cairo, and from there you were about to sail to Zanzibar to join Stanley's new exploring expedition to King Mtesa's Land.

*Rob.* Aye, and to Zanzibar I safely hied, but, scarcely there I, was befallen with a villainous, ugly fever, which kept me prostrated and raving for a fortnight, and when I scrambled up into consciousness again, our heroic tramper, probably at the instiga-

tion of the Shakespearean exhortation, "On, Stanley, on!" had incontinently gone and left me behind. Well, I took my disappointment resignedly, reflecting that in my then fever-worn condition I was not of a sufficient embonpoint to serve the black epicures on the Congo for a palatable stew, and soon proceeded far down the eastern coast of the dark continent to Cape Town and the Zulu land, to witness Lord "Dizzy's" missionary efforts among the Caffres. But of this anon.

*Jas.* Did you then go to Afghanistan?

*Rob.* No, I took ship and returned to England. Sauntering about among the wonders and antiquities of London, I one day came to Chelsea, and remembering a crumpled note of introduction in my pocket to Carlyle, I forthwith called on that gruff old fire-eater. The grizzly old iconoclast was in a pretty humane mood that day, received me kindly, and talked long and loud about the grandeur of our Western world, and among other things asked some information from me in regard to it. Believing with Mark Twain, that I could lie but would not, I blushinglly confessed my ignorance. Thereupon he got into one of his Highland rhodomontades about the snobbishness of Americans who go gadding away to foreign realms before they have seen their own glorious country, and wound up by telling me I ought to "gang awa hame again." I thanked him for his sensible advice, took my leave, and embarked for America, so here I am, taut and trim, home again, and very happy to get back.

*Jas.* And happy am I to see you back, my deep-browed world-wanderer. What are you about next?

*Rob.* Nothing at present. I wound up accounts with my chief this morning, and took an unlimited furlough. He begged me to go out to Utah and write up the impending Mormon war, but I don't anticipate much of a war there, besides one of words and bluff and bluster, and then there is a species of journalism developing among some of our knights of the lead-pencil especially in foreign correspondence which consists in drawing on a youthful imagination rather than upon actual observation, describing occurrences very much like blind Homer described the fall of Troy. Dainty lads and ambitious, who like Hotspur's coxcomb, would not

“that a slovenly, unhandsome corse.

Be brought between the wind and their nobility.”

And so, while the battle is in progress, sit down ten miles away and bravely indite you a battle as big and as sublimely unreal as Milton's battle of the angels in Heaven, to their punch and their cigars. With these enterprising, poetical youths I cannot compete. However, I have thought of visiting the Far West and looking around there on my own account.

*Jas.* You are not put on the local staff meanwhile?

*Rob.* No, I have given over the whole hack for the nonce. I have just come down here for a quiet stroll and a whiff of seabreeze. When you came I was indulging in a little private spreadeagle reverie on the greatness of our country and the future of these immigrants.

*Jas.* With the accustomed spice of cynicism?

*Rob.* Nay, I assure you, my thoughts on our own country were as uprightly patriotic as a Fourth of



July oration, and my meditations on these fresh citizens were waxing quite elegiac.

*Jas.* Was the elegy on our country's fate?

*Rob.* No, how do you mean, my boy?

*Jas.* Simply this, that our country may need more sympathy at the hands of her true friends in the end. These starved foreigners have nothing to lose here, but America may be much the worse for their wholesale importation of un-American ideas and prejudices.

*Rob.* Tut, tut, old fellow, never fear. They are more burdened with feather beds than ideas. These sturdy fellows will make our best citizens, for they will be thankful for their improved condition. We are all foreigners here, when it comes to that, but America's worst foes are those Americans who are not satisfied with her republican simplicity, who fawningly, clumsily, ape European manners, who go abroad, and, in spite of kicks and jeers, buy with American money the disgusting honor of carrying the train of a rotten aristocracy. Ugh! I have seen hundreds of such bonanza pages abroad. Let these greenhorns alone. They are all right. By the time our republican mosquitoes suck the European blood out of them, they will be as good voting cattle as the politicians could desire.

*Jas.* I am afraid their foreign vermin have already on shipboard anticipated our native insects in the good work.

*Rob.* Ha, ha! You are right, but let us leave this theme. I had quite forgotten to inquire about your story. What have you been doing since we parted arms in the sunny land of Italy. The last letter I

received from you was from some out-of-the-world frontier town in the west.

*Jas.* An Indian trading-post I suppose. You know my jaunt to Europe was only on furlough. On my return, I reported at headquarters and joined my regiment in the west. I was immediately ordered to take my company to the front where the Sioux war was in progress. We had some hard fighting with that devil, Sitting Bull—but you know the upshot. While out in the Territories I witnessed some equally enlightened Christian practices with the natives, as you saw in the Orient. The treachery and swindling of scoundrelly agents and government officials disgusted and exasperated me, so that I got sick of fighting the poor devils of red-skins, whose only redress was war. In spite of the clamor of the boys, I resigned my commission, went into life as a miner in California, made a fortune and lost it by speculating in Nevada mining stocks. Then, in rather quick succession, passed through the varied careers of a trapper in the Rocky mountains, editor in a mushroom city in Montana, school-teacher in Arizona and hotel clerk in San Francisco, until at length I succeeded in establishing a flourishing business of my own in Salt Lake City.

*Rob.* What, right in the capital of Mormondom?

*Jas.* Right before Brigham's nose.

*Rob.* Then you know something about the inside life of the saints!

*Jas.* More than is pleasant. I got along with them very smoothly, however, did a large business, and made much money.

*Rob.* Well, that is what I call a genuine jolly

American boy's career. There is nothing like it. But what devil of unrest has spirited you away from your counter and your customers?

*Jas.* I believe I may say it was the joint work of a god and a devil.

*Rob.* Why, my boy, you have forgotten your Sunday-school lessons. How do you make that out? Who is the devil?

*Jas.* Old Brigham himself. He is the very old Beelzebub, never contented when things go on peaceably. In his mean soul he couldn't bear to see the Gentiles prospering and unmolested; his own comb had been swelling exceedingly at his success in hoodwinking Uncle Sam so many years, so the old cock mounts his dunghill of a pulpit and begins a terrific crowing against all Non-Mormons. You know the result—an imminent war. I perceived the gathering storm in time, and sold out my business at a very advantageous price and came east.

*Rob.* But I cannot believe that the gallant Captain James St. Clair beat this precipitate retreat from regard to his personal safety.

*Jas.* Shall I lay my hand on my sword? Ah, it is gone, and in its place I hold this miserable walking stick. No, that measure of precaution regarded only the money and not the man. I had no relish to lose a second fortune and, one accumulated with longer labor than the first; and I knew that at the first outbreak of hostilities, the thieving saints would rob me of it. But now, as to the god, at least the ancients called him one.

*Rob.* Ah, hold, let me see, is it not a little sprite with wings on his back and a crossbow flung over

his shoulder—albeit in a rather immodest state of undress, cheery and chubby?

*Jas.* Well?

*Rob.* I know the Greeks fabled him a god—he may have been in the innocent, ancient, golden age, but nowadays he perpetrates more deviltry than divinity. And has the little naked monkey hit you?

*Jas.* I'm afraid he has struck the bull's-eye.

*Rob.* It were better it had been Sitting Bull's eye—but I feared so, as soon as I saw you.

*Jas.* You did? How did you find it out?

*Rob.* In the working of your handsome countenance, sir; you have that fitful, drait, supermundane, sheepish, beatific, imbecile, guilty, angelic, hangdog look that all young lovers wear.

*Jas.* *Horribile dictu!* I hope I have not such a Gorgon face, although I do feel very peculiar.

*Rob.* Who is the fair charmer?

*Jas.* What did you say?

*Rob.* What did you say! See him now, the orthodox swain, all deaf and dead to everything around him, standing and staring over the sea with wistful eye like Longfellow's Evangeline. Is your inamorata a green-haired, scaly mermaid, whom you are expecting to emerge from the sea?

*Jas.* Not quite so bad, but I am looking for her across the waters.

*Rob.* Ah, indeed, where from?

*Jas.* From England. Do you remember Miss Evelyn Gray, whom we met with her mother in the Coliseum? We were introduced to them by Anderson, the landscape painter, who had met them at the English minister's reception?



*Rob.* Marry, I do remember neither the name nor the lady, there were so many British crusading around in Italy with note-book and chisel in hand.

*Jas.* This party was not so armed—you ought to remember them, as you had rather a spirited dispute with the young lady about some question of antiquity.

*Rob.* Ah, methinks I do remember; Is she not a slender, blue-eyed blonde?

*Jas.* Yes.

*Rob.* With very quiet, self-possessed manners?

*Jas.* Right again.

*Rob.* Her imperturbably gentle manner nettled me.

*Jas.* Not me, a whit.

*Rob.* No, it settled you, as it seems—but I did not observe such impression on you at the time.

*Jas.* Nor did I at the time, although I never felt like myself the moment I saw her. I met her again at the artists' ball, which you did not attend. After we separated, I came back to America, I found out what she was to me. Her image haunted me in the wild west.

*Rob.* And chased you like a mad roebuck in the Rocky Mountains. It reads like a song or a novel. The maiden's image gave no rest unto the loving youth.

*Jas.* Don't make sport of me, it was a tragically earnest thing to me.

*Rob.* It's a wonder you didn't do something tragic, you are such a fire-eater.

*Jas.* I did something desperate enough, when I could hold out no longer. I had her address, as her

mother had invited me to visit them in England, so I wrote to Evelyn and made a clean breast of it.

*Rob.* Always the brave soldier, charging the foe in the front. And she did not make you a cold English bow of denial in return?

*Jas.* No, thanks to my good fate. By some inexplicable streak of fortune, I found my sentiments reciprocated, and like the honest, sensible, courageous, girl she is, she directly told me so.

*Rob.* Why the deuce shouldn't she? But you are a lucky dog, and I wish you Godspeed with all my heart. I think she is a lovely girl, and will make a true and noble wife—though never too good for you, old boy.

*Jas.* You flatter me, Bob, but I thank you heartily.

*Rob.* And now you are on your way to England to fetch your bride away?

*Jas.* Indeed I was, and had arranged the time for meeting her, when just before I left Utah, Evelyn wrote the astounding intelligence that they were on the point of sailing for America, and the still more incredible, amazing news that her parents had joined the Mormons.

*Rob.* Joined the Mormons! Do such people ever join the Mormons? I thought their proselytizing was among the mob and the rabble alone. I came upon a Mormon street missionary on the Strand one night, and the sight of his audience would have given Dickens the suggestion of a second volume of *Oliver Twist*, but the preacher's face was the most villainous in the crowd.

*Jas.* Undoubtedly, but they do occasionally catch people of a better class.

*Rob.* Horrible ! And your Evelyn ?

*Jas.* She is ineffably sad about it all, but as the only child and a faithful daughter, considers it her duty to accompany her parents in the hope that they will become cured of their infatuation in time.

*Rob.* Especially as she expects, *en passant*, to run into the arms of a brave young cavalier who, she hopes, will not be cured of his infatuation in time.

*Jas.* There is a strange coincidence about it all.

*Rob.* When do you expect her ?

*Jas.* In a day or two. They have sailed on the steamer *Britannic*, which is due this week.

*Rob.* The *Britannic* ! Why, she has run in. I was watching her movements an hour ago. I suppose some of these people have been transferred from her capacious hold. Didn't you read of her arrival in the papers this morning ?

*Jas.* Papers ? No, I have no patience to read your old, long-winded sheets.

*Rob.* No, you are really not in the proper frame of mind, poor fellow ! But, look, whom have we here ! My London street preacher, as sure I live.

*Enter MR. and MRS. GRAY, EVELYN, LARRY AND BIDDY MAHONE with other Mormon converts, led by JOHN D. LEE.*

*Jas.* O God ! my Evelyn !

*Eve.* James, O James, is it you ? [*Rushes to him.*]

*Jas.* My own, my own, my blessed one !

*Eve.* At last !

*Jas.* At last I hold you.

*Eve.* It is like a blissful dream—and yet it is so true.

*Jas.* After these long months of waiting, after all our delightful anticipations, do we meet thus?

*Eve.* Ah, I think of nothing else now, love; I see only you, only you. We are together now, never more to part.

*Jas.* No, my darling, never.

*Mrs. Gray.* Evelyn, is this not rather a public place for such a scene?

*Eve.* I cannot help our meeting here, dear mamma, and I care not who looks on; he is my true and own betrothed, my master and protector.

*Jas.* How do you do, Mrs. Gray? I hope you will excuse me. I am to blame for this mistake. In my excitement, I did not observe that the ship had arrived, and so came upon you unawares. I assure you it was wholly unpremeditated. I am sorry for my awkwardness.

*Mrs. G.* Mr. St. Clair, we do meet under different circumstances in many ways. Allow me, sir, to introduce Mr. Gray.

*Jas.* How do you do, sir? I have long wished for this honor.

*Mr. G.* Am very happy, sir, indeed, although it is all very strange.

*Eve.* O mamma, and papa, how can you be so formal and distant toward my James? Have you no warmer welcome for your future son?

*Mrs. G.* Evelyn, you have such a disagreeably outspoken way of naming things. When he once is our son, as you term it, we will not be lacking in our duty toward him.

*Mr. G.* Never mind, pet, we will soon be better



acquainted, and then all will come right. It is all so very new and strange now.

*Jas.* Yes, darling, it will all come right. Here, I have quite forgotten to introduce my dear old friend Robert; you remember him, do you not, dearest?

*Eve.* Ah, certainly. I am very happy to see him.

*Rob.* Miss Gray, allow me to give you a hearty shake of the hand, for the sake of my love-worn inadvertent chum, and for your own sake. It was high time you came, for he was pretty far gone. Mrs. Gray, I greet you, and welcome you loyally upon the shore and gateway of America. I hope we both have overcome the rancor of my anti-British tirade upon the ruins of the gory arena, now that we are to witness the union of England and America in the union of these two loving hearts.

*Mrs. G.* Sir!

*Eve.* Don't you remember Mr. Norris, mamma, whom we met with James in Rome? I did not know you were back in America again. Papa, this is Mr. Norris, of whom James has written me so much.

*Lee.* My friends, how long are these two young gents a-goin' to keep us standin' here in this jam?

*Jas.* Don't get crusty, old man, we will move on now. Where have you the trunks and luggage?

*Lee.* Durn the trunks and luggage! What hev I to do with them, my young squire?

*Jas.* Why, who is this impertinent old fellow? Isn't he the porter?

*Mrs. G.* Sir, is this your much praised gallantry? This is that chosen instrument of God, Bishop Lee.

*Lee.* [*aside*] Porter! Yes, mebbe I'll be your



porter some day and carry off your fine baggage of a gal, my proud young lover.]

*Jas.* A bishop! [*Aside*—Oh, yes, it is John Lee, he doesn't know me, I see] I hope the right-reverend gentleman will pardon my mistake.

*Lee.* Don't right-reverend me, young man, if you please; we don't carry such high soundin' titles, like your proud Gentile priests,—plain Brother Lee, that's all.

*Jas.* Well, then, plain Brother Lee, I hope there is no offence. I simply wished to inquire about the baggage. If Mr. Gray will tell me whether it has been inspected by the custom officers and can be removed, I will see to it, while my friend Robert secures carriages to take us to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where I have engaged rooms for the party.

*Mrs. G.* We are very much obliged, but we will not go to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, or any other hotel.

*Jas.* Why not, madam? You do not leave the city to-day, do you?

*Mrs. G.* No, sir; but we have eschewed the pomps and vanities of the world. We have joined the Zion of the Lord, and we will not rest in the hostelries of the godless.

*Jas.* But, my dear Mrs. Gray, you must have shelter and entertainment while you are here.

*Mrs. G.* We have cast our lot with the elect of God, and we will encamp with them in the tabernacles of the just.

*Lee.* Good for you, sister Gray, you have taken a bold stand on the side of the Lord.

*People.* Bless her for it, she is true to us.

*Mr. G.* Yes, it is right. You see, James, we have started out in common with these people, so it is only consistent that we should stay with them.

*Jas.* But where will you go?

*Mrs. G.* To, what's the name—Garden Castle.

*Jas.* To Castle Garden? I never knew that to be the tabernacle of the just. I hope you will not go there. It is not a proper place for people of your social standing and accustomed surroundings.

*Lee.* We haven't got no social standin' amongst us. We are all on a dead level, we are all sheep of one fold.

*People.* Bless him, so we are, they ain't no high and low amongst the saints.

*Jas.* Evelyn, my dearest, what do you say? What will you do?

*Eve.* I think I had better go with mamma and papa to-day. You will not object, will you, love? We will be very comfortable, and it will not be for a long time.

*Jas.* Very well, darling. March on. I am going along, too. Good-bye, Bob, meet me at the Battery at noon.

*Rob.* All right, my boy. Good-bye to all. [*Exeunt.*]

*Rob.* [*alone*] A jolly envoi to Captain James's conjugal career. Verily, a pearl of great price cannot be obtained without hard work and tough fighting. The beastly Bishop is evidently in love with pretty Evelyn, and the zealous mother surely favors his suit. What with a villainous and jealous shepherd, a fanatic, frowning mamma, and a helpless, henpecked papa, poor Jim will have his hands full. I must stick by him, and join the saintly caravan, partly to

tease the bristling mother-in-law and watch the leering priest, and partly to restrain the fiery Othello—Marry, if I had such a sweetheart, I would buy me a yacht, and sail away with her to a distant ocean isle, and there live like an Olympian god. [*Exit.*]

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SCENE II.—*Castle Garden.*

[*Enter JOHN D LEE.*]

*Lee.* The devil and damnation! This is just my luck. This is a real, regular John Lee's muddle. It's always been the way. When I work an' watch an' fight an' pray to git a good thing, an' I think when I dun got it all snug and trim, in comes some other feller to whip it away right under my nose. After all my workin' with Evelyn and my fetchin' her safe through almost in sight o' Zion and happiness, the devil must bring her fine young spark to run against us, and snatch away from my mouth the fruit of my own rearin' an' watchin'. And after my tellin' her that the ship was goin' to be three days behind time, so's to give him the slip, to stumble over him and throw her right in his arms, the very first thing—Damnation! I say. It 'ud make a saint swear. If we'd only stayed on the ship and left this damned, lousy Castle Garden alone. Well, Providence is dead against you, John Lee, that's mighty plain—Mebbe he is, but he's got at the wrong feller this time, I kin tell you, he ain't agoin' to bully me. No sirree. I won't knuckle down to him in this bizness, never! I wouldn't a minded any other disappointment, but Evelyn Gray, sweet Evelyn Gray,

my Evelyn, no, Brigham Young, Jo' Smith, Providence an' the old Scratch all put together shan't bamboozle me out o' her! Providence be hanged. What's Providence fur if tain't goin' to stand by the true saints. A nice pickle for a orthydox Providence to git in anyhow, a fightin' his own saints and favorin' the wicked doin's o' the Gentiles. Why, he's flyin' in his own face! Well, if Providence don't understand his bizness any-better, let him go to the dickens; John Lee 'll git around him this time, too. A skull full o' mother wit kin beat the angel Gabriel; and you'll need your whole head full, John Lee, to come out winner in this game. You're no match for the young captain in good looks an' you know it. No, if I'd to do my courtin' with my beauty, I'd never a' got no twenty honeymoons. Don't I know well enough, that my durned hussies at home when they want to hit off the ugliness of a thing, particular, they say "it's as ugly as the old man"? When I walked on the streets o' London, the little street ragamuffins, used to run a' hootin' after me, as though I was a Punch an' Judy show. Thunder and ague! This is another mean, unchristian trick of this same unreasonable Providence. Well, I'll git even with him. If I am to be as ugly as the devil, damn me if I don't play the devil too. That's fair play, I reckon. Oh, if I only had my brave young captain out in Utah, wouldn't I cool off the flame of his love! Wouldn't I teach him to kiss her and hug her before my eyes! Ugh! It drives me wild to think of it. If we was only away from here with her. If he only don't give us away to her. He lived in Salt Lake and knows all about



us. Horrible! And I a-tellin them all along that polygamy was a lie of our enemies and that she's to be my first wife. Ha, ha! A saintly old bachelor you are, John, Lee! But why can't I make it true? Sure enough, that's the idea! the devil's cunning and a Mormon's conscience fit together like a pipe and terbacker. When I git home with Evelyn I'll just take my twenty old ribs and drive 'em out like a stable full of cows on the commons. That'll be cancellin' the score, won't it? Ha, ha! Ah, won't they just turn green an' yellow, when I lead her in all blushin' and bloomin' an' say, ladies, here's number twenty-one? An' precious little hankerin' I'll have for the ugly, old quarrellin' hags, with my fresh and sweet young sister in my arms. O, if we was only over the Rocky mountains.

*Enter MRS. G.*

Good-morning, Sister Gray, how are you getting along?

*Mrs. G.* Very badly, Brother Lee, very badly.

*Lee.* How so, what's up now?

*Mrs. G.* How can you ask, Brother Lee? Evelyn—

*Lee.* She hain't run away, I hope?

*Mrs. G.* O, no; but is she not revelling in the sinful pleasure of unhallowed love, reclining in the arms of her godless paramour.

*Lee.* O, yes; I shouldn't wonder—the son of Belial. But I thought it was something worse.

*Mrs. G.* O man of God, is this not bad enough?

*Lee.* Of course, of course, especially the reclinin' in unholy arms, that's damnable and clean against the rules of the church; but as long we've got her with us 'tain't so awful bad. I was afeared she'd



done gone and absconded with her Gentile lover. Ain't you 'fraid she will?

*Mrs. G.* No, no, In every other matter she is a dutiful child—she would not leave us without my consent, and she assured me again to day that she would keep her promise of going up to Zion with us, and there deciding, upon investigation, between Zion and Babylon; but my tribulation now is that, as she informed me, the tempter is going along upon the pilgrimage.

*Lee.* Ah, really. I reckoned 'mebbe he might. Wa'al, that's all right, don't let that tribulate you, Sister Gray.

*Mrs. G.* Are you not afraid of Satan's beguilements on the way?

*Lee.* Not a bit, not a bit. We'll fight the old fiend with the weapons of the Lord.

*Mrs. G.* Yes, I am sure I'll wrestle with Evelyn in the spirit. I shall not be lacking in zeal and exhortation.

*Lee.* No, no, not that way, sister Gray, I wouldn't bother 'em at all. Just let 'em alone to theirselves and their billin' an' cooin'.

*Mrs. G.* O, Brother Lee!

*Lee.* Yes. I know it looks wicked, but we must keep our eyes open, sharp as serpents, you know, and without guile, like the doves. It wouldn't do to worry 'em with prayin' and preachin' now. They ain't in a mood for it, an' you know you ought to even give the devil his dues.

*Mrs. G.* Shall we then let the evil work go on?

*Lee.* No, Sister Gray, we will fight their hate and their sin with the sword of love. Yes we'll treat

'em kind and gentle, we'll show 'em that we are the true saints as have got the spirit of God ; we'll take all their suspicion away and show 'em the glory of Zion.

*Mrs. G.* O, do you think that will break her stubborn heart.

*Lee.* Yes, and his'n too. We'll git him around yet too, the nice young captain. Leave him to me. By the time we're out in Canaan he won't contradict another word. I'll get all his objections silenced, won't that be grand, ha, ha, ha !

*Mrs. G.* But what of your suit then ?

*Lee.* O, never mind me. I'll give her up to him any time if by that operation we can only save his soul. P'raps it's better that way, after all. I'm a ugly old crawfish, and I guess she'd ruther have the young feller anyhow. No doubt on it. Damn her !  
[*aside*].

*Mrs. G.* O, Brother Lee, you are too good for this wicked world. Evelyn is unworthy of such noble treatment. This disinterestedness could come from no other than such a chosen vessel of the Lord. But I cannot acquiesce in the change yet.

*Lee.* Only try it, dear sister, an' pray over it. All will come right. Don't forgit the word, gentle an' easy.

*Mrs. G.* I will try. Good-bye, dear Brother Lee.

[*Exit.*

*Lee.* Good-bye, Sister Gray. Well, well, fur a wholesale fool an' greenhorn, this ole woman does take the cake. I never had no bird as 'd fly on the lime with such fuss an' feathers. Durned if I don't believe eddication makes jackasses of people, leastways I

ain't found no highfalutin' college larnt, yit but I could pull his hide over his ears afore he'd wink at me.

*Enter* ROBERT NORRIS.

Pshaw here comes the other young feller, I don't like his looks a bit. He allus stares right into you, and looks as if he was pokin' fun at you. Guess, I'll give him the cut.

*Rob.* Ha, there goes the episcopal camel-driver of the saintly caravan. The gaze he honored me with was not very benignly pastoral or paternal. Perhaps he sees in me another ravening wolf like Capt. Jim, come to kidnap one of his lambkins. But he needn't fear. The Morman women have evidently been supplied with a gracious, providential bulwark against temptation in their homeliness. It seems as if the Bishop with his unmitigated, indelible ugliness had stamped his entire party for the journey, like a trunkful of linen for the laundry.

*Enter* BIDDY MAHONE.

*Biddy.* Good-mornin' to yer honor, sir, an' be ye afther lookin' for the captin' and the young ladie?

*Rob.* No, no. I saw them just now promenading on the Battery.

*Biddy.* On the Buttery, indade. Faix an' her sinses might be in a buttery indade a-matin' her own bouchal so soon in the new counthree, an' the broth of a lad he is to be sure, the nice and dacent gintleman, all out, by the same token he didn't drive his pigs to a bad market neither, for it's a long day I am sure whin ye'll find a swater nor dearer darlint to yer mind, the colleen bawn.

*Rob.* Then you know her, eh?

*Biddy.* Throth an' it's me that does know her,

avilish. An' green is the day when Biddy Mahone first set eyes on the swate craythur. An' didn't we come over the say together, an' ivery mother's son of us down wid the saysickness, an' ivery sowl in the cellar howl down below—what do the blaggard sailors call it at all, at all?

*Rob.* The steerage?

*Biddy.* Thru for yer honor, many thanks to your honor's kindness; I'm ivery bit of me flustered, a'mindin the happiness of the swate ladie, a colleen dhas. An' didn't she attind to all of us an' ivery soul in the stayridge so sick, it was a wondher of the world that the ship stuck together at all, at all, but she tuk no 'count on it, here an' there an' iverywhere, day an' night, mornin' an' evenin' a' helpin' the sick, wid a swate smile an' a kin word fur ivery one, an' takin' no rest but watchin' and walkin' about, till she was white as Father McCarthy's vestments. But the sorra a bit did she complain uv. Whin me little gorsoon died, God rest his sowl in pace, didn't she cum an' put her arms aroun' me neck an' cry wid me an' kiss me on the owld ugly face wid her own swate, soft lips and sphake about Jesus as said, "Suffer little childers to come unto me," an' me a cryin' an' a blubberin' like a school-boy.

*Rob.* Jim is a lucky dog, indeed.

*Biddy.* An' to think o' her yer honor, sir, a foine, tindher, gintle, pritty ladie with the swate white hands ov her what has lived in a palace an' hobnobbed with high people, a-kapin' cumpany with the loikes ov us, what has been raised in the huts wid the pigs, sir.



*Rob.* Yes, but now as Mormons you are all alike.

*Biddy.* Och, och, avick, but yer honor wouldn't be afther puttin' that feasthah-lagh on me. Thruly, yer honor can't make Biddy Mahone belave that thim Ducth shingauns is mate fur me own fair ladie girl.

*Rob.* Are these people all Dutch?

*Biddy.* Indade an' its me yer afther puttin' in a hobble wid axin' of that same questi'n, sir. It ud take the larnin' of a praste to consther their haythen palaver at all, at all. An' wasn't it me own self now, Biddy Mahone, what is willin' to put the failtah on ivery craythur howandiver, an' thinkin' it was me howly duthy to make friends wid 'em, didn't meself put the civil word to 'em, "Good mornin', a-hagur, an' how is every mither's daughter of yez," as swate loike as ye plaze, an' them imperent haythens a-gapin' at me an' answerin' "Dansker!" bad scran to 'em, but Biddy Mahone'll dance 'em a jig for that same "Dansker," to thrate a dacint woman that gait.

*Rob.* They must be mostly Danes.

*Biddy.* Not thim. On me sowl I think theys more like beggin' monks, bad luck to the day we came across the whole pack ov 'em intoirely.

*Rob.* You seem to be the only Irish family in the party. How did you ever come to join the Mormons?

*Biddy.* Agra, yer honor, bless yer sowl, but whin I looks aroun' me at them haythen Danes, as yer honor calls thim, it's meself as is afther axin' that same question. How did it come? Mavrone, it was all o' lavin' owld Ireland, dear and swate owld



Ireland, bad luck to the day! An' bad luck it was that drove us away. The praties failed an' the pig we was feedin' for the rint died, the craythur, God rest his bones, an' the English landlord turned us out o' the shanty, an' the young praste sint us away from his door cruel an' empty-handed, bekase, as he said, Larry had jined the Land Leaguers, but Larry, the blunderin' rogue niver did nobody no harm, an' sez he, comin' out wid the rale throuble, "Yez owes me fur the month's mind fur yer dead mither's sowl in Purgatory, Biddy Mahone, an' me a sayin' masses fur her yit." Sez I thin to him, "Yer Riverince," sez I, "it's not koind ov yez to throw that same thing up to me now, whin we haven't the fardens, no more the shillens an' the pouns to pay fur masses. An' throth" sez I "yer Riverince, if ye'll pray out o' Purgatory thim as is under sod, wid our money, by me san-nies, sir, ye'll be afther prayin' us all in." An' thin Larry up an' sez, och but he's the rogue o' the world, is me owld man Larry, sez he, takin' his doodeen out o' his mouth an' winkin' at me with his left-handed eye, "Your Riverince," says he, lookin' as sober as if he was goin' to resave the blissed saycriment," "how near hev you prayed the owld woman out?" "Faix, Larry," sez he, puttin' on the grah at wanst, "moighty near, moighty near, all but the legs o' her. Agra, your Riverince, achora," sez Larry, 'thin ye can save yer breath, the owld woman's shinnins was able-bodied enough afore she was under boord, by the same token she broke up a matin' where we was gettin' a little hearty the night afore she wint under, and sint the boys a skirlin' like the leaves 'afore the sugh, if yer Riverince has pulled her out so far, by

that same foine prayin' o' yourn, on me soul, but she won't be afther givin' ye no more throuble, but'll jump out the rest of the way herself." An' thin we cam' to Lundon, where they sed we cud find lots o' work an' wages, an' aisy enough it wuz to cum, conshtiderin' ez we had no baggage to carry barrin' the bouchaleens, wurrah sthrew, the darlints! An' lots o' work we did find, an' hard an' ruff enuff wuz the same, on me sowl. How an' iver we wint to it, body an' slaves, me wid the wash-tub an' the scrubbin-brush an' Larry wid the pick an' shovel ivery blessid day, an' the childers a scroodgin' togither down in the cellar howl wid the widdy Droodin—an' the devil's own den it wuz, so dark an' damp an' dirthy yer honor, sir, that a dacint Irish pig would a turned up his nose at it. An' many's the night I didn't shlope fur the cryin' o' me fur the little shanty an' the bloomin' turf of Owld Ireland, an' shure didn't it fill me sowl with grah an' sorry to see the gorseons as they droopit an' droopit like broken flowers, whin before thet a point of a rush would take a drop o' blood out of their cheek, but sorry a drop did the damp cellar howl leave in their faces at the last, O, me Micky an' me Teddy, me poor bouchaleens, avicks machree! ye are gone from yer own mither ashtore, an' will she iver see yez again, O, wurrah sthrew!

*Rob.* After that I suppose you left London soon?

*Biddy.* Shure an' it's yer honor's self as might say that. Sorry a bit o' grah did we hev fur the big, foggy town, wid all its noise an' norration afther that. How an' iver fwat could we be afther but sthick to the scrahag while we hed it, an' not go a trampin'

through the world like vagabones or gwestin' friars? An' so we jes kep on a rubbin' an' a scrubbin' till one night whin we was atin' our bit o' mate an' 'taters, in comes me naybur, Kitty O'Dowd, all in a flusthration an' sez she, "Biddy an' Larry come an' hear the meeshonery at the corner." Sez I thin, wid the of-finded air intoirely, 'It's the flipe that ye are, Kitty O' Dowd, to be afther sphakin' to me about a new-fangled Punch an' Judy, an' me a mournin' fur the bouchaleens." "Don't be a fool, Biddy," sez she, "it's the Mormon meeshonery from Ameriky, the bishop to be shure, what praches the new religion to the poor. Come along both on ye." Thin I sthripped down me slaves, an' Larry an' me we wint wid Kitty to the corner. Whin we cum there, shure indade there was Misther Lee a standin' on a herrin' barrel an' a prachin' fur all out. That's the meeshonery," sez Kitty. "Body o' me soul," sez I, but he's the shingaun ov a bishop intirely." "Be dhe husht," sez Larry, "and hear to the prachin' ov him, can't ye?" He was a goshterin about Zion out in Utah in Ameriky an' fwhat a foine place it was ov coorse, an' how ivery wan, as joined, could git a bit ov a shanty an' a pratie patch fur the axin' ov it, an' how they hed no rich an' no poor amongst them, at all, at all; but as they hed iverything in wan, their praties an' mate, their whiskey an' terbacker an' all luvud wan anuther, jist like the howly saints an' aposhtles. "An," sez he, "ye've only got ter lave yer popery an' yer piscopy, yer presbytery an' yer meth-ody and b'lave in Jesus Christ an' Brigham Young, his own profit, an' git up an' folly me an' I'll take ye to Canaan and to plinty, an' 'appiness, an' glory,

an it won't cost yez a cint." Whin I looks at Larry, I seen at once that the bishop had put the comedher on him, bekase he winked at me an' sez, "It's the toothsome goshpil all out, Biddy, plinty o' terbacker an' the craythur!" Which I was compilled to laugh, so that the people in the crowd sthared at me as if I had gone a shaughran an' put me all through anuther, so that I took Larry fornint me an' wint home moighty quick. But sorry a wink o' shlape would come on me fur layin' an' thinkin' about Zion an' the purty little shanty out in Canaan an' the bishop's palaver wint roun' in my head like an' owld spinnin' wheel, an' I was in such a norration as though I waz Biddy O' Flaherty at the fair agin, an' all the lads a fightin' to dance wid me. At last I couldn't stand it no longer at all, an' givin' Larry a kelp in the ribs, an' he a snorin' like a garran by me side, "Larry," sez I, "does yer mind, we's goin' wid the bishop to Canaan." "All right, Biddy," sez he, "lashins o' poteen an' terbacker." "The curse o' the crows on yer poteen an' doodeen, ye boozy, bastely spalpeen, for layin' there an' dreamin' on sich things, an' yer own wife can't shlape a mindin' her eternal sowl an' salvation." But the nixt mornin' we come an' told the bishop, an' here we are.

*Rob.* And so you have given over the Pope and the church and joined the Mormons for good?

*Biddy.* Och, och, yer honor, it's a tearin' ov me heart all in flitches ye are by that same collusion. Mavrone, but it's the onhappiest woman I am shure, an' it's the owld divil himself as is after me or else the whole drove ov howly saints a stretchin' out their claws at night an' a whisperin': "Biddy Mahone, it's a cur-



sin' yer own father's an' mither's bones, ye are, it's exciminicated and damned ye are for iver an' iver, an' ye'll roast in the fires o' hell like a heap of praties in the greenshaugh." An' whin I looked down in the wather on the ship, the big alligathurs'd jump out o' the say wid their bloody mouths to swally me like the owld apostle Jonathan as runned away from the Lord to Babylon. But fwhat is the poor divil of a sowllike me to be afther doin' at all? "An', sez I, thin to mesilf, "Biddy, it's the goose an' the gommoch ye be intoirely, a mindin' their blarney. The howly Father in Rome sez ye'll be damned if ye jine the Mormons, and the howly father in Utah, that is Mr. Young, says ye'll be damned if ye don't. So ye be dead shure o' bein damned how an' iver. So if ye'll be damned if ye do an' ye'll be damned if ye don't, dher manim, it's on the side ov the good linin' I'll be damned, an' no thanks to ye fur the same.

*Rob.* One can stomach this theology.

*Biddy.* The howly Vargin bless yer honor fur sayin' that. An' it's sayin' to mesilf I am: "Now Biddy fwhat has the howly Father an' the Church iver done fur ye? Why wid masses an' stations an' month's minds an' confeethurs an' shrafts an' all their horpus corpus they hev sucked ye ez drouthy ez the thatch over the chimbley, an' sorry a bit ov a shanty an' an acre will they give ye. An' so it's goin' wid the bishop, the ugly bosthoon, we's a goin' to see that foine Canaan o' his, but it's Biddy Mahone that says her pathers an' avers ivery blissid day enyhow—but I'm throublin' yer honor too long wid me gosther, I am; an' Larry, the reckless rogue he's taken to his



scrapers agin', so I must get on his thracks. Good-mornin' to yer honor, sir, an' a blessin' on ye.

*Rob.* Good-morning, Biddy, don't be hard on Larry when you find him. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*The Battery, N. Y.* JAMES and EVELYN, promenading arm-in-arm.

*Eve.* I am afraid you are concealing the worst from me about the Mormons and our journey to Utah.

*Jas.* The fact of my departure from Salt Lake City is of itself expressive enough. That I shall accompany you thither now, dearest, for whom I had entertained other plans, and prepared another home in Denver, this is doubly and trebly harassing to me.

*Eve.* You know, my love, that I share your opinions about the true character of Mormonism; that I only go in obedience to mamma's urgent wish. I have no doubt that a short stay there will cure her of her faith.

*Jas.* I hope so, but I hope that our return then will be as easy as our going is now. O dear, it is a dreadful, unfortunate infatuation. I should think the mere sight of this boozy, brazen-phizzed John Lee would be enough to make her sick of Mormonism. Ugh, I can't see his ugly face without the desire of choking him.

*Eve.* O James! But it is sad and strange that he is the very means and object of her infatuation; but do you really think there is any danger in going there?

*Jas.* Bah, it is silly and cowardly in me to talk of

dangers when you are walking forth like Una among the lions, and I have been knocked about among Mexicans and Mormons, cowboys and Indians, wolves and grizzlies. But that is just the point; I thought my fighting days were over and was fondly anticipating a different kind of life with you, my sweet wife, in our own happy home—but it is not right for the lover to expect his minnesold before deserving his fair lady-love by some knight errantry.—And you know, darling, for you I would fight my way' through the cannibals of the Congo or the camps of the Apaches.

*Enter ROB.*

*Rob.* Or the three barking jaws of Cerberus into Hades, like Orpheus after Eurydice. I am sorry to be the *bête-noir* upon this ambrosial scene, but I deem it an act of Christian philanthropy to you, Miss Gray, to remind this rhapsodical swain in his empyrean existence of such mundane facts as dinner-hours and hungry stomachs.

*Eve.* O, thank you; I am sure I have not the least appetite yet.

*Jas.* Never mind, you mocking Mephisto, your turn will come yet. Even Achilles had a vulnerable spot.

*Rob.* Maybe, but I hope that if I ever am hit by Cupid's dart, it will not be in the heel like Achilles, and then take to my heels, as did a gallant friend of mine, not a thousand miles distant.

*Eve.* Have you really never been touched by such a missile, Mr. Norris?

*Rob.* Many a time and oft, dear Miss Gray; but as in the conversation with my new friend, Biddy Mahone, just now, the reciprocity was all on one side.

*Jas.* Is it possible that such a noble knight of the lead-pencil should never have elicited a soft response from some fair source ?

*Rob.* Yes, Jim, there was such an instance, and it was a very soft response indeed, being a piece of fish well masticated, which an ebony fair one on the upper Nile pressed upon me. The softness of her passion was further enhanced by a pound of butter which trickled down from her wooly hair, and with which she fondly besmeared me, ere I could break away from her embrace.

*Jas.* Ha, ha, ha ! how I wish I could have seen that tableau ! But, Bob, what do you say about going along out to Utah now ? Come and join the exodus.

*Rob.* Well, I don't care so very much to stay now, since you are going.

*Eve.* O, that will be very pleasant !

*Jas.* Good for you, old fellow, I thought you would stick to me, although—

*Rob.* I am ousted and retired to second place by my fair British foe.

*Eve.* Ah, no, Mr. Norris, you shall retain your old place. There must be no jealousy.

*Jas.* I hope not, but we must go in now, darling. Will you be ready to start this evening, Bob ?

*Rob.* Yes, I will get some dinner now, and then go and make my arrangements with the paper.

*Jas.* All right, we'll meet this evening at the Pennsylvania Annex. You know the train time ?

*Rob.* Yes, good-bye. [*Exeunt JAS. and EVE.*] Perhaps I had better stay after all. There are mightier enemies than Indians and Mormon Danites. She is a superb creature. Ah, when she looked with her

great, calm, blue eyes, and asked me if I had never been touched by Cupid's arrows, I thought that I felt one of them lodged right home at that moment. To look into those deep, clear English orbs is like gazing on a mellow English landscape or reading one of Tennyson's Idyls. But oh, pshaw! It's all nonsense. They never will have a hotter effect on me. Ambition, not love, is my Cupid, and I know I am man enough rather to die than indulge such a treasonable feeling. I'll go along to help Jim to protect her. [Exit.

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SCENE IV.—IOWA CITY, *on the Mississippi.* Camp.

MR. GRAY, JOHN LEE, MRS. GRAY.

*Mr. G.* I do not like to do it, Mr. Lee.

*Lee.* Why not, Brother Gray?

*Mr. G.* It is an unnecessary and unbusiness-like procedure.

*Lee.* I can't see nothin' irregular about it. The church needs money fur to pay the travellin' expenses of the saints. You've got plenty o' money, and all we want is for you to loan it to us. That's all there is about it.

*Mr. G.* I have no objections to loaning a certain limited sum necessary for a present exigency, although I cannot understand how so great a corporation as the Mormon church should be embarrassed in a missionary activity which they are constantly carrying on and for which they must have made ample provision.

*Lee.* Yes, but we are all poor an' the money's got to come from somewhere, ah' what's the use o'



your luggin' it along over the prarie an' mountains where it ain't safe.

*Mr. G.* In the form in which I carry it, it is no burden, and would be utterly worthless to a thief or robber.

*Lee.* Well, why not give it in the hands of the church, where it'll do some good, instead o' berryin' it in the handkerchief like that feller in the gospel? Two of our bishops are goin' to New York to-day to cross over to Europe and fetch more saints over. They'd like to have a bank account in New York or London to fall back on.—Now why can't you accommodate us in this here matter?

*Mr. G.* There is a belief extant among the poor of our party that Mormon society in Utah is communistic and that I have donated my entire fortune to the church. Now while I am willing, if need be, to give all my money to the poor, I do not believe in the feasibility of such a communistic scheme, and wish to reserve the right of distributing my gifts myself.

*Mrs. G.* Why shouldn't such a holy state of society be feasible among the saints? It existed among the early Christians in the time of the apostles. Why not among the latter day saints, the only true Christians nowadays? O, would that the Spirit of God could bring it about soon! You did assure me, Brother Lee, that the dear saints out in Zion have all things in common.

*Lee.* Waal, now, Sister Gray, I guess I did tell you as Brother Brigham's tryin' to work things in that direction; of course he ought to—but we don't know how it'll turn out yit, leastways nobody's



forced to give a cent if he don't want to, only if some rich brother'd feel so inclined to give his property to the church—

*Mr. G.* The world would call him a fool or a madman.

*Mrs. G.* O dear, there it is again—the world—the world. What have we to do with the world? Have we not left the world?

*Mr. G.* Yes, it seems so, to look at this primitive country—but worldly affairs must be transacted in a business-like way.

*Lee.* Of course, Brother Gray—That's all I want—No nonsensical, sentimental givin' away, only a square an' fair loan. Here I've wrote a note in Brother Brigham's name, that's short an' sweet an' covers the case. (*Reads*):

“In the name of Brigham Young, I promise to pay to Thomas Gray, six months after date, the sum of one hundred and twenty thousand dollars.

JOHN D. LEE.”

Now you can just write over your notes an' securities to me, an' when you git to Zion, just take this to Brother Brigham, an' he'll count out the whole sum, or else you can take part out in land an' houses.

Come, now, Brother Gray, if you hang back any longer I'll have to think that you're afraid we're goin' to cheat you out of it.

*Mr. G.* Sir! Here, give me the note. We will immediately go and get the papers ready.

[*Exeunt MR. and MRS. GRAY.*]

*Lee.* By the eternal Jerusalem, I've got it! Ge-whilikens, but that was done slick! I never see sich a family for bein' taken in, anyhow. Durn if I don't

believe they'd git mad at you, if you wouldn't bamboozle 'em, they swallows all your gammon so hungry like. The old man did kick a little, but that there woman is a reg'lar devil's gran'mother for argyin' an' persuadin.' Now if I kin only git their daughter az easy az I got their money I'll be satisfied. If't only don't go with the maid as with the money, that I'm just the cat's-paw for Brigham an' nothin' more.

[Enter APOSTLE RICHARD.]

*Rich.* Well, John, hōw is it? Did you get it?

*Lee* Yes, sirree.

*Rich.* You did? Hurrah for you! Won't Brother Brigham be glad!

*Lee.* Yes, confound him, I reckon he will.

*Rich.* What's that, old man?

*Lee.* Waal, it's just what I mean, confound him again. We fellers are good enough to do the dirty work for him an' when he hauls in the winnins, we don't even git no thanks, but have to take the blame an' the shame in the bargain. They say as there's honor even among thieves but I'll be hanged if I kin see any of it in Brigham Young.

*Rich.* You're right, John, that's the way I feel about it. Now here's this hand-car scheme o' Brigham's, that they have been dilly-dallyin' all summer about, now that he thinks he's going to make some money out of it, it's a capital idea, a revelation and what not; but if, somehow, the thing should turn out a durned fizzle and folly, which it's very likely to do for all except Brother Brigham himself, then he'll disown it and turn hell loose on me or somebody else.

*Lee.* Have you got 'em done now?

*Rich.* Yes, you'll see 'em in a minute, and they'll make you smile. I wouldn't mind Brigham's doin's so much, because he's the church, you know, and there's no gettin' up our backs against him, but when such a miserable, sneakin,' impudent, low-lived jackass of a John Taylor——

*Lee.* Ha, ha! you apostles seem to know each other purty close; but I want to tell you, Richards, as how you ought to be a little careful in whose hearin' you git off your compliments to one another.

*Rich.* You do, eh? Why do you think I care if you go and tell him again?

*Lee.* 'Tain't that. What the hell do I care about your quarrel, but it don't sound very nice to the Gentiles, you know. That there newspaper fellur, Norris, must been 'a nosin' round durin' one o' your confabs with Taylor, fur I heard 'im makin' sport o' both of you, and sayin' somethin' about makin' your doctrine orthodox with apostolic blows and knocks.

*Rich.* We didn't get that far, but if the overbearing scamp tries to put himself above me any more, durned, if I don't give him one on his ugly mug.

*Lee.* Waal, you kin jist look out fur seein' the whole apostolic prize-fight reported in the New York papers, an' then you'd better look out for Brigham Young. But here comes your barouches.

*Enter* CAPT. SAVAGE *with* Emigrants (*hand-carts are brought in*). RICHARDS *mounts upon a box and addresses the crowd.*

Bretheren and sisters, I see some of you don't understand this. Just wait a minute and I'll explain. You know that thousands and thousands of saints flee from the vile world and come to Zion in the valley.

Well, it cost a sight of ox-teams to fetch 'em out over the mountains. The church ain't rich like the proud sects in the world. The good Prophet had many a sleepless night about it on his lone couch, and wept to the Lord for help, and, lo, the Lord heard his cries and sent him a revelation by night, and this is the image and substance of his heavenly vision—this hand-cart. [*Laughter and exclamations from emigrants.*] Now some of you may think this a very simple kind of a revelation for the Lord to make, but you ought to consider that the Lord accommodates His revelations to the people He has to deal with.

*Rob.* [*aside*] Well, a wheelbarrow is a vehicle about typical of Mormondom.

*Rich.* So there's nothing to laugh at about these carts; they'll save the church many thousand dollars a year and the saints a world of trouble. Here you won't have any jolting in rough ox-wagons and no running after your stampeded teams in the morn—no trouble feeding and watering them, no night watching to keep wolves and bears away from them, but you can push your light carts, singing and laughing over the ground and at night lie down to rest by a fresh stream. It will be a happy march to the city of the saints. You will march over the mountains and through the valleys like Israel of old? You will come to Zion rejoicing.

*Capt. Savage.* But what about snow-storms, Brother Richards? It takes twelve weeks by the fastest travelin' to make the journey, an' it's rather late in the season. Goin' on foot an' pushin' these here—what do ye call 'em—these here revelations wi' the wimmin and children 'll bring us right in the mountains in midwinter.



*Rich.* Brother Savage, you are a man of little faith, you ought to be ashamed to raise your worldly objections to God's revelations.

*Capt. S.* I don't know nothin' about revelations. That's not in my line, but I know all about the Rockies in winter, 'cause I crossed 'em too often, an' a little common sense an' prudence 'll go further'n a hull book o' revelations sometimes.

*Rich.* You are a sacrilegious infidel, and ought to be hauled up for your wicked contradicting.

*Capt. S.* I don't see nothin' wicked in takin' care on them as is put under our care, an' I tell you it's all a Injun or a trapper can do to save hisself from the blizzards as a goes a-howlin' through the canyons up there in winter.

*Rich.* And I tell you, sir, this is from the Lord, for the mouth of his Prophet hath spoken it. Ain't He above the winds and the elements, you Gentile. Never mind his heathen gabble, good people. Be not afraid, for the Lord will go before you. Your shoes will not wear out and your clothes will not grow old while you wander through the desert; though it storm on your right and on your left hand, yet the storm shall not reach you. Come, break up camp, take down your tents and bring your baggage to head-quarters. There will be seventeen pounds of bedding allowed to each person. The overweight will be taken care of by the church. You will be arranged in four companies. Willie, Atwood, Woodward and Levi Savage are the captains of the trains. All hands to the task, break up immediately. Will you fall in or not, Mister Savage?

*Capt. S.* All right, but I warn you that if half o'



these poor people git starved or froze on the way, their blood 'll be on your heads, but leastways you'll allow us to take one or two wagons, along for the sick an' the worn-out, won't ye?

*Rich.* No, sir; dry up now, can't you? It's against orders, and if it don't suit you then stay here and go about your business. You don't seem to belong to the saints anyhow.

*Capt. S.* A cattle driver as drives a drove o' hogs to the stockyards, takes a wagon along fur to pick up them as gives out on the way.

*Rich.* O, go to the hogs or the dogs, damn you, can't you see that the Lord's a-running this and he'll take care of 'em all?"

*Capt. S.* Yes, I'll bet he'll pick up lots on 'em sure enough. [*Exeunt Emigrants.*]

*Lee to Rich.* Say, Richards, are you goin' to shove one o' them wagons?

*Rich.* Don't be a fool, John Lee. Do you think me crazy enough to go on such a wild-geese chase? I've got my team all ready, and will start a few hours after this drove o' saints, so as to pass 'em at their first night's encampment. Will you go along with me, bishop?

*Lee.* No, thank you, apostle; I'm provided in the same way, an' I'm goin' to start right away. Good-bye, holy man of God. Ha, ha, ha!

*Rich.* Get out, you old scoundrel. [*Exeunt.*]

*Re-enter Rob.* They are actually in earnest about this insane adventure. I must watch Jim to prevent his clubbing the Mormon bishops until Evelyn persuade him to her roseate, romantic view of this lover's promenade over the prairies and mountains. I'm

afraid they'll find it different from sailing and singing  
love songs on the Mississippi.

*Emigrants moving out with hand-carts, singing*

We're going to Zion with our carts,  
And the spirit of God within our hearts.  
The old decrepit, feeble dame  
Will lend a hand to push the same ;  
For some must push and some must pull  
As we go marching up the hill,  
Until we reach the valley, O!

Our maidens they will dance and sing :  
Our young men happier be than kings.  
Our strength increasing every day,  
As we go travelling up the way.  
Yes, some must push and some must pull, etc.

*Other Emigrants passing, singing :*

Hurrah for the camp of Israel!  
Hurrah for the hand-cart scheme!  
Hurrah, hurrah, 'tis better far  
Than the wagon and ox-team!

*Rob.* I suppose Jim and Evelyn have gone  
ahead with the Grays. I must hasten to join them.  
Farewell, O loved East, farewell ! Father of the  
waters, God knows whether we will ever see you  
again. [Exit.

ACT II.

SCENE. I—SALT LAKE CITY. *Office of* BRIGHAM YOUNG. *First Presidency.* BRIGHAM YOUNG, HEBER C. KIMBALL, DAN'L H. WELLS.

*Kimball.* Well, it seems they're coming.

*Young.* Yes, they'll be on us pretty soon. When we were at Cottonwood Park on anniversary day, Port Rockwell and John Kimball came in and told me they had scouted the party on the plains.

*K.* You're sure they're bound for Zion?

*Y.* Sure enough, Brother Heber, you may bet your life on it. I've expected this all along. You might know they wouldn't let us alone much longer. It's just like the bloody devils. As long as we were fighting starvation and the Indians, they didn't take any notice of us, but now that we're looming up out here in the wilderness, now that we've reared a blooming oasis in the desert, they're coming down on us.

*K.* Damn them for greedy cut-throat robbers! We'll have all the Illinois and Missouri scenes over again.

*Wells.* Not if I know it, by the Almighty! They're not going to hound us like sheep over the prairie again. We're not such a little lost flock of martyrs any more. We are a mighty people now, and, by the bones of the Prophet, they shan't drive us out of our own again!

*Y.* Hold your horses, Brother Daniel.

*Wells.* Durned if I do! Didn't you say, Brother Brigham, when we came here, that if the devils would give you ten years you'd be ready for them. They've taken you at your word, and now we'll show them that we are ready for 'em.

*K.* Why, what is it all about this time?

*Y.* O, about everything, you know. There never can be peace between us and the United States. The immediate cause is the Court business.

*K.* O, the boys breaking into the Court and compelling that Arch Gentile Stiles to adjourn when he was trying our men in his own fashion for faithful church work. I heard about it before I came out.

*Y.* And did you hear that Tom Williams protested against their action?

*K.* He did? The impudent, dirty traitor! I suppose he'll be apostatizing and running away to California soon.

*Y.* He did start for California?

*K.* What, has he escaped?

*W.* Not much. He was politely stopped and entertained on the way by some of the tribe of Dan. He will not take sides with a Gentile judge against the saints any more.

*K.* Ha, ha! Good for you, Dan, that's the best argument against such superfine lawyers. Wasn't that the fellow that disputed our claims that the territorial marshal should select the jurors for Federal Courts, when doing territorial business, instead of the United States marshal?

*Y.* Yes, that's the same chap. I warned him at the time not to be too free with his smartness, but he wouldn't listen. Now he's got his lawyer's fee.

K. So may it befall every one that turns traitor to our Prophet Priest and King!

W. Amen, Amen!

Y. Well, I often got sick of the eternal fighting.

K. Why don't they let us alone then, hang their impudent meddling!

Y. It's in the nature of the case they won't, Brother Heber. There can't be two supreme and independent Governments in this country, don't you see? The people of the United States have the ridiculous, overbearing doctrine that all of this country belongs to them and that everybody in the remotest corner of it must knuckle down to them. Now, they don't attempt to go North or South of their old states to rule over the people there, what business have they to come flaunting their damned stars and stripes out West? Who gave them this country to set themselves up as bosses and owners and demand that every wheel that is running shall revolve within their big wheel and with the same rotation? Why, when it comes to that, the Red-skins are the more rightful owners—But their pharisaical philosophers argue that the country belongs to them, that cultivate and civilize it. Now we have come out here into this howling wilderness and made a flourishing commonwealth and a garden of Eden out of it, but instead of sticking to their own motto, the lying, bragging hypocrites whip themselves into a patriotic rage and curse us for rebels and traitors and send their soldiers out here to drive us out of our religion and our state.

K. The durned tyrants! But what shall we do about it?



W. Fight. Fight, of course. Fight for our liberty, to the last drop of blood!

Y. Listen to the fire-eater. You are the man for your place, Dan—a soldier, every bit of you, but it takes more than fire and fury to fight, it takes forces. And we haven't enough of them. No, we'll keep the little wheel going and growing, until it is big enough and then let it knock the big wheel and all its crazy machinery into stivers. That's the way to do it.

K. But until then what shall we do? Shall we submit to them? Shall we give up all of our glorious system?

Y. Not much, old boy. Then we'll cease to be Mormons. There's no use to talk about good-will and tolerance between Mormons and Gentiles. There can't be any. We can't exist alongside each other in the long run. It's like the fight between two bulldogs. One or the other must die. They are two systems, too opposite to tolerate each other. It's either one or the other. It's Columbia or Deseret, Washington or Zion, Uncle Sam or Brigham Young. We are not a new sect among their old wrangling, rotten sects. We are the one and only true church, and we are bound to die or rule over the whole world.

K. So we are, so we will.

God speed the glorious happy day,  
When the Gentiles at our feet shall lay.

Y. Now don't slop over into poetry again, or you'll make me sick. That's a confounded ugly habit for a man of your position. I've got to hear enough of that stuff in the Tabernacle, and don't want any of it here.

*K.* Well, no offence, Brother Brigham. It's just thinking of that happy time coming that makes me feel like singing, and we are going to conquer, are we not?

*Y.* Yes, I guess we are, and do you know why?

*K.* Because the Lord is on our side, of course.

*Y.* Not only the Lord, but the Devil too.

*K.* How now, Brother Brigham?

*Y.* Ha, ha, ha! Heber is scared. That's a good one.

*K.* But how do you make that out, Brother Brigham?

*Y.* Don't you see, old fellow, we have the old man on our side, as the Catechisms call him, we've got the natural man on the hip; the Devil is our ally.

*K.* How the devil do you mean?

*Y.* O, pshaw! How can you be so stupid, you, my right-hand man? "So long hast thou heard me and know'st me not yet?" Look here, man is an abominable mixture of sensuality, selfishness and ceremony.

*K.* Yes, I guess he is.

*Y.* Yes, I guess he is, and one of stupidity, too.

*K.* Well, go on, President.

*Y.* Well, the Gospel of Christ—Here, Dan, pour me out another glass of whisky. Brother Heber's poetry has unsettled my stomach, and it makes my throat dry, I have to talk so much to teach you fellows some sense. As I was saying, the Gospel of Christ, bless its simplicity, comes along and collars this same natural man, like a policeman does a rowdy, and begins to club him with repentance and regeneration.

*K.* Yes.

*Y.* But man, the dogged rascal, doesn't want to be

regenerated at all. He's very well satisfied with himself as he is.

*K.* Yes, I know I am.

*Y.* Now shut up, and don't interrupt me any more. We all know what a conceited cub you are. The Gospel comes along and tells a man, "Look here, you overbearing monkey, you're not so much beans after all, you're a miserable, sneaking, puny, contemptible, dirty sinner, and you have got to get down on your knees and holler for mercy, or you're a gone coon." Well, that riles the old Satan in him, and he gets up on the high-horse of his pride. Mormonism comes along and tells him: "No, you're not so poor and bad as all that, you're all right, you belong to the royal priesthood, you are a son of God, just you get up off your knees and join the Mormons."

The Gospel tells him: "If you want to please, you have to deny yourself, you must sacrifice your goods for the poor, giving is more blessed than receiving," and all that sort of thing; but man can't see it in that light, no, not by a long way. Just the contrary, *He* wants to have all he can get. Well, here we accommodate the greedy cuss again. Then man is fond of pomp and show. It is wonderful to notice what a silly child the average man is, just as much in love with his mummery, as a little child with her dressed-up doll baby, especially in religious matters—why he would rather go through a whole lifetime of solemn ceremony, than to say once: "God be merciful to me a sinner!" He is too sensual and vulgar. He must have something to strike the eye, something tangible. Christianity is too spiritual, too abstract. Hence all the ritual and hocus-pocus and monkey shines that

their church has had to invent to satisfy this weakness. Here we come in ahead again. We give him all the ecclesiastic mummary that he wants. We've got more of it than the Greek, the Romish and the Episcopal sects put together, and what is really the catching thing about it, is, that we make him an actor in this divine comedy, not only a spectator as their priests do, who want to don all the costumes and do all the pantomime themselves, the jackasses! Yes, we've got lots of that, and if we need more, we can tap a revelation, and get a fresh supply. We can give a man as many duckings as the whole Baptist tribe combined. Why, we can make a regular swimming water-fowl of him. In our Endowment House over there, he can find more mysteries and ceremonies and holy gymnastics than all the Masonic Temples and Odd Fellows' halls in the country. We put him through a complete course of celestial athletics and when we get through with him, he'll be glad to lie down and take a rest. And then, here's the strongest hold we have on him: Man gets tired of having the same dish all the time, and he craves for a change. He sees a pretty girl, or his neighbor's pretty wife, and his heart begins to go pitty-pat. Like a self-willed child, he wants the new plaything. In steps the church and thunders the seventh commandment at him, and curses him for adultery, and even the law tackles him and locks him up for crime.

But that only makes him hotter, just as the forbidden fruit in a neighbor's orchard does a schoolboy. The Gospel coolly tells him: Crucify your fleshly lust. He don't believe in crucifying, unless it's the fellow that stands in his way, so he gets completely dis-



gusted with the chuckle-headed Gospel and tells it to go to the devil,—that it is all humbug, that he don't believe in a God and goes on to have his game, or else he pretends to obey piously, and then takes it out in lascivious thoughts and imaginings. Now unto this poor love-tortured devil comes the Church of the Saints and says: Lift up thy heart, thou unhappy victim of virtue, come over to us, and you shall have your fun; you're not cut out for a monk. It is only natural that you should want her, aye, and it is biblical and it is religious, it is God-pleasing. Come and join us and you shall have her and as many more as you want and not criminally or wickedly at all,—no indeed, in the regular comfortable, respectable way of celestial marriage. See the rascal prick up his ears and stretch out his neck at that, and I tell you when we have got him into the sacred inclosure of plural marriage he is bound to us hand and foot forever, not only because we have taken him by his weak side, but also because he has put himself outside the pale of the law by it, and joined the holy band of sworn enemies to the United States. That's the reason I insist so strongly on plural marriage. We are not sure of a fellow until he has taken a second wife. These one-wife chaps are liable at any time to slip away from us again. This is the way to succeed with men. The Papal church has grown so much on account of this knack of accommodation, but they give men the patent to sin rather grudgingly, and charge too high, since the reformers rapped them over the fingers. They carry on a kind of sneaking contraband trade. Mohammed was a much smarter fellow



than the shave-pated Pope. He established a whole-sale, enterprising business. He added a new department, besides, that was a brilliant hit. I tell you his paradise, hell, purgatory, judgment, and damnation, these are the ugly bugbears that make faces and shake their fists at a fellow in the midst of his enjoyment. Mohammed swept them away for the believer, and got up a heaven of his own, and a right jolly place it is. Ah, it makes a man's mouth water to think of it, with its olive bowers, its rose gardens full of scented fountains and beautiful women, where a man can just lie down and revel like an ox in a clover meadow. We have something of this kind in our system too, but we don't lay enough stress on it yet. Do you think a man wants to go to a heaven where there's no drinking, no dancing, and no pretty women but where he's got to stand before the great white throne, and screech the song of Moses forever and ever? Why, it gives him the dumb-ague to think of it. He'd rather go straight to hell. That's the great mistake of the Christian religion. It's right against the grain of men. You have to fight and to force it into him like medicine. It may be good enough, but it doesn't suit this world and therefore it'll have to go to the wall. Old Joe Smith was a sharper man than Jesus Christ by a good deal. His Yankee contrivance is just adapted to man, and so it's just going off like hot cakes.

K. But suppose after all that the gospel is the truth, and heaven is not like Mohammed's paradise.

Y. Bah, what do we know about it? We are in the world and will make the best of it, if we are not

confounded fools. And while none of us know anything about it, haven't we a right to make a guess at it, just as well as anybody else? If we fix it so that people will believe it then it will be the truth. That's my maxim. And they do believe in it. Just see how they are coming from England, Denmark, Germany, Sweden, Ireland and Hungary.

*K.* Considering that it is an American invention, there are few Americans patronizing it.

*Y.* They will come, Brother Heber, they will come, never fear.

*K.* I'm afraid they're too dogged fond of their religion and their republic.

*Y.* Bosh! Mere babble and bosh, gotten off by silly graduating boarding-school girls and milksoppy Fourth of July orators. This people of the United States are the damndest fraud and humbug that ever existed on the earth. They love liberty and the Gospel indeed! why, they are worse than the children of Israel hopping around the Golden Calf. Mammon is their God, and in spite of all their pretensions they really don't love anything else. What do the politicians care for liberty or country? They want to get into office and swindle the government out of money. The editors, likewise, who are fighting each other so furiously from over-much patriotism, they want to get subscribers and money. Why, I could subsidize them by the hundred to praise me up to heaven. I could go to Washington and buy the whole Cabinet and Congress and all like a drove of cattle. Look how they crept around Joseph in Missouri, ready to lick his feet for money. It's office and money, patronage and money, lobbying and money, money first,

last, and every time. What does the tradesman, with his dry-goods soul, peddling his ribbon or his calico at the counter, care for liberty except it's liberty to overcharge and cheat his customers? He wants protective tariff and money. What does the greasy mechanic or dirty laborer care for your Spread Eagle Columbia? He wants high wages. He goes in for strikes and money. What did they get up their Yankee Revolution and Declaration of Independence for? Because they were thirsting for freedom? Not much. Because England laid too many taxes on them, and wouldn't let them make enough money. Why, the damned, ranting, big-mouthed clap-trap, corrupt country, everything is for sale in it. A candidate would sell his soul to the devil for votes. The voters would sell their votes for a dollar apiece. The judges on the bench in their spotless ermine, as they call it, can be bribed with money. The preachers, when they get a call from a richer congregation with more money jump at it, like a dog at a bone, and then in their farewell sermons sanctimoniously whine about Providence and resignation to the Lord's will. The money-makers and monopolists go to church and Sunday-school to create confidence in themselves and get hold of people's money. Their young men are taught from their childhood to cheat and steal and make money. Their daughters will sell their hearts and maidenheads, if they have any, to the first old whoremonger that comes along, provided he has enough money. Do you think such a people can keep up a republic long? Not much. A republic is possible among only a pure, primitive, heroic people, simple and savage, that know nothing about money. Re-

publicanism is good enough, but it isn't suited to men as they are now, and therefore it will have to go to the wall, too. That's the way they all went, Greece. Rome, France. As long as they are virtuous and barbarous they are strong, but when they get rich and refined, corruption, vice and luxury weaken them. Then comes some bold strong fellow like Cæsar or Napoleon, knocks their republic about their ears and erects his throne upon its ruins. And I tell you, boys, that time is soon coming in this country. Then Brigham Young will be their Cæsar or their Napoleon. Then, good-bye to this infernal Sunday-school civilization, I'll march to Washington at the head of millions. I'll tear down the Goddess of Liberty off the Capitol and put the statue of Amelia there. I'll knock over the Washington monument, and set up my own figure there. I'll pitch the President and that everlasting babblement of a Congress into the Potomac. I'll take their wives and daughters for my women. I'll have as many as Solomon. I'll make the imbecile old Pope come over, like Napoleon did, and crown me Prophet Priest and King of the New World, and there shall be no other Lord in America except Brigham Young.

K. By God! Brother Brigham, you are a great man!

Wells. Yes, that's all nice enough, but here's the U. S. army marching full head right on us. That looks a little different.

Y. Well, you jack, did I say that I would carry all that out now?

W. But what shall we do now?

Y. How many are there?



W. About three thousand strong.

Y. Who is the commander?

W. Albert Sidney Johnson was in command at first, but he has been superseded by Colonel Cooke.

Y. A brave officer, I have heard—a Southern fire-eater.

W. And the new judge and governor are with the army.

K. Who are they?

Y. The governor's name is Dummings and the judge is called Letcher. I never heard of them before.

K. It's a dreadful pass that you are superseded. How shall we manage now with Gentiles governing us and an army of blue-coats to back 'em?

Y. O, never mind. We'll get rid of the army and then we will manage the officers.

W. Yes, we'll fight 'em, that's all.

Y. Don't make a jackass of yourself, Dan, how can we undertake to fight the United States?

W. I can undertake to get away with this army.

Y. Suppose you do, will that be the end of it? That would rouse the whole country, and we would have a horde of a hundred thousand men down on us before we could look around. I'm afraid we've exasperated them too much already with our bush-whacking and guerilla fighting.

K. Well, what are you going to do about it?

Y. Try the game of bluff first [*rings*], and if that doesn't work, as it probably will not, we must play the rôle of submissive loyalty and slandered innocence.

*Enter TOM, Negro Servant.*

Y. Bring me that letter, [Exit TOM.

I hear that our old friend and mediator, Col. Kane, is on his way, following up the army. He will surely be of good service to us.

*Re-enter TOM with letter [Reads]:*

"To the Officer commanding the forces now invading Utah Territory.

" Governor's Office, Utah Territory, Great Salt Lake.

" SIR.—

" By reference to the Act of Congress, organizing the Territory of Utah, you will find the following :

SEC. 2. And be it further enacted, That the Executive power in and over our said Territory be vested in a Governor, who shall hold his office for four years, AND UNTIL HIS SUCCESSOR BE APPOINTED AND QUALIFIED, unless sooner removed by the President of the United States. The Governor shall reside within said Territory, shall be Commander-in-chief of the militia, etc.

" I am still the Governor and Superintendent of Indian affairs for this Territory, no successor having been appointed and qualified, as provided by law, nor have I been removed by the President of the United States.

" By virtue of the authority, thus vested in me, I have issued and forwarded to you a copy of my proclamation, forbidding the entrance of armed forces into this Territory. This you have disregarded. I now further direct that you retire forthwith from the Territory by the same route you entered.

" General Wells will forward this, to whom you may make any communications regarding the carrying out of my order.

" Respectfully

" BRIGHAM YOUNG,

" Governor and Supt. Indian Affairs,  
Utah Territory."

Now I don't expect them to pay much attention to this, but it may bring active hostilities to a halt and give us time. Meanwhile I have, as you know,

ordered a general move of the saints to the south. That will have its effect upon the invaders. Leave the rest to me. I'll manage that. Go about your business now—— [Exeunt.

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SCENE II.—*Camp of Emigrants in the Rocky Mountains Snow Storm.* MR. GREY, MRS. GREY, EVELYN, BIDDY.

*Eve.* They are staying very long.

*Mr. G.* And the storm is increasing.

*Mrs. G.* And who knows if they will bring relief.

*Biddy.* Shure an' that they will indade. It's meself as hear Misther Robert say to Misther James: "Jimmy," sez he: "An' we be afther comin' back impty-handed, sorra bit will I cum back at all at all."

*Eve.* O, I hope they will return to us soon, if it is only that we may die together.

*Mrs. G.* Biddy, have any more died in our camp?

*Biddy.* Thruly, that there has, two childers an' a owld woman in the last tin minnits.

*Mrs. G.* Horrible, horrible. Whose turn will be next? [Report of a gun.

*Eve.* There they come; that's Mr. Norris's rifle.

*Biddy.* May all the howly saints above be blissed.

*Jas. and Rob* [at a distance, singing]

(Tune: "My heart's in the Highlands.")

O, grand Rocky Mountains,

Thou home of the free!

O land of bright fountains

I glory in thee!

Here, fair Colorado,

Upon my soul beams,

The true Eldorado

Of numberless dreams.

Here, upward to heaven  
The snowy peaks rise,  
And only commune with  
The clouds and the skies.  
Here, hoary with ages,  
The jagged rocks frown  
And, roaring and foaming,  
The torrents plunge down.

Where murmuring cascades,  
Flash in the bright dawn.  
Where deep-rent abysses  
And dread chasms yawn.  
Where ten thousand forests,  
Their green bowers rear ;  
O, through them I'll follow  
The fleet mountain deer.

ROB. JAS. LARRY, and JERRY BOWLES, *a trapper*,  
*appear on an adjacent projection.*

*Jerry B.* When the he-bird gits near his mate, he  
commences to sing,

*Jas.* There they are huddled together. We are  
coming.

*Rob.*

Weep no more, O, Minnehaha  
Hither comes thy Hiawatha,  
Shot for thee a famous roebuck,  
Shot for thee a deer with antlers.

*Enter* ROB. JAS., LARRY and JERRY.

*Jas.* How are you, sweetheart?

*Eve.* O, so glad to see you back, dearest. We  
have had a terrible time. Thirteen have died of hun-  
ger since you left. But who is this strange-looking  
man?

*Jas.* This is Jerry Bowles, the renowned trapper,  
an old companion of mine.



*Jerry.* Yes indeed; me an' the young fellur ha' seen sum hot time on the perarie a fightin' Injun an' huntin' deer an' buffler; but I see he hev brought down the finest deer without my help. She ar a lovely creetur', sartint, Jim, wishin' both on ye much joy an' satisfacshun. But now, my boy, let's hurry an' git a chaw o' the ole buck ready. They don't look as the'd turn up their noses at a good dinner. Here, Patsey, shie 'im over hyar. Now, jess gie me the grip o' the springer wie my bowie, an' you'll ha' some steak more tender nor butter in the pipe of a Comanche's feather. Thar's the fire burnin' like all blazes an' the fryin'-pan sot on, too. Golly, who's been a doin o' all this?

*Larry.* Faix, an' ye moight be shure 'twas me owld woman Biddy here.

*Jerry.* Waal, ye air the kin' o' gal to hav aroun'. Your hed ur level. Hyar, jess you slap them steaks in the pan while I slice 'em off. Ain't none o' yourn gone under yet, ole gal?

*Biddy.* Sorra one o' the bouchaleens is left but me an' me owld man, Larry. The childers went under boord in the owld counthry, an' one on the oshun. wurrahsthrew! n' we's tough as a garran; we's from Ireland an' used to cowl'd an' starvin'.

*Mrs. G.* Who is this strange being?

*Jas.* This is Mrs. Gray, Jerry, the mother of the young lady.

*Jerry.* Gie's a grab o' yur fist, ole woman. Jerry Bowles are blamed glad to see ye.

*Mrs. G.* What does he say?

*Jerry.* Waal, ma'am, it ur sixteen years cum nex Christinas sence I wur in a lady's parlor las', an'

never seed no wimmin sence, exceptin' dirty Injun squaw an' Mormon wimmin, wich, by my recknin', aint no wimmin at all, an' I ain't in shootin' range o' the fine manners in coorse. Howsumdever ef I can't wag my tail an' palaver moonshine to the gals, thet don't signify, as I ain't got no heart in my belly no more. So ma'am, whenever you git corralled, jes you fire the warnin' to ole Jerry, an' durned if you don't fin' him there. Me an' Jimmy seed gobs o' hot work on the perarie an' the mountain wi' the buffler an' the Injun, an' never had no rumpus one or tuther, till to-day, when he let on fur to shoot an' skin his ole chum fur a grizzly bar.

*Eve.* O, James!

*Jerry.* Shure as the Bible, my beauty. Ye never knowed as yer sweetheart wur sich a bloody Sioux, did ye? I wur up in the mountain an' seed the blizzard a cummin' on, so I crawls in a hole in the rock, that ur the snuggest corner in the Rockies. I drewed a ole grizzly outen it wonst an' now I calls it Jerry's drawin' room. Waal, I wiggles in thar an' eats my grub an' then lays back in my buffler's robe an' smokes my pipe jes as cool as Paddy thar. The nex thing I hearn sumbody a palaverin'; Hold up, Bob. I'll fotch him! An' when I peeps afore me I sees yer sweet lovin' Jimmy wi's blunderbuss at a dead level straight at my pipe an' his claws on the trigger. By the thunderin' tarnation, that did fotch me outen thar quicker en' greased lightnin'. Ha, ha! that ar a yarn fur to tell at the camp fire of a night. Jimmy Sinclair shootin' ole Rocky Mountin. Jerry fur to skin an' roast fur bar's meat. Ha, ha, ha! You'd fin him rayther tuff eatin' tho' I m a kalkerlatin,

tuffer'n a ten year ole turkey buzzard, but not ez tuff az ole Briggum, durn his blarsted hide. Wish I hed the ole coon hyar now fur to roast on this hyar fire. But cum now, ye hungry saints of the west, the steak ur dun an' a lusty bite it ur, better'n ye'll ever git in yer holy swindlin' Salt Lake, I kin tell yer.

[MR. GRAY *falls*.]

*Biddy*. O, what's the matter wid Misther Gray?

*Eve*. O, my father! O God he is dying!

*Mrs. G.* Dying! O, I will faint. Help, help!

*Jerry*. A heap o' good that'll do the ole man, ef you faint, ma'am.

*Rob*. Here Jim and Jerry, take hold; let's place him on the blanket. So, place his head higher. Some water. No, I'm afraid he's too far gone. He's dying.

*Eve*. O, papa, dearest papa, speak to me!

*Mr. G.* God bless you, my darling child—

*Mrs. G.* O, husband, has it come to this! O, what shall I do! To die here in this mountain wilderness. Not to reach Zion, O, it is terrible!

*Mr. G.* I am going to the true Zion. Dearest wife, it was all a mistake, but that is past now. I am content. Evelyn—

*Eve*. Yes, papa—

*Mr. G.* Put your hand in James's—so—come close to me. I know you truly love each other. God bless you both—take good care of her, James.

*Jas*. God hears me, I will go through a thousand deaths for her.

*Mr. G.* I believe it. You are going into worse troubles than these. Perhaps we will all be together

soon. God bless you both. Dearest wife, lean on him and be kind to him. He is your son.

*Mrs. G.* O God, O God, what shall I do !

*Mr. G.* Trust in God, it will all be well. Biddy, good-bye. Stand by her still, will you ?

*Biddy* Och, the howly Saviour ! The swate man ! Shure an ' it is thinkin 'ov it ez long ez I live. May all the bad luck come to me, if I iver leave her, sur.

*Mr. G.* It is all so strange, yet I am peaceful now. It is not so hard to die. "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want—Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I—

*Rob.* I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff comfort me—"

*Mr. G.* "They comfort me !" [Dies.

*Rob.* He is gone. [MRS. G. *faints.*]

*Jas.* See to Mrs. Grey, Biddy, please.

*Jerry.* Durn ef she ain't kep' her word. Waal, that's jess like the sect. They gives up jess whar they hadn't orter.

*Enter* CAPTAIN SAVAGE.

*Jerry.* Hello, Levi ; this hyar air fine Mormin doins.

*Savage.* Hello, Jerry, I didn't see you at all. Yes, this is terrible, no mistake—but, gentlemen, I came to give the signal fur startin'.

*Rob.* But we can't start now, Captain.

*Savage.* We've got to, Mr. Norris. The storm is gettin' worse all the time. There's no rations an' no shelter here. Our tents are all torn. We have word that a relief train is out by the Sweet Water a lookin' fur us. I'd like to git thar fur afore night.

*Jerry.* Waal, Levi Savage, ye must a' been turnin' mighty sheep-headed an' chicken-hearted, fur to carry



on in thet air way. Durned, if I don't believe the snow er got in yer eyes an' made you's blin' as a possum. Wat do ye call this hyar buck, aint that, raytions?

*Savage.* Yes, I see yer buck, Jerry, but all ov 'im wouldn't go roun' wonst in sich a big cumpany. He'll do fur a little bite to 'em all afore we start. But ef we wait till you bag more game night'll come on us, an' the wimmin an' childern 'll be all froze. We're boun' to push on.

*Rob.* But what of the dead? We can't leave him here to the wolves and the buzzards.

*Sav.* Time is mighty close but I'll go an' try to git some men to dig a grave. They're almost pegged out wi' that same kin' o' work—but I see as the Irish fellur's at it already.

*Jerry.* Durned, ef he ain't got it near entirely done. Bully for Paddy! Waal, a pickaxe an' a shovel cums nat'ral to a Irishman like a fiddle to a moosishun.

*Mrs. G.* O God! O Biddy, where am I? O, my, what shall I do?

*Rob.* Mrs. Gray is reviving and the grave is ready. Come, Jim, let us try and proceed.

*Jas.* Darling Evelyn—

*Biddg.* Och, och, avilish! See her sittin' there so white an' starin' as if she had seen somethin', the swate girsha. Come, git up, me honey, that's a good darlint.

*Eve.* Dead, dead, my father dead! Is it true, James? Is it not a horrible dream?

*Jas.* Alas, it is true, my poor, precious, noble girl.

*Eve.* No, it must be a dream. This wild mountain scenery, this raging snow-storm, these awestruck,

emaciated faces, and this white, white face, with the snow falling on it. It seems a familiar face, a beloved sleeping face. Mamma dear, keep still, you will wake poor papa up.

*Rob.* Jim, it is time you got her away. The stroke is too heavy for her.

*Jas.* Hurry up, for God's sake! Let's get away.

*Rob.* Come, my friends, lend a hand. [*They lower the body.*]

*Biddy.* Och, avick, avick. The noble man all out. to be put under the turf out here in the haythin wilderness widout a praste an' a dacint berryin'.

*Mrs. G.* O, if only brother Lee were here.

*Jerry.* Wot, John Lee, the bishop? Yaas. Gosh darn it, it ud be a raal cumfort to ram his kickin' karkase down in the hole thar. Waal, bein' as thar ain't no parson, nuther Gentile nur heathen Mormin, in shoot-in' range, I specks ez you'll hafter do up the prayin' bizness, Bob, case you are the only college larnt aroun', an' Jim ur a kin' o' mourner like, ye know. So pull trigger an' fire away, me boy.

*BOB.* [*reads*]:

"Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower and is cut down: he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not.

All flesh is grass, and all the goodness thereof is as the flower of the field. In the morning it flourisheth and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down and withereth.

I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.

Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God,

believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.

The hour is coming, in which all that are in the graves shall hear his voice and shall come forth: they that have done good unto the resurrection of life; they that have done evil unto the resurrection of judgment.

It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption: It is sown in dishonor; it is raised in glory: it is sown in weakness; it is raised in power: it is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body.

O death, where is thy sting? O grave where is thy victory?

The sting of death is sin; the strength of sin is the law. But, thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain. And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun, for the Lord giveth them light and they shall reign for ever and ever.

Blessed be the dead who die in the Lord, yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them." [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—SAT LAKE CITY. *Balcony of BRIGHAM YOUNG'S House.* BRIGHAM YOUNG, HEBER C. KIMBALL, DAN'L H. WELLS, JOHN TAYLOR, GORGE Q. CANNON, ORSON PRATT, ORSON HYDE.

*Brigham Young.* Well, boys we have got them, and the Government of the United States has gone and made a jackass of itself again.

*John Taylor.* How did you manage it all, Brother Brigham?

*Y.* Why, as easy as taking a drink of whiskey.

*Wells.* Can't you tell us about it now? We've all been curious what all this hobnobbing and conference with these Washington fellers was about.

*Y.* So you have been curious, eh? That's good fun for me. Ha, ha, ha! And perhaps you didn't like being shut out from this hobnobbing, as you call it, eh?

*K.* No indeed, President, we're all satisfied with what you do. We know you understand these matters best.

*Y.* I should think so. A nice botch you would have made of it, if I had called you in. But I don't mind letting you know what I have done, to see if it meets your high and mighty approval.

*Orr. Pratt.* The President is in a mighty good humor to-day.

*Y.* Well, the long and short of it is that I have made a treaty of peace with the President of the United States. Col. Kane, who came by the way of California, represented to the Government that there was no wrong intended, and that we were peaceable minded citizens. Thereupon the good President, without paying any attention to the army, sent these two peace commissioners out here, Powell and McCulloch, and we fixed up things together.

*Wells.* May we know the conditions of this treaty?

*Y.* I have no objections, my brave General. The principal stipulations are that the Army of Utah, as they call their shabby force, shall march through the



city without halting, and not encamp until they pass the Jordan and not be stationed within forty miles of the city, and that they shall protect private property——

On the other hand, we promise to submit to the Government authority in the person of the new federal appointee, and that we accept the President's pardon.

*Wells.* PARDON! What PARDON? We don't want to be pardoned, we are no criminals. We have done nothing wrong.

*Y.* Shut up, Dan; what do you know about diplomacy?

*W.* Damn diplomacy! I know we didn't do anything but fight for our rights, and we'll do it again.

*Y.* Won't you shut your big mouth, now?

*W.* Well, what crime have we committed?

*Y.* Dear me, some people's mouths are so big in their heads, they take up the room of the brains. What have we done? Why, we have done that for which any other except this mamby-pamby Government would have put the Territory under martial law and strung a half-dozen of us up like a row of shirts on a clothes-line. What have we done? I think you, most enlightened and irrepressible general of the mighty Nauvoo legion, have done your share. It was by your orders that the animals of the invading army were stampeded, their trains set on fire, the country burned before them and on their flanks, the road, blocked by fallen trees and the river ford destroyed.

*W.* Well——

*Y.* It was by your orders that Captain Lot Smith

captured and burned on Green river three of their supply trains consisting of seventy-five wagons loaded with provisions and tents and carried away several hundred animals.

*W.* Yes, it was done by my orders, which you gave, and it was honest warfare against an invading enemy.

*Y.* Warfare! Enemy! Do you know, great leader of warriors, what they call those subjects who make war upon their country's army? Rebels and traitors. And do you know their punishment? Death. I thought you would have sense enough to thank me for saving your thick neck from the halter by my diplomacy; but you are so childishly crazy with your new dignity of general that, like a boy with a new toy pistol, you want to go forth and fight the whole world. You must have been reading Jack the Giant Killer.

*W.* No, I have been listening to your fiery sermons.

*Y.* The more jackass you, for listening without learning. You are like some more here. You can't see the difference between ideals and reality, between the present and the future. For the present we have to submit, and we may be glad to get off as easy as we did, and get this army away as far as we do. If it hadn't been for the idiotic, imbecile government in Washington, this commander would have pounded our Zion all to pieces, instead of marching through it without daring to raise his hand. He has been treated shamefully. It is an outrage. If I was in his place, I'd go to Washington and throw my sword at the President's feet, and tell him to go to hell with his army, and I bet he is mad enough to do it.

*Kimball.* Here comes the new governor and judge.

*Enter* Gov. DUMMINGS and JUDGE LETCHER.

*Dummings.* Good morning, your excellency. We have called to pay our respects and watch the procession of the army.

*Y.* You are welcome, gentlemen. Come up and take seats. I am glad to see you.

*D.* These are some of the pillars of the church, I presume.

*Y.* Yes, sir, they are the pillars. We were just speaking of the happy settlement of our troubles.

*D.* Yes, it is indeed a matter of congratulation and rejoicing.

*Y.* You see now that we are not so bad as our enemies make us out to be.

*D.* I never did think so.

*Y.* We are peculiar people, but inoffensive withal.

*D.* I know it, sir.

*Y.* We have our own views about religion, and all we demand is the privilege to hold them.

*D.* Certainly sir, certainly, a right which the government guarantees to all her citizens.

*Y.* All allegations to the contrary are the malicious slanders of our enemies.

*D.* I believe it, sir.

*Y.* Truth always will have enemies.

*D.* Of course, of course, but we must not mind them.

*Y.* No, we don't, except when they impugn our loyalty to the United States. That is hard to bear.

*D.* Pay no regard to it, dear sir. We do not believe a word of it. I shall with pleasure write the good news to Washington that our Mormon brethren are true to the old flag.

Y. Do so, and send the President my humble respects, and assure him of my devotion and allegiance.

D. I will attend to it, depend upon it; and now, confidentially, dear sir, among ourselves, you know—

Y. I understand, you may rely on us.

D. Well, to tell the truth, the President would not have superseded you, but for the unfortunate representation of some extreme partisan politicians, who affirmed that the country would punish the party in the ensuing election, if some step were not taken.

Y. Our enemies again.

D. Of course, of course, but my only regret is, that I was chosen as the instrument of this—this plot. I am an unworthy successor of your excellency.

Y. Your excellency underrates yourself.

D. Not at all, not at all, it almost kills me to think that these good people must look upon me as an intruder, and an usurper of their illustrious leader's place.

Y. You can easily remove their prejudice and distrust, by proving their friend.

D. It will be my prayerful striving to do so—and may I not enjoy the valuable aid of your counsel, sir?

Y. It is at your service at all times.

D. Thanks, my heartfelt thanks! and now, I hope the poor fugitives will soon return, and no others will hereafter leave.

Y. I will assure the people of your protection. That will bring them back. Your honor received the records, did you not?

*Judge Letcher.* I did.



Y. You see they were not destroyed, as was spread about by our enemies. They were merely taken into safe keeping.

L. But that was a suspicious and violent measure, you must see.

Y. It was a necessary measure in the confusion and uproar, into which your predecessor precipitated the court.

L. Yes, there seems to have been confusion enough, but I hope we will be able to bring form and order out of the chaos. It is my firm determination to mete out impartial justice to Mormon, Gentile, Apostate, and all alike. Especially will I see that justice is done to women.

Cannon. From my acquaintance with your honor, I fear you will be a little partial to the ladies.

L. (*Laughs.*) Ha! ha! I always was a ladies' man, and the sentiment grows with my age.

Y. It is quite natural; it is my case, too. The sentiment does you honor, sir. We all cultivate a wide-hearted fondness and gallantry toward the gentler sex. We are all noted ladies' men, are we not, George?

C. Yes, indeed. (*Laughter.*)

Taylor. The soldiers are coming.

(*U. S. troops file through streets.*)

K. [*aside*] Damn the cursed invaders. I wish we could turn the Danites loose on them.

T. [*aside*] I am afraid the boys would get the worst of it.

K. [*aside*] We ought to have let them run the rascals out in the canyon. That was our plan, but Brother Brigham wouldn't listen to it.

T. [*aside*] He was right. That would have sealed our fate.

K. [*aside*] O, pshaw! we could have blamed the Indians for it.

Cannon. They are a fine body of men.

Y. Yes, General Dan ought to take a copy off them.

W. Bah! If we had been allowed to fight them as we wanted to, we'd have spoiled their good looks damn soon.

L. It was a pity and a wrong that they were not allowed to fight after you worried them with your guerilla warfare.

D. Judge, Judge, not so harsh. We should all be glad that peace was obtained without bloodshed. "How good and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." Let us not stir up old feelings of strife and discord.

Y. Col. Cooke looks like a soldier, every inch of him.

Cannon. He looks rather glum and gloomy.

L. I do not wonder. Well, the procession has passed. We will obtrude ourselves no longer. Are you going, Governor?

D. Yes, Judge, although I hate to leave such pleasant company. Good-bye, Mr. Young, I will never forget your kind assurances. Good day, gentlemen. I hope to see you soon again.

[*Exeunt B. and L.*]

I. Good-bye, may the devil go with you! What do you think of them boys?

T. I think we needn't fear the governor.

Y. Hardly, for a more imbecile, doting old sim-

pleton I never did see. When you go to Washington, next winter, George, just give the President my thanks for sending this dummy out here.

*C.* They call Utah the Botany Bay of worn-out politicians in Washington. They send only their old lumber out here.

*K.* It is fortunate for us, they do.

*O. Hyde.* But the new judge ain't so kindly like.

*R.* No, he seems inclined to be skittish.

*O. Hyde.* What are ye going to do about him, President?

*Y.* I believe he's rather spoons on women, George.

*Cannon.* As hot as a goat. I have heard a good deal about him; he's one of the Washington hangers-on, whose record you don't have to look up. They tell some rather wild stories about him in the east.

*O. Pratt.* I noticed it on him right away.

*N.* On the principle that one dog will smell another [*laughter*]; but that soft spot in him will be the point where I will drive my knife home. I have found you out already, old Letcher, I have a bate for you, you terrible judge, that will hook you out of your judicial waters and send you flying across the mountains.

*H.* No, what is that, Brother Brigham?

*Y.* Never mind. Leave him to me. If he doesn't fly from the Territory or join the Church in three weeks, then don't believe in me any more.

*W.* I guess a good many don't believe you any more, nohow.

*Y.* What, sir!

*W.* Yes, I have said it now and I can't help it.

*Y.* What do you mean, sirrah?

W. Why, the people are worked up a good deal about this peace and pardon business and also about the handcart scheme. Now, since scores of the emigrants have been starved and frozen to death, they don't believe in its divine origin any more.

Y. Well, who does?

W. You proclaimed that God revealed it to you.

Y. You're a damned fool.

W. Of course you can go on swearing at me.

Y. And if you don't keep still I'll kick you off this balcony, you big, blundering, impudent bull.

W. Wonder who's the biggest bull in the crowd.

Y. Won't anybody protect me from his blasphemy?

K. Keep quiet now, Brother Dan.

Taylor. Don't get so enraged, Brother Brigham, he don't mean any harm.

Y. What, are you all in a plot against me, you rebel scamps?

T. I swear we are not; we are yours through life and through death.

All. So we are, so we are.

Y. A hell of a set of disciples you are to stand around and let a drunken blackguard insult your prophet.

K. Keep quiet, Dan, it will soon be over.

Y. A beautiful crowd. You and the people can go to the devil. What have I to do with your vagabond emigrants. Is it my fault that they die on the way?

K. Keep quiet, Dan., I tell you.

Y. Didn't the first company arrive all right, weeks ago?

Hyde. Of course, came into Zion singing psalms.

Y. Why didn't the others arrive before the cold



weather? Because they didn't start in time. Who wouldn't let them start? Was I on the Mississippi to keep them back? Who was it, then?

*K.* [*aside*] Now he's looking around for scape-goats.

*Y.* Wasn't it that rascally Spenser and the apostle Richards? Brother John you just came from there. Tell them if it isn't so.

*Taylor.* Exactly.

*Y.* So there. Are you all satisfied now?

*All.* We are, we are.

*Y.* And you, General Brute, what do you say?

*K.* Apologize, Dan. [*aside.*]

*W.* Well, President, I am sorry. I only wished to let you know what the people say.

*Y.* Damn the people. The people are a drove of cattle. How dare you tell me that I am to listen to the opinions of the people—the rabble? What business have they to think and have opinions? I think for them. I want you to tell the people on whose heads the death of the emigrants rests. Do you understand?

*All.* We will, we will.

*Y.* I don't propose to take other men's sins on my shoulders. There, what crowd is that?

*Enter* JOHN D. LEE.

*Lee.* Brother Brigham, the han' carters are here.

*Y.* Is that so? Go all of you and provide for their comfort. [*Exeunt all except* LEE.]

A dilapidated looking crew, certainly, all skin and bones and rags. I am sorry it turned out so, but there are several thousands in my pocket. Who are

those people in the group nearest us? They don't look like Mormons.

*Lee.* O, them is my friends, the Greys. I just heard as the ole man went under in the mountains.

*Y.* What! Why, that's good news. Old Grey dead! The gods are smiling on me altogether. Who are the two young men, John?

*L.* Them is the two young fellers I told you about. That 'un with the whiskers is named Norris and is a correspondent of some big New York paper. And the other is Jim St. Clair who was a captain in the army. He's engaged to Evelyn Grey, you know.

*Y.* Which is Evelyn?

*L.* There she stands next to her beau—Damn him! She looks a little thinner than she did in New York.

*Y.* A durned pretty girl. What do they want here, these two young gents? They won't take the vows will they?

*L.* Not if I know 'em. 'Spose they wanted to take a hand in the Mormon war.

*Y.* Ah, indeed, the pen and the sword—They're a little late, though. O, heavens! but she is—Say, John, you say they are engaged?

*L.* Yes [*aside*] I'll be hanged if he ain't fallin' in love with her already. Jist wot I was afraid of.

*Y.* They are going away.

*L.* Yes, and Savage is going to take them along to his house.

*Y.* Savage, that's the fellow who made the fuss with Richards about the hand-carts, is it not?

*L.* Yes.

*Y.* He has only one wife, I believe?

*L.* Yes, so I hear.

*Y.* Bad case. Those people oughtn't to go to his house. Run and tell George Cannon to take the ladies along with him and give them my regards and sympathies. [*Exit* LEE.]

*Y.* By the Almighty God, I never saw a sweeter girl in all my life. The sight of her just melts one's senses like wax. I must have her in spite of bridegroom and all hell. I am sick of my old rips anyhow. Lord, I'd give my best farm for a kiss from her now. I'll go to see them to-morrow and see how the land lies. They are all in my power. She cannot escape me. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—SALT LAKE CITY. *Street in front of Endowment House.*

*Enter* BIDDY MAHONE.

*Biddy.* Tare an' ounty, there's me owld man gone a shaughran agin, the vagabone, an' me a batin' his thracks all through this haythen town. Mayrone, but it's the nice and dacint place all out, with the pretty little cothages an' the bit of garden patch atwixt and afore 'em fur the phaties an' the flowers. An' it's the swate morsil of a shanty we've got from the Profit, that it is sartint, barrin' the howls in the roof an' in the windy. An' it's the God's own mud they makes the houses of here an' thin they calls them dobies, bad cess to 'em. An' didn't I tell the lazy spalpeen this blissid mornin', sez I to him: "Larry ashtore, it's after fixin' up the shanty, ye should be, to kape out the sugh, an' didn't the thief of the world promise me he was goin' fur the corraghan' the thatch an' away he wint an' that's the las' I seen on the throe bit

of him. It's a boozin' he is, in a shebeen house, I know, the flipe ; an' here's the same howly Indowmin' House, where we's goin' to be washed an' imbalmed an' made throe saints of us entoirely. An' Miss Evelyn, the darlint, is gone afore an' all them haythan Daynes—Och, och, an' may be the bloody Mormins or Gintile sodgers is afther doin' the harm to him an' it's not the loikes o' Larry that kin howld his tongue, whin the craythur is in him. O Larry, me bouchal, if you only cum back to yer poor Biddy wonst again, sorry a scowldin' word she'll be after spakin' to yez at all any more. O, wurrah shtrew!

*Enter LARRY, singing.*

St. Pathrick was a jolly praste.

Allorum, allorum—

And prache he did to man an' baste,

Allorum, Allorum—

*Biddy.* Bad scran to the screechin' of ye, ye boozy baste ; it's scourin' the howl counthry I've been fur the glimpse o' ye.

*(Larry sings.)*

And all the craythurs they got tame

Exshept the shnakes—allorum—

So in his boots he put the same

Allorum—Allorum—

*Biddy.* It's the ondacint blaggard ye be, Larry Mahone, a shtandin' here an' pipin' yer feasthalagh fornent the howly Endrownin' House.

*Larry.* Drownin', drownin' did she say ? Musha, it's drowned I am already wid poteen.

*Biddy.* Faith, an' it's aisy enough fur to see that same, an' ye drookin, wid the drink like a muck fresh from the flush. Throth, an' it's ye that has



a nose fur snifthrins' out the sheebeen anywhere, an' it's that same lantern nose o' yourn that'll shteer us in the poor-house yit. I thocht that now, since we cum to the new counthry, ye'd be afther thryin' to lay by yer scollops fur the windy day an' not go on sindin' yer substance down that red lane o' yourn, a-vehonce.

*L.* Musha, is it that ye'd make the dirty misert o' me, an' we jist come in the promised land. By the same token, Biddy a-hagur, whist, lass it's excimicated an' damned ye all would be, if yer Larry hadn't taken a turn into that same shebeen.

*B.* Hut, tut! ye don't ballyrag over me that gait.

*L.* On me sowl, it's the thruth I'm shpakin'. Does ye see, a-hagur, it's the Prophit's shebeen, shure indade—a blessin on him fur the raal an' dacint Prophit all out!—and whin one of the saints makes bowld to snake past an' not take his drap in there, won't he jist be afther gittin' his everlastin' gruel partiklar, the thief? So ye see, Biddy avourneen, it's me holy religious doothy I has been performin' fur yez all.

*B.* An' whose bin the koind to giv ye all this nonsinse.

*L.* Throth, lass, it's yerself that niver kin consther that. Wud ye believe it, Biddy ashtore, that it was Phelim O'Dowd's own self as walks up to me in the shtrate this mornin', an says he to me, givin me a kelp on the showldher, sez he: "Good cess to ye, Larry Mahone, an' what is yer mother's son afther doin' out here in Utah?"

*B.* Thunther-an-ouns', Phelim O'Dowd in Ameriky, an' out here in Zion! Hasn't the devil bro't him to

the halther yit, bad luck to the day ye clapt eyes on him agin'.

*L.* Agra, he's the good man with the kippeen, or at a song, as ever pulled scrapers over the turf, an' it's a jorum we tuk together in honor of owld Erin. (*Sings.*)

So it's in our boots we kape the shnakes,  
Allorum, Allorum—  
And every one for Erin takes  
A jorum, jorum.—

*B.* A three-quarter clift, a sling poke, a-vehonce, bad cess to the morsil of 'im! At wakes an' weddins, an' in a drunken' bout he's the good man indade, the profilgate. An' it waz this same good man as brocht ye near the stone jug in the owld counthry, wid yer ructions an' roysterin', an' it's comin' here to Zion now he is to folly yer wi's divilties. But ye'd better not bring him into me sight or, dher manim, it's me-self, Biddy Mahone, as'll tache him by hand what a good man he is, the reprobaste.

*L.* Agra, divil a bit ye'll have the chance, it's a thinkin' I am; for he's goin away to Californy this blissid day. Do you see he's a tamester, is Phelim O'Dowd, an' dhrives the tame wid sivin big horses to the fore. But it's the bloody Gintile he is yit, an he laughs at the saints, body an' slaves, an' he says if we go in this same divil's Indrownin House, we'll be drowned an' murdered an' cut in paces afore we git out alive; an' he swears that Briggum Yung, the Proffit ates a Gintile fur dinner ev'ry day of his life; an' wonst a wake, he ates one of his own childers to kape 'em from gitten too plintiful, do you see. By the same token it's lashins o'wives he's got, as many as

that owld king of the chatin Jews, Sollimun, an' whin a clutch o' new saints come from the owld counthry, he picks out the youngest and fattest colleens fur his own use, an' makes their husban's take away his owld wons, the rogora. An it's thinking an' throublin' me sowl I've been, as the owld garran'll be afther takin' me Biddy away from me, acushla machree, since it's the dacint woman ye are, as is well beknown, an' thin it's a widdy poor Larry'll be, O, wurrah sthrew! O, wurrah sthrew!

*B.* It's a widdy ye'd be, ye flipe! Ye has been makin' sheep's eyes at some colleen yerself, an' its the comedher ye want to put on her, ye onfaithful spalpeen. Well, it's afther thryin' it, ye shed be, whin Biddy Mahone is aroun', that's all.

*Enter JAS. and ROB.*

*Jas.* Why, Biddy, you here? Where is Miss Evelyn?

*B.* Death alive, the darlint, it's inside she is, an' I lavin' her to folly the thracks of this thruant, mavrone orth! An' it's kapin' me here now wid his nonsinse an' his blarney, he is, whin it's time to go in. Come along wid ye, ye blatherskite, it's ill my common to take the throuble wi' the likes of yez, the ongracious haythan as ud rayther be a boozin' wid Phelim O'Dowd than cum to the holy Indowmin' House. Walk in now, I say.

*[Exeunt BIDDY and LARRY.]*

*Rob.* I hope you appreciate this inspiring example of matrimonial felicity, Jim.

*Jas.* Biddy evidently has the upper hand, and undoubtedly she is right, for Larry is an arrant bibber. He is half-seas over now.

*Rob.* I fear he'll create a fracas inside, in his present Irish mood. But why do you insist on going thro' this Endowment House humbug?

*Jas.* Mainly on Evelyn's account, and she, in turn, goes on account of her mother. Mrs. Gray's infatuation has not abated a whit yet. She is too ill to go through the mill herself at present, and therefore urges Evelyn.

*Rob.* And Evelyn?

*Jas.* You know she has committed herself to investigate Mormonism personally. What she has seen thus far disgusts her; but on the other hand she is anxious, for the sake of seeing her mother undeceived, to hurry through the whole programme, and get away as soon as possible, and on the other hand, she is too innocent and unsuspecting to even imagine the impurities and enormities of the Brighamites. I don't believe she could realize them if told about them, which she hasn't been. Then also we do not know to what extent Polygamy really exists among the Mormons. I never could find that out. Is it not possible that the picture has been overdrawn and the reports greatly exaggerated? You know in piquant and scandalous secrets morbid Fancy indulges her wildest play. It may be confined to the fanatic and villainous leaders of a stupid sect, and in this Christian and enlightened country it cannot be left to stay much longer there.

*Rob.* Who knows? But don't you anticipate trouble from your invasion of their secret rites? You know they guard them as jealously as the Greeks did the Eleusinian mysteries, and the Danites are assuredly no myths.

*Jas.* I am not afraid. Where Evelyn goes, there



I will follow, if whole legions of Mormons lurk by the way. If a Federal Governor, backed by a United States army, cannot protect Americans in their own country, then they are safe nowhere, and have to look out for themselves.

*Rob.* Well, I suppose we are on the red list of proscription anyhow, so we might as well make the best use of our opportunities. If I only get time to write up this Endowment performance and get it off for the paper then the Danites may do their worst. So come on, Jim.

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SCENE V.—ENDOWMENT HOUSE.—*First room. A passage with curtains on either side. Beyond, on the right are the men, on the left are the women.*

*Jas.* Much good it does to wash a fellow if they daub him up like this afterwards. I am all full of the greasy stuff.

*Rob.* Look at me, I am dripping with it like a sardine. I never want to eat salad any more as long as I live.

*Attendant.* Here is the sacred garmint.

*Jas.* The what?

*Rob.* The sacred garment of infancy. They are an exact grown-up edition of my night-drawers in boyhood's early days.

*Att.* This garment shouldn't never be took off.

*Jas.* What?

*Att.* It mustn't never be took off as long as you live.

*Jas.* Why not?

*Att.* 'Cause as long as you wears this garmint you won't die—nobody can't kill you.

*Rob.* Why man, the shirt would kill you at last.

*Att.* No 'twon't, the Prophet, Joe Smith got a revelation from God.

*Rob.* Why did he get killed in Hancock county jail?

*Att.* 'Cause he didn't have it on. There!

*Rob.* As a prophet he ought to have known better. But I suppose getting shot is preferable to being murdered by such a Centaur Nessus kirtle, the gods forefend!

*Att.* The gods come on in the next room.

*Rob.* Is that so? Olympus adjoining the bath tub, cleanliness next to godliness. But you ought not tell us yet. It will spoil the fun of the play.

*Att.* I know it's against the rules.

*Jas.* Well, let us go in.

*Att.* Hold up, you ain't done dressed yet. Here's your temple robe.

*Rob.* All right, on with it. Ah, isn't she an angelic beauty, Jim?

*Jas.* Yes, we are beginning to have quite a celestial appearance.

*Att.* Brother Briggum, he do call it celestial masonry. Here's your cap, sir.

*Rob.* Well, they do look like mason's caps exactly.

*Att.* And here's your slippers.

*Rob.* I begin to feel as if I were being transformed into the fair sex. Say, Jim, if Evelyn doesn't forget all her grief and gravity at the sight of you, there's not a bit of humor in her. Please don't get in front of me, for pity's sake. I can't hold in much longer.

*Female Attendant from the other side.* Brother Hezekiah, ain't you got your men ready yit?

*Male Att.* Yes, Sister Keziah, in a minute. Hurry up now here, you fellurs.

*Fem. Att.* Wot air you 'bout agin, a chapperin' like a monkey, with your big mouth? Don't you know we got heaps to do yit ter-day, all them han' carters to go through, 'sides a big ketch o' gals from the theayter arter w'ile, an' you standin' there a blabberin an' a blabberin' like as you was a preachin' in the tabbynuckle, an' Satan hav' done got his tights on' a hour ago an' slashin' an' cussin' roun' over here in the closet, 'cause he can't git out, an' all the women mos' skeered to deaf.

*Male Att.* O, let Satan go to the devil.

*Rob.* Who is Satan?

*M. Att.* O, that there ole dead beat, John Lee, I reckon. He's owin' me three dollars sence two years. Wish I ked keep him in that closet a month.

*Fem. Att.* Blabberin' again, ole parryut! ain't you goin' to git ready this year?

*M. Att.* Yes, durn it. Can't you let a feller alone. Hurry up here, fellers. Hev you got all the women ready?

*Fem. Att.* In course I has. All slick as a eel, an' stannin' in a row like a shop full o' wax dolls, long ago.

*M. Att.* Waal, I reckon you didn't wash 'em clean or somethin'.

*Fem. Att.* Did so, you ole mule, cleaner'n yourn anyway. Shame on you!—

*M. Att.* Ur the wimmin is heaps handier nur the men 'bout gittin' into their things. They is more like wimmin's cloze anyway. Here's a fellur as wants to put the legs ov his sacrid garmint on his

arms, an' a Irishman we've got over here as was a dancin' in it, an' now he's gone off to sleep without his temple robe on, an' I'm afraid to wake him up 'cause he swears like a Californy teamster, an' says he'll make me look seven ways to wonst.

*Biddy.* That's me ole man Larry. Let me go over, sister, an' it's me that'll have 'im awake mighty quick.

*M. Att.* So now, gents, fall in ranks. Single file, Injun style. Hyur's the way to Paradise. You'll find the ladies inside. Don't be afeared, it's jess like a ball. You bows to yer lady, an' takes her fur yer pardner.

*Rob.* Well, that is Paradise indeed.

*M. Att.* An' fur the rest, jess look at Adam an Eve an' do the way they does, an' you ain't goin' to make no mistake.

*Fem. Att.* Hezekiah Green, air you rattlin' your everlastin' big mouf agin?

*M. Att.* Yes, yes, Sister Keziah, all right. Here they come. Hurry up here, fellurs. [*Exeunt.*]

*Second Room. Paradise.* ROB. JAS. LARRY, men and male attendants ranged in a row on one side. EVA., BIDDY, women and female attendants vis-a-vis.

*Biddy.* Och, Miss Evelyn, darlint, does ye see Mither James? He looks like a young praste wid a mustache.

*Eve.* Yes, I see! Don't talk aloud, Biddy.

*Biddy.* Be me sannies, an' there is Larry. Will ye be afther puttin' yer ca on straight, ye shin-gaun!

*Rob.* You needn't glare at Evelyn so, Jim.



Don't you see she can't trust herself to look at you?

*Jas.* Hush, see who comes here.

*Enter* BRIGHAM YOUNG *as Elohim or Head God,*  
HEBER C. KIMBALL *as Jehovah or Under God*  
*and Dan'l H. Wells as Jesus.*

*M. Att.* Them is the gods, 'ot sure enough, jess actin' ye know.

*Rob.* O, yes, sweet ladies, the lion is not a horrible real lion but only Bottom, the Weaver.

*Young.* "We gaze upon all we have created and behold it is very good."

*Biddy.* Agra, me mon, ye didn't create Miss Evelyn Gray, so ye needn't be after glowerin' on her that way.

*Eva.* Hush, Biddy.

*Y.* "There is something wanting yet, man, that our work shall be perfect."

*Rob.* Yes, man, there is much wanting thereto.

*Y.* "Let us make man in our image, after our likeness."

*K.* All right.

*Wells.* O, yes, let's.

*Rob.* No, thank you, I'd rather not. Say, cicerone Hezekiah, who is that assenting deity with the whiskers?

*M. Att.* Wot? That's Heber Kimball. He's the under-god, Jehover, ye know. He's a ole sucker, I kin tell ye. Got thirteen wives, and lams 'em like the dickens.

*Jas.* Does this woodchopper prophet actually

think that Elohim and Jehovah are two different gods?

*Rob.* It seems so. We will learn some theology here.

*Enter* JOHN C. HAIGHT, as *Michael or Adam*.

*M. Att.* Here's the feller wot plays Michael an' Adam.

*Rob.* Is the man's name Michael Adam or Adam Michael?

*M. Att.* No, don't you see Adam is the man an' Michael is the angel.

*Rob.* Well, which being does this scared looking actor represent?

*M. Att.* O, both on 'em, don't ye know?

*Rob.* No, is that so? Another marvel of Mormon mythology. He'll have his hands full, though, poor prodigy.

*Y.* "Behold the man!"

*Rob.* A slight resemblance to our unhappy species cant be denied, although the angelic greatly overtops it.

*Y.* "We have made him of the clay of the earth after our image and likeness."

*Rob.* The likeness is well hit, the same beastly leer.

*Jas.* And a good deal of the parent clay adheres to his unwashed face.

*Rob.* Yes, and he seems to have moistened his clay recently.

*Y.* "We place thee over the fish of the sea, the fowl of the air and the beast of the field. Rule over them. Eat of the fruit of all the trees in the garden."

*Haight.* All right, Brother Brigham.

*Y.* [*aside*] Shut up, you fool!

*M. Att* The feller as gen'ly plays Adam ain't here to-day, an' Haight is green to the biz.

*Y.* "But Michael! Michael!"

*Haight.* Who is he hollerin' for? I ain't Michael, am I? No, I know I ain't. I am Adam.

*Y.* [*aside.*] Shut up, confound you. "Michael!"

*Larry.* Avick thin, Fader, if its Michael McAf-ferty, the dacint man, ye mane, he's back in owld Ireland yit. But if any of yer riverences wants him particular, here's his frind, Larry Mahone, as good a man as him any day. So come on wid ye.

*Rob.* This promises to be very dramatic.

*Y.* [*aside*] For heaven's sake, Heber, who is this dreadful Irishman.

*Larry.* Would wan o' yer riverinces loike to thramp on me coat-tail?

*Y.* No, no, no! "Of every tree of the garden thou mayst freely eat, but of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil thou shalt not eat."

*Larry.* Divil I shant! Sorra bit, I'll be afther axin ye, blast yer imperence.

*Biddy.* Larry! [*Shaking her fist at him.*]

[*An evergreen tree with raisins tied on it is brought in.*]

*Haight.* Now I know I was right, I'm Adam and nobody else. Here's the tree. Let me see, what comes next? O, yes. "I'm so lonely!"

*Y.* "It is not good for man to be alone. I will make a helpmeet for him." [*Aside*] Lie down, you jackass!

*M. Att.* He'll feel mighty lonely after a while, when Brother Brigham sends him flyin' back to Cedar City. [*HAIGHT lies down and pretends to fall asleep.*]

*YOUNG* takes a rib from *Haight's* coat pocket.

*Enter* MISS ELIZA SNOW *as Eve*.

*Haight*. [*rising*] "Art thou not flesh of my flesh and bone of my bone?"

*Rob*. [*aside*] The bone rather preponderates, old fellow.

*Haight*. "I will call her Eve, because she is newly and wondrously made."

*Jas*. [*aside*] Rather an ancient-looking dame for a newly-made creature.

*Rob*. [*aside*] But wondrous enough. Who is the lady, Brother Hezekiah?

*M. Att*. [*aside*] Oh, that's Miss 'Liza, 'Liza Snow—one o' Brother Brigham's spiritual wives. She do write the songs we sing in the Tabbernuckle. She's powerful handy at writin'.

*Y*. "Increase and multiply and fill the earth."

*Rob*. [*aside*] Now he's getting into the Mormon's proper field. [*Exeunt* YOUNG, KIMBALL and WELLS. Shades of Moses and Milton, ye have lived in bliss till now!

*M. Att*. Now, you've got to pair off in couples an' promenade aroun' till the Devil comes in.

HAIGHT and MISS SNOW *passing over the front of the scene*.

*Miss Snow*. Brother Brigham is awfully mad at your mistakes.

*H*. I can't help it. What the devil does he make me come here and play this durned tomfoolery fer? And then putting two men into one. I never heard of such acting.

*Miss Snow*. What is the matter with Staines?

*H*. Took a new wife last night and hadn't got over his wedding spree this morning. [*They pass on*.

[JAMES and EVELYN *pass on*.



*Jas.* Darling, it is really a bit of Paradise even amid these buffoons to be by your side again. You look bewitching even in this sepulchral costume.

*Eve.* O, James, but you !

*Jas.* Sweetest, I would put on a coxcomb and a Merry Andrew's gear only to have you smile again.

*Eve.* Ah, if only the dreadful farce were over.

[*They pass on.*

[*BIDDY and LARRY pass.*

*Biddy.* It's a foine hobble ye'll be gittin' us in wid givin' yer blarney to the Prophit.

*Larry.* What, is that bosthoon wid the big beard, the Prophit? Death alive, what a bodagh, a beggarly half-sir! He the Prophit, the thafe? This is a foine bargain wid us all. He looks loike a strate scraper's boss entoirely.

*Biddy.* Shadh, ye drunken gorsoon! Have ye no gumption to be jabberin' that gait here? It'll be the murtherin' of us all, it will. Kape shtill now, I say, an' put yer caubeen straight on yer pate. Whisht, here cums the Divil!

*Larry.* The divil he is. Let him cum on.

*Enter JOHN D. LEE as Satan, sidles up to Eve, smiles and bows.*

*Rob.* [*aside*] Sure enough, our old Castle Garden friend. He will be better up to his rôle than the man-angel was.

*Jas.* [*aside*] Yes, it comes more natural to him.

*Lee.* "Yea, hath God said, ye shall not eat of every tree in the Garden?"

*Rob.* [*aside*] Ah, the coy and maidenly reserve of our common mother.

*Lee.* "Ye shall be as gods."

*Rob.* [*aside*] Not much of an inducement, my dear fellow. Trot out some other bait.

*Jas.* [*aside*] No, she has done it already.

*Rob.* [*aside*] Done what?

*Jas.* [*aside*] Eaten some of the raisins.

*Rob.* Ah, not such a bad idea of the prophetic poet to substitute raisins for the traditional apple. They appeal more endearingly to the sweet tooth of the ladies.

*Miss Snow to Haight.* "Ah, loved husband mine, wilt thou not also eat thereof?"

*Rob.* [*aside*] Rather ardent words to come from the virgin Snow.

*Miss S.* "Wilt thou?"

*Rob.* [*aside*] Beneath such a burning glance who would not wilt?

*H.* "All right, hand 'em here. [*Eats some raisins.*]"

*Jas.* [*aside*] A sensible sinner. Makes no fuss about it.

*Rob.* [*aside*] No, but you should have seen him, if the fruit were in a liquid form.

*M. Att.* Now, that thar's the Fall, ye know. Now ye're all nakid.

*Biddy.* It's a lyin' ye are, ye ondacint spalpeen. Isn't it a whole pack o' peddler's kirtles I's got on me back?

*M. Att.* Course I know, ole gal. Now here comes the gods agin, an' brother Brigum's mad as the ole Sam, so you'd better hurry up. Here's your fig leafs, tie 'em aroun' you an' then skedaddle behin' a cheer or suthin.' [*Distributes aprons which they tie on.*]

*Rob.* Don't we get any of the dessert, brother Hezekiah?

*M. Att.* Nary a raisin—Quick now an' hide yere-selves.

*Re-enter YOUNG, KIMBALL and WELLS.*

*Young.* "Adam, where art thou?"

*Haight to Miss S.* Say, does he mean me this time?

*Miss S.* Certainly.

*H.* Durn it, why dont he holler one name then?

*Y.* Adam, where art thou?

*E.* "Here, Brother Brigham."

*Y. [aside]* Chucklehead? "What hast thou done?"

*H.* O, eat a few raisins.

*Y.* You mulehead! [*Aside*] "Did I not tell thee not to eat thereof."

*H. to Miss S.* What the deuce comes next? For pity's sake tell me.

*Miss S.* Don't you know? "The woman, the woman thou gavest me."

*H.* "The woman thou gavest me."

*Miss S.* "Gave me thereof and I ate."

*H.* "The woman thou gavest me, thereof I ate."

*Rob. [aside]* Well, I wish you joy of your repast. You will need no more punishment.

*Y. [aside]* I wish the devil would eat you, you blundering fool. [*To Mrs. Snow.*] "What hast thou done?"

*Miss S.* "The serpent beguiled me, and I ate."

[*JOHN D. LEE creeps up to YOUNG on his belly.*]

*Y* "Because thou hast done this, thou art accursed above all the cattle. Upon thy belly shalt thou go, and dust shall thou eat all the days of thy life. And I will put enmity between thee and the woman,

between thy seed and her seed ; it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel."

*Jas.* [*aside*] My heel itches to do some of that bruising now. [*Exeunt LEE and HAIGHT.*]

*M. Att.* Thar goes Haight without waitin' for his curses. But he'll git 'em double arter a while.

[*Exeunt all, driven out by YOUNG.*]

*Third Room, The World.—The former persons.*

*Enter Mormon Apostles disguised as Sectaries. TIMOTHY BROADBRIM, a Quaker; DEACON SMITH, a Methodist; PARSON PEABODY, a Presbyterian; ELDER SMOOTHTONGUE, a Baptist; FATHER BONIFACE, a Catholic.*

*Father Boniface :*

The Pope, the Pope, the Virgin, too,  
We have the only doctrine true.  
Come heretics to the mother church,  
Or you'll be left in an ugly lurch.  
The door of heaven against you slammed  
In hell you'll be forever damned.

*Eld. Smoothtongue :*

The chief thing of all is poorest prized,  
You are not saved till you're baptized—  
No baby sprinkling or such child's play,  
But the genuine apostolic way—  
Deep under the water you get plunged down,  
And when you come up your sins are gone.

*Deacon Smith :*

No, no, he's wrong ; but you must come all  
And down at the anxious bench you fall ;  
There on your knees you must groan and cry



Till you move to mercy the Lord on high.  
Then from your hearts will roll the lump,  
Converted and sanctified up you jump.

*Parson Peabody :*

What good will all your hollering do,  
If you are not predestinated thereto ?  
You're dead in sin and quite depraved ;  
By elective grace alone you're saved.  
You can fast and pray, work early and late,  
You are and will be reprobate.

*Timothy Broadbrim :*

The church is worldly, lost and vain ;  
Thee must no longer in her remain ;  
Thee must leave wars and oaths and that,  
And wear a broad-brimmed Quaker hat .  
Thee must not sing or preach or pray  
Till the Spirit moves thee aught to say.

*Enter JNO. D. LEE as Satan. Speaks the following  
with boorish grimaces :*

“ Ah, that's right my hearties, you are at 'em, as I told you. Only you ought to work harder, a soul is worth sweatin' fur, ye know. Ha, he kicked me out of heaven like a beggar, an' throwed a mountain after me like a boot-jack after a tom-cat. But I got even with him in his nice Paradise; I settled that proud, long-legged man fur him an' got him out o' paradise, an' God's image mighty quick. Ha, ha! Ez long ez there's wimmin in the world the devil don't need to give up. But now he's got the true religion in the world, this blamed Mormonism. I'm afeared o' that. I had it all my own way with them other

sects. The only way is to put on these rantin', cantin' scamps to muddle the poor people so with error an' confusion that they ain't fit to hear the truth when the Mormon apostles come. Now, then, my hearties, go for 'em, git at 'em, hot and heavy. [*Enter Apostles: Peter* (ORSON PRATT), *James* (GEORGE Q. CANNON) *John* (JOHN TAYLOR).

O, hell, there they come already!

*Rob.* [*aside*] Ha! a lively companionable Satan. not like the sardonic, highstrung gentleman of Goethe's "Faust."

*G. Q. Cannon.*

"Away, away, thou evil one,  
Destroyer of the soul of man."

*Lee.* O, O, O! Fire and brimstone, all I'll get now. No more souls fur me to eat. O, hell!

*Larry.* Musha, it's me that'll give ye the lift to git there. [*Kicking him*]. [*Exit LEE.*

*G. Q. Cannon.*

"Away with ye, his minions base,  
Deceivers of the human race;  
Ye have mislead them, but too long,  
To blindness, error, sin and wrong.  
Your reign of darkness now is done;  
Follow your fater, hence begone!

[*Exeunt Sectaries.*]

*John Taylor.*

We bring salvation into you,  
The heavenly gospel, new and true,  
Which from the Lord above did fall,  
And the book of Mormon we do call.  
Come all ye sinners, without delay,  
To the church of the Saints of the Latter Day.  
Forsake your sects and you'll be blest,  
Flee unto Zion and you'll get rest.

*Orson Pratt.*

The Lord hath thundered his awful word,  
The Lord hath unsheathed his two-edged sword.  
The day of wrath is nigh at hand  
When blood and woe will fill the land.  
Who will not heed his prophet's call,  
By the hand of his angels shall quickly fall.  
His priests they shall reign, but the Gentiles shall die,  
And in hell in torment forever lie.

*Enter* HEBER C. KIMBALL.

*Rob. [aside]* Here comes the bald-headed sub-god again. Don't Brother Brigham come back any more?

*Jas. [aside]* I suppose he's gone out to get a cocktail.

*M. Att. [aside]* No, indeed, he don't drink none o' your pepper-sass mixins. Brother Brigham takes his whiskey straight.

*Rob. [aside]* Listen to the deputy.

*Kimball.* You have now, O ye pilgrims to Zion, penetrated so far in your search for truth and light, into the mysteries and revelations of the new kingdom of God. You have witnessed the mystic representation of the creation, the fall, and the redemption. You have reached the sacred order of the Priesthood of Aaron. Now before you pass into the next division of the Temple to the sacred order of the Priesthood of Melchisedek, and thence, through the veil into the innermost Holy Place, you will first receive the secret signs, grips and pass-words by which you are to recognize each other, and be distinguished from the world, and then you will take your oaths and vows as saints. Do not be shocked at them. Remember you are now to be regenerated by

the Holy Spirit. The past must be forgotten. Your old views and ideas must be completely blotted out. You are new beings. You now enter into the glorious liberty of the children of God. You are henceforth spiritual. The old superstition and morality do not affect you any more. What might seem sin to you is such no longer. You cannot sin, as long as you are obedient to the prophet of the Lord. You will later be initiated into the glorious mystery of Celestial Marriage and the sweet revelations of God's chosen people. Ye women meekly submit to all, for it is impossible that you can be saved except through man. Remember also that we are the new Israel of the Lord, that as such we are destined to rule over the world. No government, no people, no authority may stand over us, but, on the contrary, we are commissioned from on high to conquer and exterminate all the wicked Gentiles of this land who do not submit just as Israel did the Canaanites of old. Therefore, whoever does not take up his sword at the command of the Prophet against our foes, shall perish as a traitor. You will now hear the oaths as well as the penalties following upon their violation, and then you shall come forth, and kneeling, swear.

*Rob.* [*aside*] Do you smell the fumes of sulphur now, Jim?

*Jas.* [*aside*] Yes, and we are in for it. Darling, why do you shudder? Do you feel ill?

*Eve.* [*aside*] It is nothing.

*G. Q. Cannon* [*reads.*] "1. Do you swear, forever and inviolably, to keep secret the mysteries and ceremonies and sacraments of the Endowment House and all the revelations, discoveries and transactions in the



church, designedly or accidentally brought to your knowledge ?

“2. Do you swear implicitly to obey your husbands and never to oppose their will in any matter, what soever ?

“3. Do you swear at all times to subject yourselves absolutely to the will and command of the Holy Priesthood, and implicitly carry out all their behests ?

“4. Do you swear to revenge the death of our martyred prophet Joseph Smith, on his devilish murderers, and upon all Gentiles whom the Holy Priesthood may point out ?

“5. Do you swear eternal and undying enmity against the Government of the United States, and promise to do all in your power to subvert and destroy it ?

“6. Do you swear to teach your children and childrens’ children these solemn and sacred oaths, and bring them up as faithful and implacable enemies to the Gentiles and the United States ?”

*Rob.* [*aside*] The Saints’ Congressman !

*Jas.* [*aside*] Yes.

*Cannon.* These are the penalties :

“Upon any one who violates any or either of these oaths, the following punishment shall be executed :

“He or she shall be pursued, waylaid, or delivered up. He shall be tortured day and night. His bowels shall be torn out while living. His throat shall be cut from ear to ear. His heart and tongue shall be cut out. He shall die accursed of the Prophet of the Lord. He shall be thrown out to be eaten by dogs and the birds of heaven. He shall go down among

the damned and the devils of hell, into everlasting torment and damnation."

*Rob.* [*aside*] How do your bowels feel, Jim?

*Jas.* [*aside*] A good deal moved, but not in fear.

*Rob.* [*aside*] Now comes the climax. See, one of the Danes is swearing now.

*Jas.* [*aside*] I will swear too, but not as they expect. I would give a thousand dollars for my six-shooters now.

*Rob.* [*aside*] Never mind. You and Biddy get Evelyn away when the moment arrives. Larry and I are good for a half-dozen of these maudlin apostles. Keep cool and wait.

[EVELYN faints.]

*Biddy.* O, Miss Evelyn, achora! Bad scran to them, they have murdhered her, avhellish!

*Jas.* [*Taking her up.*] Lead the way out, Biddy. Clear the road there!

*Cannon.* Hold, take the lady back into the Holy Place.

*Rob.* Will the Hon. gentleman from Utah suspend? The lady has had enough holiness for to-day, and needs some fresh air.

*K.* Never! Any one that leaves this house without swearing is a dead man.

*Jas.* I swear that anybody who stops my way is a dead man!

*K.* [*To attendant.*] Head him off there.

*Att.* Nary time. The Irishman is watchin' o' me.

*Cannon.* You coward. [*Stands before the door.*] Now, let anyone dare to pass.

*Rob.* Now, Larry, you remove the congressional

apostle, while I polish the bald head of the deputy god.

*Larry.* Wid all my heart. Here's fur ye, ma bouchal, wid me compliments. [*Knocks CANNON down. ROB knocks KIMBALL down.*]

*Rob.* Ah, another mystic representation of the "Fall."  
[*Exeunt JAS., EVE, ROB., LARRY, and BIDDY, with EVELYN.*]

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Private Office in BRIGHAM YOUNG'S house*  
BRIGHAM YOUNG.

*Enter "BILL" HICKMAN.*

H. Hello, Brigham.

Y. Hello, Bill. Lock the door after you.

H. Wot's up now, ole pard.

Y. Sit down, and I'll tell you. Here, take a glass.  
[*Pours out some whiskey*] The boys have made a bad job, putting a man out of the way. In the first place they went about it sooner than I told them to. I wanted 'em to wait a week or so until the Gentile army was out of the way. And then they all got drunk and just bruised the fellow up. He got away from them at the point of the mountain, came back to the city, and is telling the whole story, which is making a bad stink.

H. Who is the feller?

Y. That man Back, one of the fellows that came from Sacramento with John Aiken.

H. O, won o' them two wot stayed here, while Aiken an' the others was gittin' used up at Nephi?

Y. Yes. The other one they got dead drunk, so they didn't have much bother keeling him over. But Back smelled a rat, and just let on he was full, and when the other man fell, he jumped out of the wagon, ran for the Jordan and swam across, and came up here.



He was mighty anxious to get into Canaan, you know.

*H.* You bet. Wasn't that some o' Port Rockwell's work agen?

*Y.* Yes.

*H.* I knowed it. He can't ketch a hold o' nothin' without botchin' it. Look how he fooled around that Aiken party. The idea o' leavin' one party run away and an' other only half dead. Phew! it's a damned shame, and had 'em all asleep afore him. Why, my little boy could 'a done better 'n that. I tell you wot, Brigham Young, Port Rockwell, is a durned humbug anyway. But you won't listen to me, of course.

*Y.* Yes, I will, Bill.

*H.* Well, why the hell are you always pushin' him for'ard fur, the long-haired bully? Jist 'cause he wuz big with Jo Smith in Nauvoo, an' Jo told him he wouldn't die as long as he'd wear his hair long—he's got a mane on him as long as a mustang or an' Injun buck an' about as lousy too.

*Y.* Well, Bill, he'll do for easy jobs. I won't trust him with important work any more. Here, take another glass of whiskey. I want you to take this case in hand now. Back has to be used up and mighty quick too. He's blabbing about Aiken's killing, and even some of our own people are getting worked up about it, and say that the whole party was good innocent men. When we once get the Gentiles out of the Territory, we can shut up their mouths, but now it's langerous. If Judge Letcher, damn him, should get wind of it, there's no telling what he'll do. Call back the Army perhaps. So he has to be used

up, and I want you to do it. This is election day, you know, and we can easily make believe that he was killed in some election fight.

*H.* O, yes, when other fellers, as are made heaps on, botch a job, then Bill Hickman is good enough to fix up their bunglin', an' when he's done he kin' go an' don't get no thanks.

*Y.* Don't be a fool, Bill. You want to be coaxed, I suppose.

*H.* No, I don't, but I want to know that I ain't workin' fur nothin'.

*Y.* Who wants you to? You shall have half of all the plunder. No dickering or bickering, clean halves this time, Bill.

*H.* That's wot you said often, but I never seed the right dividin'.

*Y.* Shame on you, Bill! Do you think I am going to cheat you?

*H.* Don't know, bein' as I ain't no Prophit. I suppose the feller ain't got nothin'.

*Y.* They say he has got plenty of cash, besides a fine California watch and I'll give you half of Aiken's pile and that was \$900, you know. I'd give you all, but Port wanted some, and he's just as big a Jew as you.

*H.* You are the biggest by a blamed sight. You want to keep it all.

*Y.* Of course, I try and save as much as possible for the Church.

*H.* Oh, the Church be damned! Don't come that old dodge over me, I know where it goes to.

*Y.* You don't know anything about it. I am only the head of the Church.

H. Yes, and the belly, too.

Y. Get out, you old scamp. Here take some more whiskey. How are you going to set about this business?

H. Well, I know a feller that is a old chum o' this here Back, as lives about ten miles from town. I'll jist go an' git him to take Back out to his house in a wagon. I believe he's in town to-day. Shall I give him your orders, in case he don't mind me?

Y. Of course.

H. Me an' Meacham 'll stop' em on the way in a shady place, an' I guess Mr. Back won't come back to Salt Lake any more.

Y. Splendid plan. Much better than using him up in town. Be sure of him, Bill.

H. Don't be afeared. When I draw my bead on him, tain't no bunglin' Port Rockwell yowkin' aroun'. Jess you be sure o' your part, old skinner.

Y. I will. Hurry up. Good-bye.

H. Won't you gimme your blessin', holy man o' God?

Y. Get out, you rascal.

[*Exit* HICKMAN.

Ugh, I hate the sight and smell of the brute. But I can't do without him And the dog is getting so beastly familiar, I can hardly stand it any longer, and still I have to put up with him because he has the chalk against me in too many past games. As soon as I've got old Letcher out of the way, I must see if I can't get rid of the vile creature.

*Enter* KIMBALL and CANNON.

Good heavens what has happened to you two?

Cannon. Got mauled, that's all.

Y. That's all, is it? I should think that's

enough. A nice appearance for two dignitaries of the church to be in when they come before their Prophet and a nice business to be engaged in, getting drunk and mixing in an election brawl or a common street fight, like a pair of rowdy teamsters.

*Cannon.* It's no such thing. We didn't get this in a street fight.

*Y.* Where then?

*C.* In the Endowment House.

*Y.* In the Endowment House? From whom?

*C.* I got my black eyes from that wild Irishman, damn him!

*K.* And I got my big head from that fine young newspaper fellow.

*Y.* Why, how did this happen? Tell me, Heber.

*K.* O, it was in the "world" just before swearing them in. Brother George had just finished reading the oaths when that girl they are all making such a fuss about, Miss Gray, I believe they call her, fainted dead away. The other young fellow, who seems to be her lover, picked her up and was going to carry her outside. George and I forbid them and told him to take her into the Holy of the Holies, but before we could look around we were rolling on the floor and the whole party was gone.

*C.* I didn't know anything of myself but thought I was going to heaven sure, 'cause I saw the stars flying thick all around me.

*K.* But I, I was knocked clean into Paradise. Why a green mule couldn't ha' kicked me harder than that fellow hit me.

*Y.* Served you right.

*C.* What!



Y. Yes, it served you both right. I'll bet my life on it you frightened the young lady into fainting. If I had been there I would have kicked you both for it, confound you!

K. No, we didn't, Brother Brigham.

Y. I know better. I am sure you did with your damned preaching and bullying. I'll wager you let the cat out of the bag too much. Do you think a true lady like that can stand your coarse Mormon stuff, like ordinary, ignorant clodhoppers? You don't know how to treat people of intelligence and refinement. And Cannon here, his ugly face, when he reads those terrible oaths is enough to scare a lady of taste and sensibility into fits. That's the way you chuckle-heads always spoil my plans with your clumsiness. There you have gone and disgusted her and turned her heart away from Mormonism and me, and now you have the impudence to come here and show me your stupid, battered-up heads. Confound you, what do you want here, anyhow?

K. Why—we came to see what it would please you to do in this matter; what would you do with these traitors.

Y. Traitors!—Where's the treason? Maybe I'll go and thank them for the handsome drubbing they gave you.

C. Well, you can do that if it pleases you, but what will you do about their leaving the Endowment House without swearing!

Y. I have no doubt you did enough swearing since.

C. You are right, and I will not stop at swearing, when I get my chance, I can tell you.

Y. Indeed! what else will you do? Get them

in to a corner and talk them to death? That's the way you Congressmen kill people, I suppose.

*C.* The Mormons have other ways of killing people.

*Y.* I may have, if that's what you mean. But as for you, I warn you to attend to your own business. I warn you not to touch a hair of their heads, do you understand me?

*K.* But, brother Brigham, you surely don't mean to let them escape with the knowledge of our oaths and Endowment mysteries. Such a thing has never happened before.

*Y.* I will see to it that they don't escape, if they have any such intention.

*C.* Anybody can see they have. They don't intend to join the Church, not they, the proud Gentiles. If you had seen them with their mocking smiles and laughing whispers during that acting you would think so, too.

*Y.* I think anybody of sense must have laughed at that acting with such an ass as that Haight in it.

*C.* I know they're spies and renegades. I know Miss Evelyn is disgusted with us. She wants to leave my house to-day.

*Y.* No wonder—Let them leave. I will provide them with other lodgings. I will send to her. I want you to treat her with as much respect as you would treat me. Do you understand? Keep your horrid-looking phiz out of her sight. A beautiful spectacle you are, truly. Why you have all the colors of the American flag painted in your face, you traitor. Ha, ha, ha! I don't want you to be missing at the Tabernacle on Sunday, nor you, Heber, with your swollen head.

K. Oh, Brother Brigham !

Y. Not a bit of it. Not a word. Get out with you. Ha, ha, ha ! [*Exeunt KIMBALL and CANNON.*]

[*Rings*] That shall be their punishment for scar- ing her, the beautiful darling.

*Enter TOM, negro servant boy.*

Here, you imp of Africa, go to Brother Cannon's house, and give Miss Evelyn my compliments and regrets at what happened in the Endowment House, and my wishes that she is feeling better, and in case they want to leave there, take them to the cottage that Sister Van Cott used to occupy. Can you remember it all, you monkey ?

*Tom.* Yes, sah.

[*Exit TOM.*]

Y. This thing is grist for my mill. That may fetch her. The cottage is a fearful hut. If they only don't leave they are in my power forever, and Evelyn will not go without her mother, and she, bless her blindness ! will never go. Then, away with the gallant lover, who carries her out in his arms, the villain. No other arms but mine shall hold her. Ah, if she were but in them now. [*Knocking without.*]

*Enter LUCY RAWDON*] Hello, here is my decoy bird.

*Lucy.* Good morning, Mr. Young.

Y. Good morning, my dear, how have you been ?

L. Pretty well, my dear, I thank you.

Y. You are looking very well. Do you know, Lucy, you are a very good-looking woman ?

L. Indeed ? I thank you for your plantation compliment, but I don't consider you at all fit to judge.

Y. Why not, my dear ? I have traded enough in female flesh.

L. Yes, that is just it. What should a being like

you know about beauty? You don't see anything else in women but flesh.

Y. Well, and what else are they?

L. There is one in your harem, Mr. Brigham Turk, who has a little spirit. Ha, ha! You are looking around, eh? Perhaps she is listening, so you had better not be so ready with your compliments. She might make you feel that even a holy, celestial prophet has some flesh to attack.

Y. I am not afraid.

L. No, don't be. I will not let her hurt the dear old man. Don't be afraid, dear old grandpa.

Y. Oh, please don't get into that strain, I have a horror of a sarcastic woman. [*Locks the door.*]

L. And a terror of the spirited one?

Y. No, I have business of importance with you and I don't want anybody to hear us.

L. Have you got a revelation that I must marry you?

Y. No, no; can't you stop your everlasting tomfoolery and listen to me?

L. All right. Go ahead, something very pious, no doubt.

Y. Do you know Judge Letcher?

L. I have seen him.

Y. He is a very bad man.

L. In what respect?

Y. Morally bad. He is very impure. He is a bad man towards women.

L. Well, what of it?

Y. I want to get him away from here.

L. Why?

Y. Why, because he is a bad man.



*L.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Y.* What the devil are you laughing about?

*L.* About your saintly reasoning, ha, ha, ha! But I suppose a prophet need not go by reason, he goes by revelation.

*Y.* What do you mean, you crazy baggage?

*L.* It is just as if Satan would say to another devil in hell,—you are acquainted with them better than I—if he would say to—what do you call him—to Beelzebub: ‘Here, Bub, you get out of here, you’re a devil!’ If Judge Letcher is a bad man he couldn’t have gotten into fitter company, and I suppose the President thought so when he sent him here.

*Y.* You are very complimentary, but I am not going to quarrel with you. This Letcher is a dangerous man.

*L.* Tell the truth, old fellow. Don’t you want him away because he’s a righteous judge, because you can’t bribe or bully him?

*Y.* Well, I never object to being plain on mutual terms. That is the truth, my girl, if you want to know, and we must get rid of him.

*L.* Go on, then, and do so. What do I care? You have plenty of dirty ways to do it in.

*Y.* I don’t know of any usual one for him.

*L.* What does it concern me?

*Y.* I want you to help me.

*L.* Me? By what means?

*Y.* By means of your beauty.

*L.* Ah, that’s the reason for the regimental flattery. Brigham Young does not bestow praises gratis. But how hath thy handmaid found favor in thy sight?

*Y.* Will you mind me?

*L.* Let me hear the plan of salvation.

*Y.* I want you to get acquainted with him and work upon him by your fascinations, so that he will be led on to make an improper proposal to you. This you must impart to me. Thereupon we will make such a hue and cry that he'll either run away or else marry you and join the Church.

*L.* Beautiful! Perfect! Most devilishly perfect!

*Y.* Will you do it?

*L.* I should think not.

*Y.* Why not?

*L.* I have been very reckless and giddy. I have listened to men's falsehoods and flattery, and I have once sinned, but God knows it was out of true love for a worthless deceiver and bitterly repented afterwards, but never from a deliberate preference for sin.

*Y.* I don't want you to sin.

*L.* O God, that it should come to this! Have I sunken so low that any king-beast can come along and offer to hire my charms as a trap or a drag net. O God! [*Cries.*]

*Y.* [*aside*] Let her have her crying out. Then she will come around.

*L.* What have I done that you should dare to make such a proposal to me?

*Y.* You know what you are doing now.

*L.* What?

*Y.* Making a fool of yourself.

*L.* O, yes, everybody who is not so hardened and wicked as you is a fool.

*Y.* Now stop your crying and scolding and listen to me. What wrong do I ask you to do?

*L.* You want me to deliberately incite an evil passion in a man, and then betray him for uttering it.

*Y.* Bosh! The evil passion is there already, and what other feeling does a pretty woman excite in a man?

*L.* In a Mormon man certainly no other.

*Y.* And as for betraying him, he is the enemy of your people, and their Elders say he must go.

*L.* He is the official of my country, and the President has sent him here.

*Y.* Which do you consider your people?

*L.* The people of the United States, of course.

*Y.* Then you have forgotten your Endowment oaths.

*L.* I never heard them. I was nearly dying with laughter at your wooden acting.

*Y.* Well, you swore that you would hate all Gentiles and obey your Prophet in all things.

*L.* If I swore any such thing I must have been foolish indeed. But I never would keep such an oath if the Prophet commanded a thousand times.

*Y.* You had better take care.

*L.* Indeed? O, yes; I did overhear something about butchering and disembowelling the unfaithful sheep. Do you cook and eat them afterwards? Perhaps you are hankering for a bite of me now. I would make a pretty juicy roast, wouldn't I? Come, "unsheath your bowie knife," as you used to say in your Tabernacle sermons.

*Y.* O, keep still. A woman tongue is sharper than a bowie knife. Come, let this bickering alone, Lucy. If you're such an enemy to sin and seducers, as you

say, you ought to help to drive this fellow away, for he has ruined many girls.

*L.* Has he? Then he ought to be taken to the Mormon's heaven, for that is just what Jo Smith did; that is what you and your fellow-saints do now.

*Y.* What? We marry and exalt them; we don't ruin them.

*L.* A glorious exaltation it is, to become the concubines and Cinderellas of old drunken benedicts. Which is the more ruinous scoundrel, the one who brings a girl to fall and then lets her alone to reclaim herself, or the one who marries her with half a dozen others according to Mormon rite, which you know is not marriage either before God or the law, amuses himself with her awhile, and then casts her off to make her own living or starve for him all her life? Of course, the one who uses his religion as a cloak for his villainy. O, such a monstrous religion!

*Y.* She has not the disgrace at any rate, and she can get a divorce.

*L.* Yes, if her hoary, drivelling Pasha is done with her, and then only to be forced upon another many-wived Bluebeard, and so on till her degradation and defilement is complete. How do you know Judge Letcher is such a man?

*Y.* George Cannon told me so. He knew him in Washington.

*L.* Then I don't believe it at all, for Mr. Cannon lies worse than all of you.

*Y.* Do you mean to say that I lie too?

*L.* Most assuredly, holy Prophet.

*Y.* Prove it.

*L.* Gladly. In the matter of the theatre concern,



alone, I can count you up a whole string of fat fibs.

Firstly, when you built the theatre or "fun hall," as you elegantly called it, you told the people that, when it was done, they should all be admitted free, but after you got the people's money and built your funny "fun hall," you made them pay admission to the tune of fifty cents apiece.

Secondly, when you funnily dedicated your funny "Fun Hall" you said with a great deal of brag and swagger that no Gentile actors should ever defile the sacred boards of the Saints' theatre, none but Mormon actors should play there; but you have had all the unholy Gentile players, from Forrest and LeClere to Lydia Thompson and Dickie Lingard, and a fine Punch and Judy show you would have had without them.

Thirdly, you stated then, too, that you would have no tragedies performed there—another fib—they play them all the time.

Fourthly, you promised me a hundred dollars a week when I came, and you have only paid me three or four hundred in all.

*Y.* Well, go on.

*L.* No, I will not, or I will get a fifteenthly or twenty-seventhly, like the old ministers in their sermons.

*Y.* You know I am above giving an account of myself to anyone.

*L.* Ah, yes, you are the head god of the universe.

*Y.* So let us come back to the business in hand. I dare you to try your arts on this virtuous judge. Come, try it. See whether we lie about him.

*L.* I have a notion to try it, just to get up a little

innocent flirtation, and show you that he's better than the whole rout of you.

*Y.* Do, my dear, there's no harm in it.

*L.* No harm in it? You don't take into account the danger to my own virtue.

*Y.* Ha, ha, ha! That's a good one. Now you are getting funny.

*L.* Ugh, you brute! You self righteous Pharisee. I tell you there's not a low woman, a poor street-walker in Chicago or San Francisco, but is an angel beside you, Brigham Young.

*Y.* Very well, very well, my dear.

*L.* Yes, it is very well that your uncouth, ugly, saintly mask will be torn from your face, some day.

*Y.* All right my angel, I hope you'll be there then. Are we done now?

*L.* Not quite. Since you are so business-like about it, I will be too. What am I going to get for my saintly job?

*Y.* Well, I don't know exactly. Do you want anything

*L.* O, look at him! "A change comes o'er the spirit of his dream." Did you think I was going to do your dirty work for the glory of God and without any pay?

*Y.* What do you want?

*L.* Not the seventh or twelfth part of an ungainly Mormon spouse, I assure you.

*Y.* Why not? I thought of offering you the honor of marriage with one of my sons.

*L.* Which one?

*Y.* Well, with Brigham Jr. for example.

L. No, I thank you. I haven't grown so bovine in my tastes, even out here, as to marry a calf.

Y. You are very flattering, but whom would your Highness deign to take?

L. I want you to state how much in hard California gold you are going to give me.

Y. How much do I owe you?

L. Three or four thousand.

Y. Impossible. But I'll look it up; I'll give you five thousand in all if you succeed.

L. I don't believe you. You have promised to pay me a dozen times, and never kept your promise.

Y. I will this time. I have so many thousands to pay of which you have no idea, but I'll pay you this, if I have to borrow it.

L. Whom should you borrow from? All Utah is your own.

Y. Do you want me to swear that I'll pay you?

L. No, no, then I might be sure of never getting it.

Y. What the devil do you want me to do?

L. Ah, now you are drifting into your inspired vein,—into your native elegance of speech. I want you to pay me at least one thousand dollars here and now.

Y. O, you women will be my ruin yet!

L. I hope so, if there is any retribution. Will you fork over, sir?

Y. Here, you greedy one. [*Pays her.*] Now hurry up and get your toils ready for our big bird.

L. [*Throwing herself on a sofa.*] O, I am afraid I will not succeed.

Y. You bewitching little devil, you know you will. You would inflame the heart of a——

L. Of a prophet?

Y. Yes, durn me, if I don't feel like marrying you myself.

L. Too much honor, but I thank you.

Y. Won't you give me a kiss? [*Knocking without.*]

[*Without.*] Open this door!

Y. Good heavens, that's Amelia! Now we'll have a nice time.

L. Glorious! Ha, ha, ha!

Y. *opens the door.* Enter AMELIA.

Am. So I've caught you at it again?

Y. At what?

Am. Ah, you filthy old sinner!

L. Don't be too hard on him, Sultana, he was only trying a little preliminary test rehearsal. There was no harm in it.

A. You want to marry her, do you?

L. Be not afraid, O Light of the Harem, there is no danger that I will take him.

A. What have I to do with you Miss Brazenface?

L. Nothing indeed, Madam Termagant, I am thankful to say. Good-bye; I will no longer intrude upon your loving matrimonial tête-à-tête. I think I may rely upon the power of my charms, and will carry out your commands, my prophet. [*Exit.*]

A. What does she mean?

Y. O, nothing, a little job she's going to attend to for me.

A. O, yes, a fine job, I dare say, to meet you somewhere and be sealed to you.

Y. Bosh, Amelia, don't believe any such thing.

A. Yes, I do. I know you. You'll not rest till



you have as many wives as that naked king in Africa ; three hundred, I believe.

Y. Nonsense, my dear.

A. Don't "my dear," you old hypocrite. You can't see a woman without lusting after her. Phew ! You'll marry anything that has the shape of a woman, if it should come from the pig-sty.

Y. I'm never going to marry another.

A. Do you think you can make me believe that ? That's what you swore to me on your knees when you got me to marry you, and since then you took two more, that stuck up widow, Van Cott, and that puny little Ann Eliza, who is young enough to be your grandchild, and how many more you've tackled on the sly, God only knows.

Y. O, Amelia !

A. And now you've got the same game up with this loose theatre woman.

Y. There's no game at all, I tell you.

A. How dare you say so ? Why did you lock yourself in with her, and talk about marrying her ? And you couldn't even wait till you had her sealed to you. I saw it all. "Won't you give me a kiss ?" "Please give me a kiss." "I'm a poor old man, I've got only nineteen wives, O, I'm so hard up for a kiss."

Y. O ! now, stop Amelia.

A. When will you stop running after other women ?

Y. I don't see why you should make such a fuss even if I should marry a few more. Our religion enjoins it upon us.

A. Religion ! A nice way to call your doings—religion. Where does such a religion come from ?

Y. From Heaven, you know, in the Book of Mormon.

A. Another lie. In the book of Mormon, polygamy is damned ten times over.

Y. Well, it was revealed to Jo. Smith afterwards.

A. Shall I tell you what was revealed to him?

Y. What?

A. A little too much of Miss Fannie's ankle or bosom, while she was staying at his house. That was the revelation he got. That's the divine origin of your beautiful religion, the dirty heart of an unfaithful, adulterous villain. Don't think you can humbug me. Religion don't make pigs of men.

Y. Well I don't want to dispute about that now. Let's have no quarrel.

A. What have you got on hand with this impudent actress?

Y. It's nothing at all, I tell you.

A. I suppose not. What are you hanging over her for, making eyes at her like a calf, and kissing her?

Y. I didn't kiss her.

A. It isn't your fault if you didn't, you wanted to, badly enough. Aren't you ashamed to beg a kiss from such a woman and be refused? Believe I'll tell the people in the Tabernacle. It would be mighty edifying.

Y. I don't care for the confounded wench.

A. Now don't try to get out of it by cursing her. I know better. The more common and low-lived they are, the more you hanker after them, especially these vagabond theatre players. There was that Miss Julia Dean Hayne. Good gracious! You were

so crazy for her, I believe you would have apostatized and eloped with her to California if she had taken you.

Y. Nonsense, Amelia.

A. Indeed it was nonsense. And then, because you couldn't get her living, you had some other goose baptized for her after she died, so that you might have her in heaven. Very poor chance you stand of having her there. It's more likely she's gone there than that you'll ever get there.

Y. I don't care, if I only have you with me.

A. Now don't try and soothe me with taffy-syrup. You'd be playing your old tricks even in the other world. What a pity heaven won't be a great big Lion house. But what about this Rawdon woman?

Y. I told you it is nothing out of the way. I don't see why you should always be prying into my business, Amelia.

A. Yes, I have to watch you like a master does a thieving boy.

Y. You are jealous.

A. If I am, I have cause to be. Are you going to tell me now?

Y. Must I?

A. Yes, I want to know.

Y. Well, if you must know, I engaged her to flirt with Judge Letcher until he takes liberties with her, and then tell on him, so that he'll either have to run away, or else join the church.

A. Ah, that's the reason the church is so full of blackguards. I don't know whether I can believe you, but your story sounds so devilish wicked, that I

almost think it must be true. But what business have you to be taking liberties with her?

[*Knocking. Enter DRIVER.*]

Y. Come in.

*Driver.* Good-morning ma'am, and 've brought the sewing-machine for Mrs. Amelia.

A. What sewing-machine?

Y. I ordered one in town yesterday.

A. You did? Why didn't you tell me about it?

Y. I wanted to surprise you with it.

A. You wanted to bribe me with it. What make is it? Wheeler & Wilson! Why did you send me this thing? You know I wanted a Singer. [*Kicks it down-stairs.*] I don't want it. Go pick up your trash and take it away. What are you standing there staring at me for? Go, I tell you.

[*Exit Driver.*]

Y. All the people will be talking about your terrible temper soon.

A. You keep quiet or I'll send you after it. A temper isn't as bad as a wicked heart. It's you who make me have a bad temper, you wicked old hypocrite.

[*Cries.*]

Y. (*aside*) Now she's coming' round. Tut, tut, Amelia, you know how much I have already done and given up for you. How can you talk so? Come, now, you shall have a Singer to-day, and if you are pleasant I'll get you that pony phaeton you were teasing me about and a grand piano for your drawing-room, too.

A. O dear, dear! That's the way he always gets around one. Get away, you old scamp. I'll see about it. Come along to dinner now. [*Exeunt.*]



SCENE II.—*House of* GEORGE Q. CANNON. *Four wives fighting.*

*Enter* BIDDY, MRS. GREY and EVELYN.

*Biddy.* Tare an' tounty, here is a foine ruction. Here is the four ladies of the house a tearin' aich other like two pair o' Kilkenny cats. It's the shtrange counthry intoirely where the men does all the mar-ryin' an' the wimmin does all the fightin'. Howly Virgin, look at the hair a flyin'! It's like the dacint wake in owld Ireland. Shadh ye bloody toigers, is it a murdherin' of yerselves ye'll be?

*Mrs. G.* What a disgraceful scene. What is the matter, my sisters? Leave off, please. This is too dreadful.

*Enter* GEORGE Q. CANNON, JOHN D. LEE and ORSON PRATT, *singing* :

The fellow that was never drunk,  
He is a washy Jack.  
We are the jolly Mormon boys  
Ye, Gentiles, clear the track !  
Ho, ho, by Jo, Jo.

Whiskey from the prophet's still  
More than we can carry,  
Pretty girls to kiss at will,  
Plenty girls to marry.  
Yo, yo, by Jo, Jo.

We are the jolly Mormons free,  
We're going on a saintly spree,  
And we don't care a cussed damn  
For Satan or for Uncle Sam.  
No, no, by Jo, Jo.

*Cannon.* What the devil is this?

*Lee.* Hell, here's a go, boys. A 'lection fight, two agin two. Ha, ha! This is jolly.

*C.* Aren't you ashamed of yourselves, you hags? Will you stop it instantly! Tell me what is the matter, Maria?

*Wife No. 4.* O, Eliza and Louisa, were teasing me again, and because I wouldn't quietly put up with it, they fell upon and would a' killed me, I believe, if Amanda hadn't helped me.

*Wife No. 3.* She lies, the saucy thing. She was putting on some of her airs again, and jeering Eliza and me. She thinks she's the latest favorite, and I tell you, George Cannon, we won't put up with her impudence, the upstart.

*C.* Be quiet, you hussy. What business is it of yours if she is the latest? I'll bring half-a-dozen into the house if I like.

*Wife No. 4.* O, no, don't! [*Cries.*]

*C.* You fighting cocks, you disgrace me, scratching and tousing each other like a parcel of prostitutes in an alley.

*Wife No. 2.* What else are we, I'd like to know, and who has made us so? O, Mrs. Gray, don't despise us. I was brought up a lady too, and would have formerly revolted from such a scene, but Mormonism has brought us to this. Forgive me, Amanda.

*Wife No. 1.* I can't. You broke my heart. You robbed me of my husband. You wrecked my life. [*Cries.*]

*C.* Boohoo! You cats, first you bite and scratch each other's eyes out, and then you stand around and mew and cry.

*Lee.* Come, ole gals, don't snivel about it, git up and go at it agin. Fight it out fair an' square. No.

1 and No. 4, agin No. 2 an' No. 3. Come, I'll bet on the outside pair.

*O. Pratt.* A demijohn o' the Old Covenant on the inside pair.

*Lee.* Come, up an' at 'em, my bully gals.

*C.* Shut up John. You're drunk.

*Eve.* Mamma, are you coming?

*Pr.* O, you won't leave us, my beauty, will you?

*Lee.* O, yes. We're too low fur her now. She don't know poor John Lee no more. She's looking higher, she's way above us.

*Biddy.* Faix, ye blaggard, an' so she is. It's ill her commin to offind her swate eyes wid lookin' on ye.

*Cannon.* I hope you will excuse this disgraceful scene, Miss Grey. I deeply regret it. Brother Brigham said he would send a messenger to show you to your new quarters, if you persist in leaving.

*Mrs. G.* The messenger was here before we were ready, and said he would return to conduct us there. Shall we not wait?

*Eve.* Not another moment.

*Mrs. G.* You are so dreadfully peremptory, Evelyn. We must go, I suppose. We are very much obliged to you for your hospitality, Mr. Cannon. Good-bye. [*Exeunt.*

*Cannon.* Good-bye. This is a miserably unpleasant piece of business. The idea of an apostle's wives fighting like dogs in the street, and I a Congressman too, on my election day. It's an outrage. Go, now, you hags, wash your faces and get dressed. I want you to come along to the polls and vote.

*Wife No. 2.* For whom shall we vote?

C. Never mind, I'll tell you. Go and get ready quick. [*Exeunt wives.*]

Lee. I tell you how I do, George, when my wimmin' commence any sich doins among themselves. I take 'em one by one an' tie 'em to a bedpost an' give 'em a first-rate lammin'. That takes the fight out of 'em every time. I've got seventeen of 'em at home an' I don't have much trouble with 'em at all.

Pr. O, pshaw, Brother Lee, that's too common an' too troublesome. I've got a still better way with mine. I used to have lots o' trouble. They'd get to jawin' an' runnin' each other down an' pitchin' into each other at last, just like Brother Cannon's here. I studied a good deal about the matter and at last I found a remedy, that's just patent, I can tell you.

Lee. What's that? Locked 'em up without grub? That won't do.

Pr. No, I thought to myself! now all this trouble comes of their tongue and their talkin, If they don't give each other any gab, they won't throw brick-bats at each other. So I went to work like the Lord did at the Tower of Babel and confounded their tongues.

L. Confound your buttons, how did you do that?

Pr. Why, I just went to Bröther Brigham, and had 'em all divorced. Then I went to work and picked me out new ones from all the different foreign prose-lytes in Utah, a Dutch wife, a Danish wife, a Welsh wife, a German wife, a French wife, a English wife, a Mexican wife and a Indian, and had 'em all sealed to me on one day. And I tell you my house is like a heaven now, while it was a hell before. You never hear a word all day long. Why they couldn't fuss if



they wanted to, because they don't understand each other's lingo, don't you see? It works like a charm. I'm going to keep on adding new ones, just as we get converts from new countries.

*C.* A devilish good plan, and it would be specially serviceable to me as a Congressman, as a statistical table of the nationalities represented in the church. Those fellows in the House are death on figures, and such a plan might help me to remember.

*Pr.* Try it, if your prize-fighters here don't behave, but be careful not to take in an American amongst 'em. She'd be sure to learn the language of all the others in a twinkling and set them at each other's ears. American women are too independent and intractable anyhow. It's just them that makes all the rumpus in Zion.

*Lee.* Say, George, do you ever give a picture of the Saints' domestic harmony in Congress?

*Pr.* No; he goes there to make laws against bigamy. Ha, ha! Make it hot fur the fellow with two wives, George. Give him fifteen years at hard labor. Don't spare him, the rascal. Let him come to Zion, and he can have twenty. Hallelujah!

*Re-enter Four Wives.*

*Lee.* Here are your 'lection fighters ag'in. Come, shan't we settle that quarrel, now, gals?

*Pr.* Say, this is a master move of Brigham's, this making the women vote. It settles our majority over the Gentiles about five times, and makes us out the foremost champions of women's rights in the country.

*C.* So it does, and that's the joke, for our women have no rights at all. But those old maids and

bluestockings in Boston are just raving about Brother Brigham and preaching him up as the saviour of the sex. They'll be swarming out here by the hundreds soon.

*Pr.* I don't want any of 'em.

*Lee.* No, I don't neither. Durn bluestockings, I like to see white ones better. Don't I, my sweet-hearts?

*C.* John, you're drunk. Come along, my hair-pulling quartette. Go home, Orson, and get your international petticoat congress ready for the poll. Hurrah for woman's suffrage! Down with the Gentiles  
[*Exeunt.*]

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SCENE III.—*Tabernacle. Mormon Congregation coming in, ROB. and JAS. in the rear.*

*Rob.* Have you heard the news of this morning, Jim?

*Jas.* No, what news?

*Rob.* They say that Judge Letcher has flown to parts unknown.

*Jas.* Flown? What for?

*Rob.* Why that is the facetiousness of fate. The case would seem to be as the papers are wont to say, one of scandal in high life, but how any *faux pas* can be or cause scandal here where scandal is the rule and the standard, that is the amusing conundrum. From the different *on dits* about the hap, I deduct the tale that His Honor became inveigled in the toils of some Mormon woman, and made a very unprofessional attack upon her honor. The learned judge in summing up the case, reached the decision,

summarily to adjourn *sine die*. He is gone, and the jubilant saints are making golden capital out of his flight.

*Jas.* This is some of Brigham's plotting.

*Rob.* Very likely.

*Jas.* Old Letcher should have been shot before he could have played into Brigham's hands in this way.

*Rob.* He ought to be shot for his barbarous taste. The mere suggestion of getting enamored of one of these hooded scarecrows should be enough to make one fly to Van Dieman's land or the Desert of Sahara.

*Jas.* I have news of an equally bad character.

*Rob.* Indeed, what may that be?

*Jas.* A letter from my old comrade, Col. Cartridge, informing me that the army has been recalled, and that the commander will order a move from Camp Floyd to-morrow.

*Rob.* You don't say so! That is unquestionably the fruit of Brother Brigham's fine diplomacy.

*Jas.* Yes, aided by the kind offices of Governor Dummings.

*Rob.* A rather tame denouement to the imposing armament that was to crush Mormonism. It reminds one of the celebrated feat of that King of France who with forty thousand men, marched up a hill and then marched down again.

*Jas.* They could have done it, if they had not been hampered by the civil authorities. My friend Cartridge is furious at the cowardly way in which they have been betrayed. He says he is going to Washington and raise a row in the war Department.

*Rob.* Much good that will do him! As long as a

machine Government sends such rotten, lobbyized lumber out here as this gullible, imbecile Governor and this unæsthetic roué of a judge, the outraged virtue of the country cannot get into a position to put in a blow.

*Jas.* But when they *do* strike, it will be a Titanic blow.

*Rob.* I trust so, but who knows where we will be then.

*Jas.* The effect of these events will soon be shown here. The coast is clear, and Brigham will have plain sailing again for a long time. The Gentiles had better beware.

*Rod.* Do you apply that caution to ourselves? Are we saints or sinners?

*Jas.* I think we can safely apply the warning to ourselves.

*Rob.* But whether we can so safely carry our skins out of danger is another question.

*Jas.* I don't apprehend much danger yet, but we will go and make preparations for leaving to-morrow.

*Rob.* What port shall we sail for?

*Jas.* For mountain-flanked and sunny Denver.

*Rob.* But what of Mrs. Gray?

*Jas.* If she is not cured yet of her mania, she may stay here longer. They will do her no harm poor woman.

*Rob.* But how can you spare the exhilarating presence of an amiable mother-in-law?

*Jas.* O, I will try and be resigned. Ha, ha!

*Rob.* Hark, the performance is beginning here.



*(Congregation Sings.)*

What peace and joy pervade the Soul,  
And sweet sensations through me roll,  
And love and peace my heart console,  
Since first I met the Mormons !

Chorus—Hey the merry, O, the busy.  
Hey, the sturdy Mormons  
I never knew what joy was  
Till I became a Mormon.

They sing the folly of the wise,  
Sectarian precepts they despise,  
A heaven far above the skies  
Is never sought by Mormons.

Chorus.

To Sabbath meetings they repair  
Both old and young assemble there,  
The words of inspiration share,  
No less can suit the Mormons.

Chorus.

At night the Mormons do convene,  
To chat awhile and sing a hymn,  
And one perchance repeat a rhyme  
He made about the Mormons.

Chorus.

The Mormon fathers love to see  
Their Mormon families all agree,  
The prattling infant on his knee  
Cries, Daddy, I'm a Mormon.

Chorus.

As youth in Israel once decried  
To wed with those that heaven denied,  
So youth among us now have cried  
We'll marry none but Mormons.

Chorus.

High be our heaven, the Mormons cry,  
Our place of birth, and when we die,  
Celestialize and purify  
This earth for perfect Mormons.

Chorus.

So while we tread the foeman's ground,  
We'll make the trump of freedom sound  
And scatter blessings all round,  
Like free and happy Mormons.

Chorus.

[JOSEPH YOUNG *arises on the platform.*]

*Rob.* [*aside.*] Who is that tatterdemalion orator?

*Jas.* [*aside.*] O, that is Jos. Young, the Prophet's brother. Isn't he a seedy specimen?

*Rob.* [*aside.*] Yes, he looks like Brigham gone to seed.

*Jas.* [*aside.*] He's the clown of the hierarchy and the buffoon among the buffoons of the Tabernacle. He is Brigham's shadow, always brought along to reflect the greatness of the younger brother, just as the mediæval court-fool was designed by his ribaldry to magnify the *majesty* of the king.

*Jos. Young.* Now wot's the matter with you? W'y don't you all jine in the singin'? Is that the way to start up the rallyin' song? You ain't got no backbone about you. Some o' you young fellers come here to the Tabernacle, lookin' all knocked up an' knocked over an' knocked under, an' when you try to jine in the rallyin' song your vices jess goes flop de flop, an' soun's squeeky's a cornstalk fiddle. I tell you, you ain't got the sperrit of the Lord onto you. You don't drink enough straight out, upright Saints' whiskey. Let that there ole Gentile stuff alone. The devil is in it, of course. Keep your stummix clean. Take a little sassifrass tea, once in a w'ile. Don't eat too much o' this here green stuff. You'll have the cholery morgan the nex' thing you know, an' then w'en you're all doubled up with them cramps, you'll be wishin' you hadn't gone an' done it. Look at me.

Ole Jo's a plain man. He ain't got no beauty or anything o' that kin' on to him. He ain't purty. He can't git off no fine dandefied airs, and wag his tail aroun' the gals, an' snatch his hat off, an' grin like a sick perarie dog: "O, good-mornin', Miss So-an'-so, how did you enjoy the bootiful moonshine las' night? Ahem, aha!" [*Laughter.*] But I bet you a quarter he kin jiss git up an' walk right away from the purtiest mother's son of you with a gun over his shoulder in the mountings. Yes sirree-bob, with all his yearn, he's spryer 'n a squirrel with a curly tail. Don't you fool yourselves. 'Tain't beauty wot allus does the biz with the gals; its backbone, ain't it sisteren? An' ef yu don't look out, one of these fine days, ole Jo, plain ole Jo, ugly ole Jo, 'll come along an' w'ip away the nicest ones right from under yer nose. Durned ef I don't do it. [*Laughter and applause.*]

*Rob.* [*aside.*] If the old ragamuffin had some wit in him, this would be as good as a negro minstrel show.

*Jas.* [*aside.*] It will grow more interesting anon.

*Rob.* [*aside.*] The audience seem to be quite good-humored and harmless.

*Jas.* [*aside.*] Wait till Brigham gets through with them. [*GEORGE Q. CANNON arises.*] Hello, the big Cannon is going off already.

*Rob.* [*aside.*] And, if I mistake not, I perceive on his face the traces of Larry's plugging and priming.

*Jas.* [*aside.*] Yes, I'll wager he's full to exploding.

*Geo. Q. Cannon.* Bretheren and sisters, I guess we all feel pretty good to-day. I know I do. [*Laughter.*]

*Rob.* [*aside.*] Your black eyes belie you, brother.

*Cannon.* The Lord hath given Israel victory over

her enemies, and Israel hath come up to rejoice in her Tabernacle. The hosts of the Gentiles came with the sound of arms, and arrayed themselves against the battlements of Zion. The daughter of Zion trembled on her holy hill, but the Lord confounded the counsels of the ungodly through the wisdom of his Prophet. They came in the might of arms, trusting in the flesh, and thirsting for the blood of the saints; but the Lord put to naught their boasts and their prowess. The Lord God of hosts stretched forth His arm, and they fled dismayed like the hosts of Midian before the trumpet of Gideon.

[*Applause.*]

*Rob.* [*aside.*] Does the wind sit in that quarter?

*Jas.* [*aside.*] Yes. Now that the danger is over, these cowardly canting cocks begin to crow.

*Cannon.* Who now will say that the Lord is not on our side? Where are those who lusted for the flesh-pots of Egypt, and would have turned back to the slavery and tyranny of Pharaoh? The Lord led His Israel forth out of the house of bondage; the enemy, in their idolatrous rage and wicked hate, pursued us from Illinois to Missouri, from Missouri across the desert out here to Utah. But the Lord interposed a pillar of fire between us and them. He terrified and dispersed them. He brought us to Canaan, and established us in Zion. Still, their heathen rage is not abated, but they send their columned hosts against us. But the Lord is with us, and, without might of arms, without stroke of sword, or bloodshed. He dispersed them away from his people by the frown of His face. And yet there are some who still speak of loyalty to the United States.



Unworthy, unfaithful saints. Know ye not that this country is given into our hands as an heritage, and the inhabitants thereof as our servants? Yes, the President of these United States shall some day blacken the boots of Brother Brigham. [*Laughter.*]

*Jas.* [*aside.*] Somebody ought to blacken your eyes again, villain!

*Cannon.* It is all he is fit for, with his cowardly soul with all his minions and subjects. He sent a vile-hearted, vain-mouthed creature out here to judge the saints. He came with a great show of virtue and justice and threats of retribution. Where is the dreadful Daniel now? Flown away like a felon in the night. He was caught in the vile attempt to ruin one of the fair daughters of Zion. [*Hisses and cries: Kill him! Shoot him!*]

*Rob.* [*aside.*] Shoot him for his barbarous taste.

*Cannon.* Shooting would be too good for him, bretheren. Hanging is too good for such monsters, who dare to lay their nasty hands upon our pure, sweet maidens. His master, the devil, saved him from the vengeance of our youth. Let him go. Zion is unpolluted by his presence. But what shall we say to them, who, being saints and children of Israel, humiliate us so low as to still bear allegiance to a Government that sends not only her rabble and her rowdies out here to murder us, but her officials to ravish and ruin our wives and daughters. (*Cries, "They are traitors." "They must be cut off!" "Kill them! Kill them!"*)

*Cannon.* Ye hear the judgment of God in the voice of His people, ye lukewarm saints, ye loyal Mormons. Be assured your sins will find you out. I tell you

solemnly, I warn you earnestly to beware. And what do you say to that Government that seeks to murder your children, pollute your women and destroy your glorious religion? Will you swear eternal friendship or eternal enmity? [Cries "Eternal enmity! Down with it! Down with it! Damn the United States!"] That is enough. I thought you were all right on this doctrine (Sits down.) ]Wild applause and excitement.]

*Jas.* [*aside.*] This is almost too much for an American to listen to quietly.

*Rob.* [*aside.*] Yes, it is a regular cold shower-bath of sedition. But he is a very Mark Antony in his handling of the people.

*Jas.* [*aside.*] I promise you in demagoguery the wire-pullers of the states are schoolboys to these fellows.

[H. C. KIMBALL *rises.*]

Heigh-ho, there is your subject too. It seems that pummelling stirs up the oratory in these chaps.

*Rob.* [*aside.*] I believe it does in most people.

*Kimball.* That's the music I love to hear, brethren,—that's the way to speak up. To hell with the Government that spills the blood, that murders the holy prophets of the Lord, that sends its judges and governors to defile our wives and daughters and then threatens to punish us as adulterers and criminals. Did you ever hear of such a country full of hypocrites and liars? Why, they are worse than the old Pagan Cæsars who wallowed in vice and martyred the early Christians,—worse, because they didn't set up for models of virtue and cant about their own morality and the immorality of others.

Immorality, forsooth ! Where is the greatest immorality to be found ! Do we have whole streets full of bawdy-houses strung out in a row where their old men and their young men resort ? Do we have police courts where dozens of seducers, ravishers and abortionists are hauled up every morning for a mock trial and a little fine ? Do we have great foundling institutions where hundreds of bastards are reared to become villains like their fathers and then let loose upon poor womankind again. Now, say, do you find such beastly satanic doings in Zion ? (Cries : “ No indeed, not much, thank God, no ! ”) No, indeed, thank God ! But they have them in every city, and yet they have the impudence to call us adulterers and criminals and threaten to crush Mormonism because it is an impure religion, an insult against the laws of God and their constitution a blotch, a sore, a cancer and what not. You know that’s a devilish lie. You know that in the patriarchal age, in the primitive state of society, when men were purest, polygamy was the rule, and their stupid Constitution doesn’t say a word against it neither, but guarantees full religious liberty to everybody and they know and feel very well that we are the saints and they the sinners, because when they set about legislating against us, they’re afraid to do anything positive, but just beat about the bush. They know very well that they’re all secret corruptionists and whoremongers from Washington down to this Judge Letcher. (Hisses). And they know that we know. We’ve had some brethren in Washington looking up their records and dogging their tracks. So just let them do their worst and we’ll make it hot for them. We’ll

smoke them out of Washington with the fumes of their own wicked fires. Meanwhile there they stand in their babble house of a congress, like the jackass between the two bales of hay. The people want them to do something, but they don't know whether to say yes or no. We have five times the number of inhabitants necessary to constitute a state. East and west of us Colorado and Nevada have been admitted long ago, but they won't admit us because, as they say, polygamy is illegal. Well, if it is, why the hell don't they abolish it? Haven't they the power? Are they not millions to our thousands? Why don't they, indeed? Ha, ha, ha! Because they can't! (Applause.) Because they're afraid! (Increased applause). Because it's the eternal revelation and institution of the Lord God Almighty. (Deafening applause.) That's why!

Because the time is now near at hand, when, as the Prophet Isaiah foretold, war shall devastate their country and consume their men and then seven women shall take hold of one man and they shall become our women and be saved by us. Yes, it is this glorious institution of celestial marriage that alone can purify the world and that will redeem mankind. Yes, and it is this that exalts and distinguishes our system. Without this, Mormonism falls to the ground. And yet there are so many saints who are afraid to become pluralists. Nice Mormons these, no better than infidels and traitors. And it has to stop too. The President has had patience with you so long, but now, you've got to marry! Marry!! Marry!!! Go, and get you more wives. What are you afraid of? Oh, the first wife don't



like it. No, the women never do know what is good for them. They're too ignorant and stupid. I don't think any more of my women than of so many cows. Yes, they are my cows. I have a drove of seventeen and I am going to get a half-dozen more. And what do you mean by this durned squeamishness about what the gentiles call incest. Blame them, there's no such thing for the saints. They shall live together like the other creatures of God in Paradisian innocence and freedom. You can marry sisters, mothers and daughters or whatever you want. You're above the laws and prejudices of the beastly Gentiles. What is crime for them is virtue for us. So let us not hear any more of this weak, treasonable twaddle in Zion. Whoever talks it, his sin and his blood will be upon his own head.

*Rob. [aside.]* Faugh ! The Cloaca Maxima is opened now, and we will be choked by this flow of Mormon sewage. This thing is growing unæsthetic *ad nauseam*. My inner olfactories rebel. Suppose we go, Jim.

*Jas. [aside.]* No, no, let's hear it out. It will grow more interesting still.

*Rob. [aside.]* Bah, there is nothing interesting in ordure. Turkish polygamy with oriental beauty and chivalry is a tolerable thing, but this would make the devil hold his nose.

*Jas. [aside.]* Well, wait until the devil speaks. I see him on the stage. (Congregation sings :)

O God of life and glory !  
Hear Thou a people's prayer,  
Bless, bless our Prophet Brigham ;  
Let him Thy fullness share.

He is Thy chosen servant—  
 To lead Thine Israel forth,  
 Till Zion, crowned with joy, shall be  
 A praise in all earth.

He draws from Christ, the fountain  
 Of everlasting truth,  
 The wise and prudent counsels  
 Which he gives to age and youth.  
 Thyself in him reflected  
 Through mortal agency,  
 He is Thy representative  
 To set Thy people free.

Thou richly hast endowed him  
 With wisdom's bounteous store,  
 And Thou hast made him mighty  
 By Thy own almighty power—  
 O let his life be precious—  
 Bless Thou his brethren too  
 Who firmly join him side by side  
 Who're true as he is true.

Help him to found Thy kingdom  
 In majesty and power,  
 With peace in every palace  
 And with strength in every tower,  
 And when Thy chosen Israel  
 Their noblest strains have sung,  
 The swelling chorus there shall be  
 Our Prophet, Brigham Young.

*Jas.* [*aside.*] Yes, while he howls eternally,  
 The devils in hell among!

*Rob.* [*aside.*] Horror, Jim, has the divine afflatus  
 seized you too?

*Jas.* [*aside.*] Who could help it, when it blows  
 such a Rocky Mountain gale? But, look! There,  
 sure enough the beast of beasts is up. [*Cheers.*]

*Rob.* [*aside.*] And the rest of the cattle are lowing  
 toward their king.

Br. Y. Well, my people, I see that you have rightly taken the cue from the brethren and understand the situation. The coast is clear and the day of reckoning has come. Let's have no more palaver about the enemy. They are doomed to perish like the infernal Canaanites of old did by the sword of Israel. They are judged and will be exterminated, and their blood and rotting bones shall manure the earth for us ; but if you think I have called you together here only to hear this, you are mightily mistaken—not by a darn sight ! I brought you here to tell you that I am going to turn over a new leaf. When one of the Gentiles begins to sympathize and fraternize with us, they call him a Jack Mormon. And when a Mormon begins to sympathize and fraternize with them I call him a Jack Gentile. We have lots of Jack Gentiles and I tell you I am after their scalps. [*Laughter.*] O you laugh, do you ? You think I am using a funny figure of speech. You think I am going to have their Gentile friends attended to. And so I am. There is not a dog of an unbeliever in the territory for whose life I would give fifteen cents. I know them. I have got a list of their names written in red ink, and I promise you some lively music when I commence with them. It will be like morning of hog killing day on the farm. But it is not those I mean now. I mean you, Jack Gentiles, I mean you truant, recreant Mormons, I mean you, careless, indifferent and unfaithful saints. I mean those who have neglected their tithes and ward meetings and endowment duties. I mean those who have been trading and hobnobbing with the Gentiles and spurning the commands of their Prophet. I tell you your cases shall be

attended to. Righteousness shall be laid to the rod and judgement to the plummet. We have a law that God revealed, and I am going to enforce it to the letter. There are sins that the blood of a lamb or a calf can not remit, but they must be atoned for by the blood of the sinner. You say the Son of God shed His blood for our sins. I tell you, you don't shield yourselves behind that. That won't do. Your own blood must flow on the ground, that the smoke thereof may ascend to heaven and atone for your sins. Don't expect to escape by flight either. I've got all the avenues of the territory guarded, and whoever tries to flee will be shot down like a dog, and then your fate will be that of apostates. Not only your bodies but your souls will be lost and go down to everlasting hell. If you know what's good for you, you will come and have your cases attended to that your souls may be saved. Ha, you don't laugh now. Where's your joking now? Why do you pale and tremble? Is this doctrine too strong for you?—It is strong doctrine. It is the doctrine of the blood atonement and it is sound Mormon doctrine. You knew it was. And if you had come up to the other sound Mormon doctrines, you wouldn't have come to this. I am tired of feeding you milk like babes. I am going to give you strong meat. Don't think you'll get mercy. The day of mercy is past. The hour of reckoning and retribution is come. The reformation has begun. The sword of the Almighty is unsheathed, and in spite of all howling and tears and kneeling prayers, his Prophet will spill the blood of the unfaithful. [*While the congregation disperse in great consternation and confusion the curtain falls.*]



SCENE IV. INTERIOR OF COTTAGE. MRS. GRAY  
*reclining on a rude lounge.* EVELYN, BIDDY.

*Eve.* How do you feel now, mamma ?

*Mrs. G.* Very bad, very bad, indeed, Evelyn.

*Eve.* Have you any pain, dear mamma ?

*Mrs. G.* No, no particular pain as yet, but I know  
I will have soon.

*Biddy.* Faix, ma'am, an' ye'll know it well enough  
whin ye's has it, so don't be throublin' yerself wid it  
afore, but cheer up a bit.

*Mrs. G.* There is no use trying, Biddy, I know it  
is hopeless.

*Eve.* Will you not drink this cup of tea I have  
prepared for you ?

*Mrs. G.* Tea ! How could you cook tea in this  
hovel ? No, I can't drink it.

*Eve.* It might refresh you, mamma dear.

*Mrs. G.* I tell you I can't drink the stuff. I feel  
too miserable.

*Eve.* Is there anything else I can do to make you  
comfortable ?

*Mrs. G.* No, child. How can you speak of comfort  
in such a kennel. It is vulgar. Have I ever lived  
in such a place ?

*Eve.* But since we must live in it now, is it not  
best to make ourselves as comfortable as we can ?

*Biddy.* Shure ma'am, it's meself as hes heard ye  
tellin, it a hundred toimes : " Biddy," ye sez, " I'd  
sooner be afther livin' in a hut wid the saints than in  
a paliss wid the Gentiles at all."

*Eve.* I am sure that James will assist us in putting  
things aright, as soon as he finds us here.

*Mrs. G.* I do not desire his assistance. We should

have staid at Mr. Cannon's house. We had decent quarters there at least, but your fine fastidiousness drove us away.

*Eve.* Would you be willing to return there, dear mamma?

*Mrs. G.* I do not know. How can you trouble me with unpleasant questions? I know this is terrible, How can you be so cheerful, Biddy? It is shocking to see it.

*Biddy.* Sorry a bit, ma'am. I was brought up in the loikes ov it. If me Larry wuz sittin' in the door a smokin' his doodeen an' the bouchaleens wuz rollikin' outside an' a pig wuz lyin' in your place there in the corner, axin yer pardon, ma'am, faix it's meself as would fale at home all together.

*Mrs. G.* Oh, dear, it is dreadful. And I will not bear it. I will not be defrauded out of my rights. You must go and see Mr. Young, Evelyn. There must be some mistake. He cannot intend this as an equivalent for such a sum of money. Perhaps he is angry with us for leaving our quarters without consulting him. If so, you will, I hope, make ample apologies. But you must go to him. Tell him our condition. Why, it rains through the roof. Tell him I will die if I remain here. Tell him either to give us back our money or a house fit to live in. We will not prescribe to him. I do not demand a grand house. But you must go to-day, at once.

*Eve.* Could not James or Mr. Norris attend to it? They are better acquainted with property matters.

*Mrs. G.* No, no. You know they would frustrate everything. Not being members of the church, their coming to him might only exasperate him.

*Eve.* Why should that make a difference? Does the creed of others modify the honesty of this—Prophet of God?

*Mrs. G.* I do not know. I only know that they would accomplish nothing. Either you or I must go and as I am too ill the duty devolves on you.

*Eve.* Might not James accompany me?

*Mrs. G.* That would be just as bad. He certainly has heard of that dreadful affair in the Endowment House and his anger against the gentlemen must be great.

*Eve.* You know, mamma, that I am just as much a culprit as they, and that I will never take the oaths.

*Mrs. G.* Ah, I cannot dispute with you now. I only saw that he seemed very benevolent towards you.

*Eve.* That is one reason why I should not like to go to him.

*Mrs. G.* Do not trouble my poor head with riddles. What can you mean?

*Eve.* I mean that he is not truly friendly to us. I believe James would not approve of my going there unattended.

*Mrs. G.* Oh, must I be twitted with his authority so soon? Must I be told by my own child that my slightest wish cannot be gratified, because it does not meet the lordly approval of another? Must I live to experience this?

*Eve.* Dear mamma, he does not wish anything except my welfare and yours.

*Mrs. G.* Is it my welfare to languish and die in this squalid hole? Oh, I see he has already estranged

your affections from your mother and made you indifferent to her sufferings. You live only to please him. You care nothing for your poor suffering and widowed mother——

*Eve.* Oh, mamma.

*Mrs. G.* Yes, Evelyn, it is true. Ever since that fatal meeting in Italy your heart has been turned away from your God and your parents. I am glad that your poor father did not live to see this. Oh, would I were lying beside him under the snowdrift in the mountain.

*Eve.* Mamma, mamma, don't. You break my heart. I cannot bear it. Don't speak so. I will do all you want. I will go immediately. I will go into a lion's den, if you command it, only do not speak such cruel words to me. Darling mamma, you know I love you.

*Mrs. G.* Why do you behave in this unfilial manner then?

*Eve.* I thought it was for the best. I feared that our misfortunes would only deepen through my going there. I did not wish to oppose you.

*Mrs. G.* You might have waited with his authority until you are married.

*Eve.* I will not speak to him about it. I will go immediately. I suppose I am needlessly timid and afraid. Forgive me, dearest mamma, will you not? Kiss me and say that I am your own loving Evelyn.

*Mrs. G.* Yes, child, good-bye, don't be away long, and do not forget the paper.

*Eve.* Good-bye, sweet mamma. God be with you till I see you again. Good-bye, Biddy, dear.



*Biddy.* Good-bye a-vilish, the howly Mither be wid ye.

[*Exit* EVELYN.]

*Mrs. G.* Dear me, who would have anticipated such a wretched experience ! This is a poor beginning in Zion. How do you find it here, Biddy ?

*Biddy.* Troth, much like a lape year parthy entoirely.

*Mrs. G.* Oh, dear, more riddles. What can you mean ?

*Biddy.* Fwy, I mean that it's noice fur the men, spicially men wid a turn to mathrimony.

*Mrs. G.* Oh, dear me, you don't think, Biddy, that that dreadful thing is really so ? I can hardly believe it and Mr. Cannon explained to me that it was only a spiritual union of saintly love.

*Biddy.* He did indade ? Avick, is it that thim white-headed childers in his house that looks loike a family ov twins is shpiritooal childers. By the same token it wuz meself as see a half dozen ov 'em, whin I wuz there to see yez, carryin' on a ruction ez lively an' ez raal lookin' es the hairpullin' ov their—their—aunties.

*Mrs. G.* Ah, I do not know what to think of it. I suppose we ought not to think of it at all. There may be many mysterious things in Mormonism that with our unsanctified reason we cannot understand. You know, Biddy, there is much of that in your old religion.

*Biddy.* Shure there is, an' it's fur that same rayson I wint out of it entoirely, but, dher manim, the divil as brought us out ov the fryin' pan into the fire.

[*Knocking.*]

· Enter JOHN D. LEE.

Come in. Arrah, talk ov the divil an' you'll shmell the brimstone ov his tail.

*L.* Good-morning, Sister Gray.

*Mrs. G.* Good-morning, sir.

*L.* You are rather cold towards me, Sister Gray.

*Mrs. G.* After your behavior of yesterday, I do not see what else you can expect.

*L.* Mebbe you're right. I did behave a little rough.

*Mrs. G.* It was disgraceful and scandalous. I never expected to see it in you.

*L.* I know it, Sister Gray, an' I'm sorry fur it. We did cut up too high that's a fack.

*Mrs. G.* It is a terrible example in the dignitaries of the church.

*L.* That's wot I tole Brother Orson this mornin'. We ought to give a better example, but it jist seems Satan tries to revenge hissself on us that way fur the hard knocks we're allus givin' him.

*Mrs. G.* How could you ever come to do it?

*L.* The 'lection, dear sister, the pested 'lection is jist at the bottom of it. I'm goin' to talk to Brother Brigham about the abuse. In America everybody gits drunk on 'lection day, and some o' the boys that are no better than the Gentiles kep treatin' us so long till we jist had a little too much.

*Mrs. G.* I hope it will not happen soon again.

*L.* You kin bet your life on it, that it won't no more with me.

*Mrs. G.* Evelyn was evidently very much disgusted.

*L.* I seen it on her. I'm ashamed o' myself. Where is she now? I come here to tell her.

*Mrs. G.* She has gone to see Brother Brigham about our miserable quarters.

*L.* She has ?

*Mrs. G.* Yes, you see what a place it is. I am suffering for the comforts of life, and am ill.

*L.* I'll tell you what. Come along with me to my place in Harmony, you an' Evelyn both. I'm goin' back there to-morrow. I guess Brother Brigham ain't got no better house fur you jist now. I've got a big place. Plenty to eat an' plenty people to wait on you. You shall have a nice cottage all to yourselves, where you kin rest an' git well. Wot do you say ?

*Mrs. G.* You are very kind, I have no objections, but I should like to ask you for information about this celestial—celestial marriage. Is it really, ah—polygamy, like the Turkish—

*L.* No, indeed. That's a lie. Who's been tellin' you this ? But never mind, I know.

*Enter MRS. LEE.*

Hello, where the devil do you come from ? What do you want here ?

*Mrs. L.* Am I too late ?

*Biddy.* Faix, ma'am that depends on yer loiken. Ye're too late fur the sarmint, but in time fur the shrift.

*Mrs. L.* I heard 'em talking about it out home. I heard 'em saying among themselves that he was going to bring another one home an' one of 'em somehow found out that she was young and beautiful and refined—although we were told that she came with the hand-cart lot, and my heart just jumped into my mouth. I couldn't sleep, I couldn't eat any more. Something just drove me away to Salt Lake. Some-

thing said to me : Hurry, hurry, hurry up ! Maybe you can prevent it. Maybe you can beat him yet and save the poor darling from our fate. It gave me no rest but was always repeating, hurry, hurry, hurry up. At last in the middle of the night, when I couldn't stand it any longer, I jumped up and ran away. I couldn't walk, not even when I wanted to, but just ran, ran all the way, through the woods, on the road, over the hills. And here I am at last. I found the place. I know who you are. I see him here—Oh, now tell me am I not too late ? Are they sealed already ?

*Biddy.* Saled is it. Musha, ma'am, an' it 'ed be a bad bargain ov a sale, if Miss Evelyn, avourneen would marry the loikes ov him.

*Mrs. L.* Then they are not ? Oh, thank God. I am so happy. He's been beat out of this one. She is not here, is she ? And she is very beautiful, is she not ?

*Biddy.* Troth, an' its well ye may say that, a suilish machree. Ez bootiful ez a queen an' ez good ez the howly virgin.

*Mrs. L.* You don't say ! The sweet young lady ! Oh, why did she ever come here ? Good and beautiful and among the Mormons ? Oh, God pity her. But John Lee cannot have her. You are quite sure he will not get her ?

*Biddy.* Divil a bit, the bealeam, niver ez long ez Biddy Mahone is to the fore an' the Captin' and Misther Rob, an' that'll be ez long ez we live, plaze God.

*Mrs. L.* Ha, ha ! No wonder he lusted for her. Young and beautiful. Ugh, and he so old and ugly,



and oh, so bad, so cruel and so bad. Is that her mother, there? Yes, I know that is her mother, Oh, my sister, why did you come here?

*Mrs. G.* What a distressing question for my poor head! May I ask you, good woman, why you came here, and who you are?

*Mrs. L.* I? Bless your heart, my poor dear, I am his wife.

*Biddy.* Death alive.

*L.* Ha, ha, ha, that's a good one.

*Mrs. L.* His first and only lawful, faithful wife.

*Mrs. G.* Oh, Brother Lee!

*L.* She lies, the old hag. She is a crazy woman that runs about the country and imagines she is married to me.

*Mrs. L.* Crazy! Oh, it wouldn't be a great wonder if I did get crazy soon. Oh, God, many a time when I sit and think about my wrongs and sufferings, my blood begins to boil and my head swims, and I feel so terrible, so as if in the next minute I would jump up wild and raving and run through the world a mad woman. Imagine? Yes, it is so long ago, when I was his proper wife, that I often think it must be all a dream of my imagination. Yes, I was his happy, only, beloved wife once, but that was many, many years ago. We lived together in our cozy cabin, and my husband loved and honored me, and we were so happy until Jo. Smith came with his religion of hell—Oh, may God sweep it from the face of the earth and kick it down into the bottomless pit!—We went with him and my husband loved me still and still I was happy. But one day he brought a strange woman to our house and said, with shame in his eyes,

this is my other wife,—then my happiness was over. Oh, why didn't you kill me first? Oh, a thousand times rather!

And so it went on, one after another, until there are nineteen now, nineteen poor, broken-hearted, degraded, quarreling women, with hate and despair and sorrow in their souls. But I loved him first and best. I who never looked at another man, I who shared his poverty and hardship, who bore his children and nursed him in his sickness, I who even to-day would go through fire and death for him, I was treated as though I was the unfaithful, wicked one. He made all the others do it too. I was kicked and cuffed, locked up and starved, shut out in the cold and made a laughing stock of by all. He taught them to win his love by spitting on me. He smiled when they reviled me. I have reaped contempt for my love and abuse for my fidelity. A dog who is kicked by his brutal master, if he fawns and licks his tyrant's feet, will at last be patted and petted, but I who did this these many, many years, received only new kicks and fresh outrages. O, I could tell a story, sisters mine, you would not think it possible outside the burning pit of hell. But I don't blame him—it is not his fault. He was once a noble and handsome man. O, Mormonism, Mormonism, foul gospel of night and sin!

*Lee.* You had better keep still.

*Mrs. L.* Gospel of dirt and lust and blood. I will speak, it makes monsters and beasts of men, and creeping slaves and animals of women. O, my poor sisters, O, you poor, poor, poor things, why did you come here? God pity you, why didn't some

good angel warn you? This false guide, this deceiver and decoyer, told you, I suppose, that women are happiest here. They preach that in the Tabernacle, I know. O, I tell you, if all the torn, crushed and broken hearts of women in Utah could speak as they feel, their cry of agony and despair would rend the heavens and shake the earth and fill the whole United States with such horror that the poor, foolish, deceived women that are swarming here would turn and fly to the cannibals of the ocean or the wild beasts of the desert, rather than come to this vile Zion of hell.

*L.* If you don't shut up——

*Mrs. L.* I'm not afraid of you. What more can you do than you have already done? You may kill me, but not until then can you shackle my tongue. You may not like to have your sheep's clothing torn from you, and in front of your proselytes, so that they can see you as the wolf that you are, but I will do it now. I have kept quiet these many years, but now I will speak, no matter what becomes of me. I have saved one poor, sweet girl. I have beat you out of this victim.

*L.* And I'll beat you out of your skin for it. Here [*striking her*] take this, you damned witch.

*Mrs. L.* O, God forgive him, that is the last touch from him.

[*Rushes out.*]

*Mrs. G.* O, Brother Lee, how could you in my weak condition——

*Enter JAMES.*

*Jas.* What is the matter here?

*Biddy.* Bad seran to 'im, the bastely bosthoon, to bate the pore woman in the face loike a prize-fighter.

*Jas.* What! Did he strike that woman?

*Biddy.* Shure he did, the coward an' it's his throe wife.

*Jas.* [*kicking him*] Dog, get out of here!

*L.* You'll pay for this.

*Jas.* Get out or you'll get more. [*Exit LEE.*]  
What is the scoundrel doing here? Where is Evelyn, Biddy?

*Mrs. G.* She has gone on a slight errand for me.

*Jas.* I am very sorry. Will she come back soon?

*Mrs. G.* I am very glad she is not here to witness these brutal performances. It is hard enough for me in addition to my misery.

*Jas.* Ah, I suppose so, but I came to tell you that we have resolved to leave to-night.

*Mrs. G.* Indeed? I have expected this, as the end of all this disgraceful, impenitent course. Well, Evelyn may go if she chooses, and no doubt she will choose to go, even forsaking her ill mother, but I will not leave, sir.

*Jas.* I hope you will change your mind, dear Mrs. Gray. We are in imminent peril. The Mormon priesthood have preached a crusade of proscription and destruction against all non-believers. We were in the Tabernacle just now and heard it. I know from previous cases that they literally mean it. We have bought horses and provisions and made arrangements for leaving to-night—to-morrow it may be too late.

*Mrs. G.* It is never too late to repent. Evelyn need not flee if she faithfully professes her God and her religion. As for its revilers, it is no wonder that fear and trembling should seize them at last.



*Jas.* No man should dare to say so, but I will not quarrel with you. Why not be just and candid, if not kind, Mrs. Gray? You know that Mormonism is not Evelyn's religion, that it never was, and never will be. You know, too, that she has turned from it in disgust and abhorrence, after witnessing its institutions here. I have never by one word influenced her decision. I could have prevented her coming here, but for your sake I acquiesced. But now she must be taken away. If you still persist in adhering to this religion of blood and dirt—

*Biddy.* Mavrone, thim is the very wurrd that pore woman spake.

*Enter ROBERT.*

*Rob.* Here are sad doings going on.

*Jas.* What! Are the Danites already at work?

*Rob.* No,

“One more unfortunate, weary of breath,  
Rashly importunate, gone to her death.”

While I was passing they fished a poor woman out of the city creek, amid the rude jokes and laughter of a crowd of saints, among whom our venerable friend, the Satan bishop was the most gleeful.

*Biddy.* Wurrah, wurrah, it was his own wife, a bon choir. She said she would do it. She wint right from here and done it. O, the poor craythur!

*Jas.* Was it an elderly, gray-haired woman with a black dress on?

*Rob.* Exactly so. And now it recurs to me that the other saints rallied the bishop, and he laughed and swore he was glad that she was gone.

*Jas.* I'm afraid it's the case. I drove him out of here a few minutes ago after he had struck her

It is dreadful. I wish Evelyn were here? Where is Larry?

*Biddy.* The divil may tell, a boozin' in the she-been, shure.

*Jas.* We will look for him and send him here to help you to get ready. Tell Miss Evelyn about it when she returns. Mrs. Gray, I hope you will reconsider your purpose and flee with us.

[*Exeunt* ROB and JAS].

*Mrs. G.* O, it is all too much, I will faint.

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SCENE V.—*Office of* BRIGHAM YOUNG. BRIGHAM YOUNG and DANIEL H. WELLS.

*Young.* You say it is a big train?

*Wells.* About a hundred and thirty in all, and a mighty fine train it is, good horses and wagons, and several fine carriages for the ladies.

*Y.* Carriages?

*W.* Yes, indeed, regular high-flyers. Beat your celestial prairie schooners all to smash.

*Y.* Are there any pretty women among the ladies as you call them?

*W.* O, I don't know, I'm not a ladies' man like you.

*Y.* Where do they come from and where are they going to?

*W.* To Los Angeles, I believe, and most of them come from Arkansas.

*Y.* From the state where brother Parley was martyred? The villains, it's mighty cheeky in them to come here. And they want to stop in Zion a week?

*W.* Yes, they are short of provisions and tired out. What shall we do about them?

Y. You can sell them all the provisions they want out of our store, but make them pay double, d'ye hear? But as for stopping here, that's preposterous. No more of that, I can tell you. There are too many Jack Mormons on the lookout for just such a passing train to hang on to and save their hides. No, indeed, after they've got their goods give them just three hours to move and tell them to get out of the territory as quick as they can and keep the whole business as quiet as possible.

W. All right.

Y. Hold on, another thing. I want you and Heber to get me the names of the fellows that have been selling provisions to the army at Camp Floyd.

W. What for?

Y. To be hauled up. You may tell them so. I don't intend to have 'em used up if they are up to mark in other respects, but I want 'em to pay me a good commission, and I guess they'll be badly enough scared to come and pay any sum for their skins.

W. By the way, how much have you made by your dealings with the blue-coats?

Y. O, some score of thousands, and I'll make a few out of the pork and other truck they sold me when they left. I got that at a bargain, I promise you.

W. We'll have to haul you up then, too.

Y. Yes, do. Ha, ha, ha! Pecuniarily I'm sorry the damned rascals are gone. But hurry up, now, and attend to that emigrant train. [*Exit WELLS*].

*Enter a Mormon.*

*Mormon.* Good-morning, Brother Brigham.

Y. Well, sir.

*M.* I have come to present that bill. I have been here three times but your clerk put me off every time.

*Y.* What bill?

*M.* For putting up those five miles of telegraph poles.

*Y.* And you expect me to pay you?

*M.* Yes, sir, if you please. The contract as you sublet it out to me, has been a mighty losing job. It has taken money out of my pocket and beside, I have had to borrow money to pay the hands.

*Y.* I can't pay you.

*M.* Can't pay me?

*Y.* I am not going to pay you, if that suits you better.

*M.* Why not, Mr. President?

*Y.* Why not? Let me see. O, yes, the railroad company have condemned half of the posts. One of the engineers was in here the other day and raised a hell of a row, said you took bad timber, the first snowstorm would blow them over, and what not. The blamed thieving Gentiles won't pay me a cent.

*M.* That can't be, I just came from their office and they told me that you had been paid in full for the whole line.

*Y.* You have been at their office, eh? What business have you to go to the office of a damned intruding Gentile company, the worst enemies we have? I wish I could run their railroad into hell. And you a Mormon, hobnobbing and conspiring with them to get money out of me? You sneak thief, you don't get a cent. And, listen, were you in the Tabernacle to-day?

*M.* N—No. I wanted to——



Y. Aha! Of course you did, but you had to go to see your Gentile friends. Well, for your benefit, I'll repeat what I told them there, that such doings would be atoned for by blood. Understand, I'll leave you off this time, but don't you dare to go there again.

M. I'll never go there again. I didn't know any better. Don't ruin me, Brother Brigham. I'd just as leave be killed as ruined. If you don't pay me, I'm a ruined man. Have pity on me. I've got four wives and fifteen children.

Y. I've got nineteen wives and some sixty odd children, I believe. Why the dickens do you marry so much?

M. You told me to, brother Brigham.

Y. Well, I tell you now to get out of here and never come back with a bill or I'll send you a dreadful big Bill, whose last name is Hickman.

[*Exit Mormon.*]

Ha, ha. That bugbear makes them fly. Confound these infernal railroads. Though I've made a handsome penny out of them, I'd give ten thousand dollars if I could have them blown into flinters. O, I'm afraid their plagued tooting will be a note of doom to us.

[*Enter LUCY RAWDON.*]

Hello, my fair Judith, have you returned with the head of Holofernes in your lap?

L. No, sir, I had it there, but neither he nor I was Mormon enough to keep it there.

Y. How so, cony catcher?

L. I wasn't bloody enough to cut it off, and he wasn't drunk enough to let me do it.

*Y.* And so he got away without losing his head.

*L.* No, he went away in consequence of losing his head.

*Y.* Well, he made up in his heels what he lacked in his head. They say he just scooted out like a deer.

*L.* The poor dear!

*Y.* Yes, it was cruel to scare him away, but he might have stayed and married you, the fool!

*L.* Then he would have been a fool, indeed.

*Y.* I don't know, but I never saw a fellow taken in so soon and so completely. Why, he just jumped at the bait. He must have been terribly hard up.

*L.* He is only an old bachelor and has no nineteen wives, and then you didn't expect him to resist very long when you sent me.

*Y.* No, indeed, you little witch. He must be more than——

*L.* More than a Mormon prophet.

*Y.* Yes, I do flatter myself with having some taste for the beautiful.

*L.* Ah, indeed! That is the reason, I suppose, why you go prowling about outside of your harem, for such a gallery of celestial scarecrows as you have in it is nowhere else to be found.

*Y.* By and by I'll get more beauty into it, Lucy. I'm on the lookout now.

*L.* Yes, I heard of a beautiful English girl here that you are looking out for.

*Y.* You heard, where? How? Say!

*L.* O, don't get excited, I will not betray you to Madam Amelia. You are too clumsily rustic and grizzly for the gay Lothario. You betray your amours yourself by your bovine grimaces.

Y. O, is that all? Tell me now, you wicked Delilah, how you entrapped this judicial Sampson.

L. Ah, look at his goatish countenance. You had better give up the priest and prophet business and come on the stage. I'll hire you for the satyr the next time we play a Greek pastoral.

Y. No. I have enough of my family on the stage. Won't you tell me now?

L. I should think not. O God, O God!

Y. What! Do you want to tell him? He'll not be as much edified as I.

L. [*Crying*]. O, God have mercy on me!

Y. In the name of the devil, what is the matter now?

L. O God, how low have I fallen! I am too vile. It is not enough that I must do the devil's bidding and lure a man to sinful purpose, but I must come and amuse the blunted heart of my grinning employer with the shameful description. O, it is too, too degrading, but it is my own fault.

Y. Well, I never will understand women.

L. No, you brute, you never can. You look on them only as hand-maids to your low pleasure not as beings sent to ennoble and elevate you.

Y. Ha, ha! I should think not. But what have I done, you silly prude? Did I have any love affair with Judge Letcher?

L. You! As if anybody could fall in love with you! Ha, ha, ha! O, why did I do it, I did not mean any harm, I did it in fun to carry out a frivolous wager.

Y. It was a good joke all around, and the biggest part of the joke was old Letcher absconding like a dog with his tail between his legs.

*L.* Dear me, that is just the dreadful thing about it; because he was the only faithful watch-dog Uncle Sam had out here by his pig-sty to watch his grunting swine. O, I have driven the last guard away.

*Y.* You are mighty right there, my honey,—we are rid of the last one, and now we'll have it all 'our own way. We're going to make a clean overhauling in our own camp, and we won't stand any of their interference forever.

*L.* Don't crow too soon, Brother Braggadocio. The American eagle is a wonderfully good-natured bird, and will wink at a good deal, but if you worry him too much he is terrible. He has sharp talons and when he once moves he will swoop down on you and tear your Mormon carrion all to pieces.

*Y.* Would to God I could wring his neck!

*L.* I hope he will claw yours for saying so.

*Y.* Well, I must say you are a model Mormon, but your services in the Letcher business atone for a good deal. Yet, you had better shut down on that kind of talk.

*L.* If my services were so valuable, you must be anxious to settle about the compensation.

*Y.* What compensation?

*L.* The four thousand dollars.

*Y.* Hem! I don't remember exactly, and then you refuse to tell me what took place, so I can't tell whether you really earned the reward.

*L.* You just now acknowledged my services, but I knew you would cheat me out of it. That is the devil's mode.

*Y.* Tell me about it, and I'll pay you.

*L.* O, mercy, there is that monkeyish grin again.



Y. Why won't you tell me?

L. There is nothing to tell. Nothing improper occurred. So you wouldn't be satisfied anyhow?

Y. Then you won't do it?

L. [*Rising.*] Not for ten thousand dollars. I don't want a cent of the Judas' reward. I don't want anything from you any more. I will never play in your stupid theatre again. I am done with Brigham Young and Mormonism forever. I am going away. There.

Y. If you try it you are a dead woman. You have deserved death, anyhow. If you are not at the theatre to-morrow morning it will be your last day on earth. Go now.

L. Ah, you brute!

[*Exit.*]

Y. She must go at all events. She knows too much, and she can't hold her tongue. I will have her attended to the first thing in the morning. [*Noise without.*] There is that drunken Bill Hickman outside. I hear his bullish voice. He has come to get his pay for Back's killing, but I'll not pay any more for taking off people. I can get enough such work done gratis now.

*Enter TOM.*

Tom. Mass Briggum, Mass Bill Hickman am outside an' want——

Y. Tell him I'm not at home.

Tom. He said he knowed you wuz in, caze he dun seed you.

Y. How the devil could he see me? Why didn't you tell him I'm busy, you black scamp.

Tom. I done tole him so, but he don't believe me nohow. He said you ain't too busy fur to see de ladies

an' he want to make love to you too. He am a swear-in' awful.

Y. I won't see the drunken beast. Get out with you and mind if you let any more such people in the house, I'll make you suffer for it. [*Exit TOM.*]

Now if I could marry that madcap Lucy to this bloody hog, Hickman, that would be better than killing them. Between her sharp tongue and his bowie-knife, they'd murder each other before long.

*Re-enter TOM.*

—Well, what is the matter now, you rascal? Isn't he gone?

*Tom.* Yes sah. Dar's a young lady dar now, axin fur Mr. Young.

Y. Who is she?

*Tom.* It am de young lady from Mass Cannon's. She says her name am Miss Gray, and she wanted to see you pertickler.

Y. Tell her to come in. [*Exit TOM.*]

It has fetched her already. Beautiful! Splendid! Now for the first charge on the virgin citadel. Steady now, Brigham, you've never stalked such noble game. You're too eager. Cool and steady. Ha!

*Enter EVELYN.*

*Eve.* Good-afternoon, sir.

Y. Good-afternoon. Ah, it is Miss Gray. How you do? How is your mother?

*Eve.* I have come in her behalf and at her request. She is ill and cannot remain in the wretched quarters we occupy.

Y. Well.

*Eve.* Therefore she asks that you will please return

her the sum of money which my parents gave to Mr. Lee or, at least, provide her a better house for the present.

Y. What sum?

Eve. The sum of one hundred and twenty thousand dollars.

Y. Upon my word, a fine demand.

E. Sir!

Y. Do you know that I cannot entertain your request?

E. Why not?

Y. Because I never received the money.

E. It was delivered to Mr. Lee for you. He gave my father a note for the amount in your name.

Y. Preposterous! He did give me some money from your father, but as a donation to the Church. It was not nearly as large a sum as you name, however. A good many wealthy saints make such presents to the Church. Yes, some give their entire property, just as the early Christians in Jerusalem sold their possessions and laid the money down at the feet of the apostles.

E. My father intended this as a loan, not as a gift. As such Mr. Lee received and acknowledged it in this note.

Y. I am not responsible for John Lee's doings. Will you let me see the note. [EVELYN *hands him the note.*] [*Reading it.*] Do you know that this is of no value at all? It does not bind John Lee because he promises nothing for himself, and it does not bind me because it lacks my signature.

E. I am aware of that. I cannot understand how my father allowed himself to be deceived so, he

was such a strict man of affairs. I can only explain it by his unquestioning confidence in Mr. Lee's honor and yours. I perceive he has misplaced his confidence. I will go and tell my mother that she has been defrauded by the dignitaries of the Mormon Church. Good-afternoon, sir.

Y. Hold, don't be so quick. That is rather strong language. You are acting all wrong in this matter, Evelyn. You come here defiant and peremptory and suspicious. Have I deserved this? Have I not shown myself your friend? Why do you not come in a friendlier, kindlier way, as becomes a faithful Mormon girl.

E. I beg your pardon, sir, I am no Mormon.

Y. Ah, yes, I know. That will all come right. Listen, Evelyn, I will give you the sum you ask, on one condition—if you will—if you will—marry me.

E. Marry you? How dare you? Leave go my hand, sir.

Y. Hold on, where are you going? You shall not go! Do you think I will let you go to your Gentile lover?

E. I will not tell him of this insulting proposal. Please let me out.

Y. Will you think this matter over? Will you promise that?

E. Never, never. Let me go to my mother.

Y. No, indeed. You have fallen under the penalty of the Church by your apostasy. You must stay here. By all the heavens I will never let you go. It would be your death. [*Ringing.*]

[*Enter TOM.*]

I am not such a fool. Here Tom, help me take the



young lady to the prison room. You must go there, Evelyn. If you make a fuss I will call four men in who will drag you there. Take hold of her other arm, Tom, while I take this.

*E.* Do not touch me. I will not resist.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Distillery bar-room. Bar and Tables.  
On the Wall the sign: "Zion's Co-operative Distillery. Holiness to the Lord," around the All-Seeing Eye.*

BILL HICKMAN, PORTER ROCKWELL, IKE HATCH,  
EPH. HANKS, ROBT. T. BURTON.—*Seated at a  
table, drinking.*

*Hanks.* Wot's the matter with this here whiskey now, ennyway? 'Tain't got no kinder taste about it no more. Durned if I wouldn't jess az lief drink likerishwater.

*Hick.* I tell you wot's the matter with it, it's got too much holy-water in it.

*Hanks.* W'y wot yer mean, Hick?

*Hick.* Wot I say. Too much o' Briggum's holy water. Sence that there picter o' the bull's eye an' that there Sunday school werse is up there, the whiskey ain't fit fur no cow ter drink. Holiness to the Lord's a good enuff thing in a church or a Tabernacle but it hain't got no bizzness in a bar-room. It's got a mighty depressin' effect on whiskey.

*Rock.* Why shed it, Bruther Bill?

*Hick.* 'Cause it does, damn it. Sence Bradley and Mooney's out o' this yere consarn, an' Briggum Young's runnin' it, the whiskey they turn out o' their

durned still's no better'n slops, and it's jess Briggum's ole stinginess an' greediness that's done it.

*Hanks.* W'y, where the hell is Bradley and Mooney anyway?

*Hick.* Doncher know? Sent on a meeshonery tower.

*Hanks.* No!

*Hick.* Course. Briggum seen as they was doin' a good bizniss an' makin' a few dollars, an', of course, he couldn't stan' that. So he jess goes an' sends one on 'em off to England an' 'tother to the south on a two year mishonerry trip, 'an then he comes along 'an claps his cock-eyed sign on the shebang 'an now it's: "All Saints Holy Zion's Co-operative distillery" or sloppery, w'ichever ye like.

*Hanks.* An' now all the saints has got to take their bitters here?

*Rock.* Of course, Brother Ephraim, they orter do it fur the sake of the Church.

*Hick.* I knows one ole saint as don't git his'n here.

*Rock.* Who's that, Brother Bill? Tain't you, I hope.

*Hick.* Me? I git my whiskey where I durn choose ef anybody should ask you, but I mean ole Briggum hisself. You go to his office when he wants some partikler job out o' you, an' you'll git a tongue full o' whiskey that never seen this place, I kin tell ye.

*Hatch.* I think that's wot ye call damn mean.

*Hick.* Mean ain't the word. He's a reg'lar nigger. W'en thurs any work that he's got to hev ye fur, he'll stick ez close to yer ez a tick, an' be as friendly an' full o' promises ez a lover or a lightnin' rod man,

but w'en you ve gone an done the work, he shets right up like oyster, or he even goes and shets the dore on you's if he didn't know you t'all. That's the way he done me a w'ile go. Durn ef I ain't gittin' tired on it.

*Hatch.* So'm I, Bill. It's a ongrateful world. He orter stan' by us better'n that. It's a easy enuff thing fur him to git us ter go on takin' off people. Wonder who has to risk ther neck in the bizzness though. Not he. He keeps hisself on the safe side, you kin bet. But I'm afeared this thing won't go on so slick fur ever. Uncle Sam'll get the grip on us some day

*Hanks.* Blow Uncle Sam! I ain't a feared o' him I'd jess as lieve blow him inter hell'z not.

*Hick.* W'en it comes to blowin' you kin take up with the Old Scratch hisself. But blowin don't kill nobody. I ain't afeared o' Uncle Sam, nuther. Do you know how many people I done laid out? Forty-three! W'ich on o' ye kin beat thet?

*Burt.* Nobody can, Bill, and nobody wants to dispute your pre-eminence. You are the king of the Danites, and I don't see what you gentlemen should be growling for. Just because the whiskey isn't strong enough for your manly taste? For shame! We don't live to drink whiskey, we have a higher purpose of existence. We live to do the behests of the Prophet. We live to preserve the Church by taking off the infidels and the enemies. We've had dull times for a while, but I tell you, boys, there'll be plenty of work now. Yes sirree, business is reviving. We'll just have a boom soon. It'll be as lively as those days when we cleaned out the Morrisites.

*Rock.* How was that there job anyway? I never heard ye tell that yerself.



*Burt.* Well, you know, old Morris up at Weber had set himself up as a prophet, longside of Brother Brigham and was doing business on his own hook. Brigham laughed at the matter at first, but by-and-by Bishop Cook and a lot of others went over to him and finally there were about five hundred in all, and just as game as gobblers. Well, the spring manœuvres of the Nauvoo Legion came around, and they refused to drill. They were fined, of course, but refused to pay the fines. Then the music began. I was sheriff of Salt Lake then. Brigham ordered out the Legion and put it under my command. Judge Kinney, though a Gentile, was right on our side and issued writs of arrest for Morris and his head men. We started out in fine trim and on the way, at Ogden, Kaysville and Farmington others joined till, when we got to Weber, I had a thousand well-armed men with four pieces of artillery. We captured their herd. You know they had their cattle and everything else common. And then we surrounded their fort and called on 'em to surrender, but there was no surrender in them. Their camp was on a little knoll in the hollow of the Weber about a mile from Uintah. It wasn't much of a fort, of course: a few willow houses, woven together and plastered and covered by wagons and a few rough fortifications. Morris, the old fool, had put on his priestly robe and, taking his divining rod was waiting for a revelation, but no revelation came. Well we shelled that crazy fort for three days and just tore everything to pieces before they gave in; and then it wasn't Morris that hoisted the white flag, but one of his men. Well, when they threw down their arms, we rode in. I was mad, I can tell you. I didn't

know the old fanatic, but Judge Stoddard was beside me and pointed him out to me. I rode up to him and said, "Surrender in the name of the Lord!" He hollered out, "No, never, never!" and said he wanted to speak to the people. I told him to be damned quick about it. He commenced saying "Brethren, I have taught you true principles—" He just got that far when I cut him short with a ball in his throat. When he fell I gave him another, and said to the people, "There's your prophet; what do you think of your prophet now!" Then I turned and keeled his man Banks over. A woman came running up hollering: "O, you bloodthirsty wretch!" She got the fourth cartridge and another woman that came up blubbering to Morris, got the fifth, and it was lucky for the others that the last chamber of my six shooter was empty.

*Rock.* Wot ever became of the other wicked apos-tates?

*Bur.* Why, they would have been badly dealt with, because Judge Kinney just did what Brother Brigham told him to, but Governor Harding, the arch Gentile, came about that time, and General Cannon with his two regiments of California volunteers established Camp Douglass and a petition was signed for their pardon, and the Governor pardoned 'em and helped 'em to get away to Idaho. They say some Mormons even signed that petition.

*Hanks.* They did? Blow my heart, if I wouldn't shoot all blazes into 'em, if I knowed who they waz.

*Hick.* You would, you gas-pipe? I'll tell you one ov 'em. And he rode thirty miles one muddy night and got the Governor outen his bed fur to sign it,

an' his name is writ clear crost that ere paper in sich big letters that you kin read it a ridin' past on horse-back, an' that name is purty well known in Mormon-dom—for it's BILL HICKMAN. Now, why don't you shoot, Eph. Hanks?

*Hanks.* Wall—that there's another thing.

*Hick.* No, 'tain't, you durned blowhard, it's only a other feller.

*Burton.* Well, boys, don't quarrel. That's past now, and if Brother Brigham is satisfied, it is none of our business. Come, let us have some more whiskey. I suppose by drinking enough of this slop, as Bill calls it, you can get some whiskey out of it. Let's be jolly and gay and warm our hearts for the lively work that is in store for us. I wonder where Art Hinckley is.

*Rock.* Don't yer know, Brother Bob? He's gone up to Provo with a few of the boys to look after a lukewarm saint.

*Burton.* Art is a clever fellow and a steady hand, but he is subject to fits of melancholy or the softs, as I call them.

*Rock.* Bad things to have, and won't do at all for us fellers.

*Burt.* Not a bit. I'm afraid Ike here gets these fits too. Don't give way to 'em, Ike. It's a disease that mostly terminates fatally. A Danite has no business with feelings and such trash.

*Hank.* I should think not, blow my buttons! I a'int troubled that way. . On the contrary, the harder they squeal and the harder they begs, the more fun it's fur me. Holy Joseph, you reck'leck wen we

rubbed out thet emigrant train in Humbolt kenyon, Port?

*Rock.* Yes I do, Brother Ephriam, but I don't take no pride in my humble work. I always gives the glory to the Lord, brethring.

*Hick.* Wall, sence Saint Porter's too meek an' mumble to talk, sposen you relieve him, brother blowbelly, bein's as you ain't hendered by no sich weakniss?

*Hanks.* I must say, Bill, as you're confounded crusty to-day. But I was goin' to say ther was some tall squeelin' thar—thar war some tall fun too, you kin jess bet. It were a fine train an' the men would a fit game till the las', but it wa'nt no use, we had 'em in a ambrush.

*Burt.* Ambush, you mean, Eph.

*Hanks.* Wall, we had 'em in a bush, an' then we give 'em a brush, so I don't care a damn w'ich is ko-reck. I war hidden with my men behind some bushes on a ledge inside the kenyon w'ile Port an' the rest o' the boys was waitin' in the ravine outside. We was layin' on our bellies for a long time with our rifles cocked, w'en at las' we herd the waggins come a rumblin' in. Them fellers was jess as gay ez birds, an' didn't suspicion nothin'— They wuz even singin' an' I min' the words of the song yit, they sung so loud an' everything was so still. It were somethin' about promised land, an' thur gittin' thur, an' the wimmin in the waggins allus joined in the chorus. When the foremost ones cum up opposite us, an' wer just givin' "promise lan' " full swing, whack, whack! went our rifles an' down went about ten ov 'em. Waal, the rest, w'en they seen as they couldn't git—to us, jist turned an' skeedadled fur the openin' ov the



kenyon, but just w'en they got thur up comes Port with his party an' picks 'em off from the side. They couldn't see Port from the outside, and they couldn't see me up on the rocks. They were afeered to venture out an' afeered to go on through the kenyon. Thar they was like a parcel o' rats in a trap, an' so w'ile Port's people make a hell of a racket an' rumpus outside an' pick off them as sticks thur noses out, we pepper 'em like lightnin' from above, an' jess clean 'em out like a herd o' bufflers in a pitfall. Waal, arter we sent all the men inter "promise lan'" we clum down to the waggins fur to git acquainted with the sweet chorus singers. The wimmen was mostly layin' down in the waggin beds durin' the shootin' an' when we hunted 'em out thar an' invited 'em to giv us another roun' o' "promise lan'," you jess orter heerd the squeelin' an' the prayin'. Jerusalem, if it didn't beat a Methodis' Camp Meetin'! Wall, the poor things wuz so flustrated that we-wuz 'bliged to make love to 'em awile, jess to quiet thur feelin's, you know, ha, ha, ha! afore we could send 'em arter the men to jine the chorus in the Promise Lan'. That wur tiptop fun, cuz thur wur some lusty gals 'mongst 'em. Wazn't they, Port?

*Burt.* Hell fire! why didn't you take me along there?

*Hick.* An' you think that wur a fine job, do you?

*Hanks.* Waal, I rather reckon it war. Clean work and no softs on.

*Hick.* No wonder this holy indiwidgle war ashamed to brag about it. A nice pair o' low-down, onery cowards you air. Wen it cums to mistreatin' and murderin' wimmin, ur w'en you kin shoot people

from behin' rocks or bushes you're mighty brave, but w'en you're got to stan' up an' fight men, fair an' square, w'er are you then?

*Rock.* I think, brother William, that I have, with the Lord's help, stood up agin men an' perwailed against 'em.

*Hick.* A nice piece o' bunglin' you make ov it. You hain't forgot that Aiken party bizness, have you? By your snivellin' sneakin ways you git Brigham to trust you with big jobs an' then you go an' botch 'em. And w'ile other people has to cum en' fix up your bunglin', you sneak back to Brigham an' steal the credit by your damned sankeymonious palaver.

*Rock.* I don't purtend to be as good a shot az some other brethring, but my faith an' zeal, I guess, is pretty well known, an' if the prophet wants ter use his humble wessel fur a destroyin' angel, w'y shed you git mad?

*Hick.* Consarn your ugly picters! a sweet lookin' angel you air. Your beauty is more killin' nor your bullits. Guess I'll tell Brigham w'en he has enny subjecks fur ter deal with, jess to show 'em your celestial face an' let you shoot 'em with your charm-in' looks.

*Rock.* Waal, as long as he honors his unworthy follyer with his confidence, I kin stand envyin' an' rewilin'.

*Hick.* Durned little more confidence he'll honor you with, my purty sweetheart. You'll do fur little jobs, thet's wot he tole me hisself.

*Rock.* That must be a mistake, 'cause I've got a rayther big job o' his'n on han' now.

*Hick.* The hell you hev! Wot's that?

*Rock.* O, mebb'y 'tain't such a big job, ennyway. It's only them two young gents at the Gentile hotel, Norris an' Sinclair an' thur party. I've got orders to shadow 'em. I know as they air goin' to start fur Denver to-night, an' I'll be ready fur 'em at Weber kenyon'.

*Burton.* Isn't one of them the lover of that pretty English girl?

*Rock.* Yes, an' she's got to be fetched back 'live. Brother Briggum's dead set on that.

*Hanks.* I don't like no sich jobs ez that. They're too mean fur a Danite. I think the spoils, the fun an' the feastin' orter cum to us. I don't want'er be no doggoned woman runner or gal ketcher fur no damned bishup, nor no profits nuther. If they're hankerin' fur fresh meat on their tables, durn thur greedy hearts, let 'm forridge fur it theirselves.

*Hick.* An' he give you this here job?

*Rock.* I have the honor.

*Hick.* Waal, you aint goin' ter do it.

*Rock.* Ain't goin' to? W'y not? Wot's goin' to hender me?

*Hick.* I am.

*Rock.* You! Wot'll you do?

*Hick.* I'll go with them people to Weber kenyon to-night.

*Rock.* Waal, I'll have to see Brother Briggum about that.

*Hick.* You an' Brother Briggum kin go to the hippidegrass.

*Burton.* O, O, Bill, take care!

*Hick.* Take the devil! I ain't afeered o' Brother Briggum. Briggum Young is a dirty liar. He swore

he would give no more sich jobs to this here cantin' coward.

*Rock.* Mebbe, you'll fin' out I ain't sich a coward arter all.

*Hick.* Wot, you wanten to bully me ! If you don't shet up I'll make rags outer your blarsted hide.

*Rock.* You air doin' the bullyin,' an'durn if I ain't gittin' tired on' it.

*Hick.* You air, airy ou ? You low-lived, long-haired, lousy coon, you ! Come on, then, I'll give you somethin' fur yer tiredness. [*Drawing his pistol.*]

*Rock.* Durned if you do. [*Drawing also.*]

*Burton.* Hold on, boys. This will never do. For shame, aren't there plenty Gentiles to shoot ? Here, Ike, help me take Bill off, and you, Eph, take Port out the other way. Hurry up.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter LARRY, from a hiding-place.*

*Larry.* Whisht ! Is the bloody blaggards gone indade ? Faix, an' I'd loike to give the gintlemin cut-throat a kelp wi' the shelalah fur reddin' thim two divils whin the howly Mither hed them so near shootin' of wan anither. Murther sheery ! our parthy is goin' to lave to-night, an' thim dirty blood-houn's o' the world is set on our thracks. It's lucky, it is, I goes to the shebeen wanst in a while, an' it's toime I'd be after tellin' the plisant news.

[*Exit.*]



SCENE II.—STREET IN SALT LAKE CITY.

JAMES *and* ROBERT.

*Jas.* I wonder where Evelyn can have gone? Mrs. Gray seemed very eager to pass my question over.

*Rob.* There can be nothing wrong or Biddy would have reported.

*Jas.* That is true. That woman is a rare gem, of the clearest Irish water.

*Rob.* But her bibulous husband is a still rarer, and he is for the strongest Irish water. I wonder in what groggery he is imbibing it now?

*Jas.* It is very annoying that we can't find him.

*Rob.* O, he'll drive himself meekly home to-night.

*Enter* LUCY RAWDON.

*Lucy.* Good-evening, gentlemen. Have I the honor of addressing Mr. St. Clair and Mr. Norris?

*Rob.* At your service, and quite delighted to find our names so noted here?

*Lucy.* I question whether that is so delightful. It were better your names were less noted.

*Jas.* But how have we become so well known? I thought—

*Lucy.* As for Mr. St. Clair, although he may have thought himself so well disguised by his beard, I recognized him at once when he came to the theatre. I used to deal in his store many a time, and who could mistake in your inquiring and inspiring gaze, sir, the renowned reporter?

*Rob.* Ah, it seems, Miss Rawdon, that the Mormon Star is great, not only in being seen, but in seeing.

It is a remarkable instance of female sagacity, remarkable enough to be reported.

*Lucy.* Yes, do report it; and report, too, that men are wofully without this gift. Otherwise you must have observed that the Mormon Pope has exhibited a more than ordinary interest in the young lady from England.

*Jas.* Do you mean Evelyn—Miss Evelyn Gray?

*Lucy.* I believe that is her name. The lover of such a girl should guard her more jealously, especially in Mormon land.

*Jas.* Why, what is the matter? Who has dared?—

*Lucy.* The absolute king of Utah knows no bounds to his daring.

*Jas.* What in the world has happened? For heaven's sake tell me.

*Lucy.* Perhaps it is nothing, but I fear and suspect. I was in Brigham Young's house an hour ago—on coming out I met Miss Gray in the vestibule on her way in—

*Jas.* Ha! that was the mysterious errand.

*Lucy.* I was aware of his sentiments toward her, and I know his desperate wickedness. I determined to warn the beautiful girl, and therefore waited an hour outside; other persons have since gone in and come out, but she has not yet left the house.

*Jas.* It is the Lion House, is it not?

*Lucy.* Yes, sir.

*Jas.* I will get her out. [*Going.*]

*Rob.* Hold, Jim, where are you going?

*Jas.* Into this lion's den or devil's den.

*Rob.* No, indeed. Keep cool and think a moment.

If she is detained there by force, then her captor has certainly guarded her too well—

*Jas.* IF she is detained by force. *If!* If she is not. You are tearing open the caves of hell. *If* she is staying there of her own will—thousand damnations! If her mother has been tampering with her heart and prevailed upon her to listen to this beast. Tell me, man, the black import of this doubt. To any other man I would knock his infernal *if* down his throat.

*Jas.* Don't get theatrical, I simply meant to introduce an innocent, logical contingency.

*Jas.* But do you suspect——

*Rob.* As far as her mother is concerned, yes. I believe she would marry Evelyn off to him and then marry him herself. As to Evelyn though—you are beside yourself to even imagine such a thing. But there are other conjectures; perhaps the Prophet was not at leisure, or their business occupied some time, or he improved the opportunity by expounding the Mormon gospel to her. By the way, Miss Rawdon, who is that darkey lurking across the street? He has been dodging around us like a beetle, and seems anxious now to turn out all the white he has in his eyes and his teeth.

*Lucy.* O, that is Tom, the black servant of Brigham Young. He is friendly to us, I am sure. Come here, Tom.

*Enter TOM.*

*Tom.* O, Miss Lucy, kin yo tell me whah to find de folks ob de young lady dat you seed goin' inter Mass' Brigham's?

*Lucy.* This gentleman is engaged to marry her, Mr. St. Clair?

*Jas.* Where is she, boy? Speak.

*Tom.* Fo' God's sake, Mass' Sinclair, don't talk dat loud, ur Mass' Briggum'll be sho to hear us, an' den good-bye to de young lady. Um! I'se feared he'll cum dodgin' roun' de conah right 'way. I ain't kearin' fo myself, caze I know I'se a dead niggah enny way, but I wants to see de young lady saved.

*Jas.* Saved? For God's sake tell me where she is.

*Tom.* She is in de prison room.

*Jas.* In the prison room!

*Tom.* Yessah, whar Mass' Briggum locks up de missuses when dey gits to scratchin' an' pullin har. He war makin' love to her an' axin' her fo' to marry him, an' caze she said no an' war gwine ter leave, he called me in, an' him an' me tuk her off in de prison room.

*Jas.* Come along and show me where he is first. I'll solve this Mormon question for the United States. [*Going. ROBERT holds him back.*] Let go. A whole army should not keep me from him. O God, I wish he had a score of lives, that I might kill him twenty times. Why, to bring her here and let her breathe the same air with him was pollution to her, and now the beast has touched her, actually touched her, and talked love to her. O, O, my stupid weakness!

*Rob.* For a lover this "fine frenzy" is all very good, but as an officer and a man you should show more prudence and coolness. Go, if you must, but remember you will only ruin the one chance of saving Evelyn.

*Jas.* For God's sake, for her sake tell me what to



do then. Help me, advise me, Bob. My head is all in a whirl and a daze; I can hardly grasp at a thought.

*Rob.* The one chance, the one hope, is in getting her out by stealth to-night, and then flying together to Denver.

*Enter LARRY.*

*Larry.* No, no, Misther Robert, not to Dinver. It's kilt an' murdered alive we'll all be like pigs at Weber's kinyon. The Danites is afther us. They's goin' to watch for us to-night, an' it's bloody work they'll make of ivery sowl on us.

*Rob.* Where did you hear this?

*L.* In the shebeen. It's the howly thruth. I heard it from the bloody bastes thimselves. I was in the shebeen whin they came loafin' in, an' I hid meself behint the potheen barrels and heard all their palaver while they was boozin'.

*Rob.* Hem! this cuts off our escape in that direction.

*Lucy.* I know another. There's a large emigrant train encamped a few miles south of the city. They are on their way to Los Angeles, I heard it from Alice Young, the Mormon Prophet's very un-Mormon daughter. She is my friend and pupil.

*Rob.* We are thankful for the information. It is our only hope.

*Lucy.* I deserve no thanks. I am also among the proscribed and this is my only chance of escape.

*Rob.* Indeed?—Then I hope Providence will aid our combined efforts to save Miss Gray.

*Lucy.* It may be done. Tom, is Mrs. Amelia at home?

*Tom.* No, ma'am, she am gwine in de country.

*Lucy.* Ah, the wily old fox ! I thought he couldn't have tried this while she was around.

*Rob.* Where is the prison room ?

*Lucy.* In the second story, looking out upon the garden. The windows are secured by iron bars on the outside.

*Rob.* O, yes, I have observed them. The bars seem to be very thin.

*Lucy.* No doubt some of Brigham's stinginess also.

*Rob.* Has he anybody else to watch the young lady, Tom ?

*Tom.* No, sah. It 'pears like he want ter keep it mighty quiet. Nobody don't know nuffin 'bout it.

*Rob.* He has the key ?

*Tom.* Shoh he hab, but he done tole me fur to git it 'bout supper time an' take her wittles in.

*Rob.* I have it. See here, Tom, will you help to save the young lady ?

*Tom.* Fore de Lord, dat I will, if it do cost dis chile his neck. De fuss minnit I seed de young lady, bress her purty soul, I sez to myself. Dat am your young Missis from ole Kaintuck, she am just dat purty and dat proud. An den I said to myself: Look hyah, niggah, if you don't help to git de young missis outen de claws ob dis ole Nebuchadsneezer you orter git shot sho'. Ugh, I specs dat's wot dey'll do wid me, ennyway.

*Rob.* Don't be afraid. You shall flee with us. You are a noble fellow, and we shall never forget your kindness. Go now and get a strong file, a little can of oil and a ball of stout cord. Take them to her when you carry her supper in. Tell her to file one

or two of the bars through, using the oil freely. It may not be necessary to file them off both above and below. I think if they are loosened below they can be bent out of the way. At one o'clock to-night we will be in the garden with a rope ladder. The signal will be the chirping of a cricket three times. If she is ready then let her tie the file to the cord and lower it. We will tie the ladder to the cord, which she shall pull up and fasten to the lower filed off ends of the rods and then get out of the window and descend. Outside of the garden-wall our horses shall stand ready. Do you understand and remember it all?

*Tom.* Yes, sah. I'se gwine ter get the things ready right 'way.

*Rob.* Hold, if there should be any obstacle, or if she has any answer to send, come and tell us. We will be walking before the hotel until half-past six. Hurry up now, for you haven't much time.

[*Exit Tom*].

*La.* Larry, you go and tell Biddy and Mrs. Gray. I will come there later, and conduct them to the hotel. Miss Rawdon, where will you join us? You must be our guide and counsellor.

*Lucy.* I will come to the Gentile hotel during the evening. [*A wagon with the dead body of a woman is driven rapidly by. Danites, on horseback follow shouting and shooting off pistols. People hurriedly and tremblingly disperse.*]

*Rob.* The bloody work has commenced. Three other murders have been done to-day. Away to work.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Hut.* MRS. GRAY AND BIDDY.

*Mrs. G.* Biddy, don't you think Evelyn ought to come soon?

*Biddy.* Throth, it's the poshible she won't be afther comin' at all, at all.

*Mrs. G.* What do you mean? You frighten me.

*B.* Agra, it's frightened an' skeert you should be, maam fur sindin' the angel to see the devil.

*Mrs. G.* For shame, Biddy. You show the same wicked prejudice that these misguided young men have.

*B.* Shure an' it's yourself that's misguided wid thrustin' thim lyin' prastes an' profits rayther thin thim young men as is your friends an' good men an' thrue.

*Mrs. G.* I am sure he can intend no harm to her, He seems to regard her with so much favor.

*B.* The megrim on his bastely favor, axin' yer pardon, ma'am. Is it the bastely, dirthy grah ov their blaggard boozin' profit you's afther preferrin' to the true lðve ov the dacint young man, as is the gintlemin all out? Fhwat would ye make ov the colleen?

*Mrs. G.* The Prophet of God can never make an improper proposal to a lady; and if my daughter engages his honorable affection, I shall be only too glad to see her saved from her sinful Gentile alliance.

*B.* Bad scrán to the owld pullpigimist! An' I shuppose that was wan rayson, ye sint Miss Evelyn there.

*Mrs. G.* I need not deny that was in my mind.



*B.* The poor darling, a-vilish! God forgive yer blindness!

*Enter LARRY.*

Hello, a-vehonce, has ye condescinded to show yerself agin. Fwhat megrim druv ye ouden the she-been so soon?

*Larry.* Fwhat'll make us all lave this divil's howl quicker nor we come inter it, the Danites, bad cess to 'em. An' it's meself agin that has saved the howl parthy on us wid me goin' to the shebeen.

*B.* Shadh, me bouchal, that sthory is too owld to blarney me wid agin.

*L.* It's no blarney this bout, Biddy ashtore. I wuz behin the poteen barrels whin two o' thim murtherin' angels wuz goin' to fight, bekaze, they says, they's goin to murther us in Weber kenyon to-night, an' Miss Evelyn is in the prison.

*B.* Howly Father!

*Mrs. G.* O, dear, has this brawling place also infected my daughter so that she has even been arrested in a fight?

*L.* Divil a bit, axin yer pardin, ma'am, it's in the Lion House she's shet up in, ye persave.

*Mrs. G.* Horrors. Not with lions, I hope.

*L.* No, no, ma'am, the profit.

*Mrs. G.* Ah, he rushed in among the lions after her. They did not devour him?

*L.* It's wishin' that I am, wid all the veins o' me body, an' good luck to 'em. But it's the colic they'd git fur their atin, shure, the craythurs, like the divil whin he swally'd the praste.

*B.* Arrah, thin it's yerself that has swally'd the craythur agin,

*L.* Sorra dhrop, Biddy, a hagur, but it's in a natural brutheen, I am intoirely.

*B.* Avick thin, sthop yer gosther an' sphake up. Fwher's the darlint?

*L.* She wint to the profit's house, ye mind?

*B.* Shure an' we knows that, more's the sorra.

*L.* An' it's the Lion House they calls it, by the same token it's the rooster house they'd be right in callin' it, bekaze the lion niver marries more nor one lady at wanst, the dacint crathur.

*B.* Divil take the rooster an' the lion an' the howl minadgery. Can't ye sphake sensible, an' me a-dyin' to hear about me darlint? Fwhere is she now?

*L.* In the prison, I tell yez.

*B.* Mavrone orth, fwhat could the swate innocent be afther doin' wrong?

*L.* The profit, bad luck to the morsil ov him, thried to put the gustho an' her an' axed her to marry him, an' whin she give him the cowld shouldher an' wants to go out, he ups an' claps her into the prison room. The naygur an' the theaytre lady towld us all abouten it.

*B.* Wurrah, wurrah! I knowed it. I felt it in me heart, savourneen dhelish. Fwhy did I lave her go, the swate white girl o' my heart. O, Mrs. Grey, you the mither ov her, how could ye do it at all, at all. Ye druv yer own flesh an' blood into the lion's howl.

*Mrs. G.* She will receive no harm from him.

*B.* The mistress of heaven forgive yez. Fwher is this same prison, Larry? Come along wid me. It's me that'll git her out, if it takes the las' dhrop o' blood in me body. Come along. How can ye be

afther shstayin' here an' gapin' like a manus, whin our swate princess is in the hans o' thim dogs. Come, I tell yez.

*L.* Whisht, me woman, kape cool, kape cool. Mish-ter Jim, wint on that gait too whin he heard on it, but Mishter Bob helt him back. An' sorra bit o' the bocaun he is, I kin tell yez. He's the gineral all out. He has the swatest schame wid the naygur that'll fetch her out o' the profit's trap to-night, an' thin we're all goin' wid the immigrants to Californy. So kape cool, me lass, an' folly Mishter Bob.

*Enter ROB.*

Faix, here's the commander of the relafe shquadron now.

*Rob.* Have you told the news, Larry?

*L.* That I hes, me gineral.

*Rob.* And have you got your company ready, me lieutenant?

*L.* Avick, thin, an' it's that I disremember'd entirety in all the hobble.

*Rob.* It is dark now. The assassins will be astir soon. The Gentile hotel is the only friendly citadel in this hostile place. You are no longer safe here. Larry, you and Biddy may need to go to your own hut for some necessities. If you make haste I will wait for you here.

*L.* I knows the hotel, Mishter Bob. Jist you take the mistress fornent you, an' me and Biddy'll find the way ourselves.

*B.* O, me darlint, me poor darlint, a suilish machree!

[*Exeunt LARRY AND BIDDY.*]

*Rob.* Will you come now, Mrs. Grey?

*Mrs. G.* No, sir.

*Rob.* What, not at all.

*Mrs. Grey.* No sir, not at all. You may all go if you can, but I shall never leave Zion.

*Rob.* Well, this is jolly. Why not, pray?

*Mrs. G.* Why should I, pray?

*Rob.* Indeed I think you choose a very inopportune time for bandying words. Why should you go? Because you have been inveigled into this den of sedition and superstition and been robbed and beggared by these thieving priests, because you have witnessed the vileness and enormities of this foul and foolish sect; because we are all proscribed and doomed to be murdered to-night by the hired servants of this canting sultan; because your noble daughter is in the hands of this mighty brute, and can be saved, if saved at all, from a fate a thousand times worse than death, only by instant flight.

*Mrs. G.* Aye, saved for the arms of your friend, her lover, and I am to take part in this Romeo and Juliet scene. I will take an unexpected part. I will go and inform Mr. Young. [*Rising.*]

*Rob.* Ah, indeed! Do you know the way?

*Mrs. G.* No, sir, what do you mean?

*Rob.* Only that I was going to proffer my escort.

*Mrs. G.* I know your sardonic jokes quite well, sir, but they shall avail you no longer.

*Rob.* You mistake. I am not joking. I am in bloody earnest, so much so that if you decline my company I shall even commit the ungallant act of accompanying you against your wish. If you attempt to execute your insane and unnatural threat, I will be at your side and I will shoot your adored



prophet in your presence. If we must all perish, that monster shall be the first to fall. Death will be sweet to me after such a crowning achievement.

*Mrs. G.* O God, what shall I do!

*Rob.* Do what reason, love and necessity prescribe. Come and flee with us.

*Mrs. G.* Never, never! Do you think I have given up all, England, the church, society and wealth, home and husband for the sake of reaching Zion, only to flee from it again? Never! You may all go—Evelyn, too, and leave me alone to die and decay in this dark hole—but I shall never give up Zion.

*Rob.* Not even when your so-called Zion proves a Gehenna.

*Mrs. G.* Do not say that. I will not believe it. Go and leave me. Go! go!

*Rob.* I will send someone again about midnight.  
[*Exit ROB.*]

SCENE IV.—PRISON ROOM. *Evelyn fling at the iron bar. Turns around, listens.*

*E.* I thought I heard some one coming. It must be my terrified heart. How will it end? A fate as hard and cold as this iron grating seems to confront us in our path. Yet these iron bars will yield. This one is filed half through. O, how will it end? Will they succeed? I am driven hither and thither between despair and hope, anguish and joy. It is a breathless, hazardous game. Yet anything is preferable to staying here. O, oh, I shudder to think of it! O God, God, thou lovest purity, hear us

help us. If we are not to enjoy the happiness we dream of, Thy will be done, only let me escape to the garden, and there die with him ! O, James, my dearest love, I have brought you to this. O, my noble, precious, peerless James. How you must be suffering for me. God be with you. The thought of you gives me new strength. I must go to work again. I must do my part. With God's help we will succeed. [*Turns and listens again.*] There surely is some one coming. I heard it plainly. [*Hides her tools.*]  
[*Knocking.*]

*Enter* BRIGHAM YOUNG.

Y. Good-evening, Evelyn. Have I disturbed you in your prayers ? I did not wish to come in without knocking.

Eve. Such ceremony from the jailer to his prisoner is mere mockery.

Y. I really did not mean it so.

Eve. Why did you enter unbidden then ?

Y. How could I stay away, dearest Evelyn. Do not look so haughtily at me. I mean you no harm. I love you with all my soul, so sincerely, so tenderly. I worship you, my angel. Will you not listen to me, my adored ? [*Falls on his knees.*] Behold, I throw myself at your feet, a thing I have never done to any woman before. Here I am and offer you all that I am and own. Do not turn away from me in such a disgusted way. I know what you mean ; or are you laughing at me ? I suppose I must be cutting a very ridiculous figure. Guess I'll get up again.—O, dear me that's not as easy as getting down. [*Slowly rises.*] Come let's be plain, Evelyn. I know you mean polygamy. I know you've been told all about that.

*Eve.* I have been told nothing. My friends considerably withheld these things from me.

*Y.* O, you have seen some things then?

*Eve.* Yes, sir, I have seen some things.

*Y.* Well what you have seen is only appearance. There is polygamy among us. What is the use of denying it? But it is very rare, and it is not the thing that our enemies would make it out to be. I am not responsible for its existence. Joseph Smith introduced it. He was a cranky, crack-brained fellow, who imagined that because those old saints in the Old Testament had more wives than one, he must go and do so, too. I could not abolish it at once but I have done my utmost to restrict it. It is true I have had a number of women sealed to me, as we call it, but that was done rather to provide for them than for any other reason, and even my enemies will tell you that I have practically lived in monogamic marriage for many years. She who was in reality my wife has gone and left me now. I don't know with whom she has eloped, but I know she will never come back. Now if you will take her place.—

*Eve.* Sir, I cannot prevent your insulting me with such talk and such a proposal, for I am in your power. I cannot tell what you will do with me if I refuse. You may kill me. But it will spare you trouble if I say once for all, firmly, finally: it cannot be. I will never, never forsake my lover.

*Y.* No, no, of course not; but if he forsakes you?

*Eve.* Sir!

*Y.* Yes. You have never thought of that, eh? Certainly not. But that is just what he will do.

*Eve.* Sir, with all your power and territory, you are not worthy to be his valet.

*Y.* Ah, indeed! But you do not understand me. I don't question the sincerity of his love, I only doubt its constancy. I don't accuse him of being mercenary. No doubt he has plenty money of his own, and I know where he got it. Right here in Salt Lake from the Mormons. Yes, I know him. Who does not know Jim St. Clair, as sharp a dealer as ever came to Utah? I had great expectations as to who the lover of the proud, aristocratic Evelyn Grey might be. Some English lord, at least, I supposed, until a few days ago I heard that this grand, love-inspiring, adorable Adonis was our old friend, "James St. Clair, Dry Goods, Notions, Boots and Shoes." No, I don't know anything against his character, and if I did I would not distress you with it. I only know that he is a roving, aimless character. He has been everything and everywhere. You don't know these American boys that run away from home to Texas or California. They're a fickle, ne'er-do-well lot, who break the hearts of their friends and never come to any good. He is madly in love with you now, small credit to him for that, what man would not fall in love with you? But who knows how many times he's been in love before, to how many and what kind of girls he has repeated those same vows of eternal fidelity and fiddle-sticks? He's an adventurer, that's all, who has herded with cowboys and California miners, with roughs and the outlaws of the wild west. Some day when he has had enough of you and the whim seizes him, he'll be off again to his old roving life. These fellows never can give it up. Then all you will have will be the



remembrance of his bombast and knight-errantry. Why should a girl like you want to tie herself to such a gypsy? And for a mere passing sentiment? You know the young ladies of quality in England fall in love with all kinds of young fellows sometimes but they are seldom so silly as to marry them. Those that do, marry in haste to repent at leisure. Most of them are sensible enough to marry in their own rank, whom their parents suggest, and are happy ever after. Now you know your mother is opposed to your marrying this young fellow, because she considers your welfare and rightly judges his character. You may think it is religious prejudice and fanatic zeal on her part. She is not such a fool. It is her English pride and her English prudence. She sees that such a match would be a *mésalliance*, that's all. Why, if he is such a cavalier, without fear and without reproach, doesn't he take steps to rescue his imprisoned lady-love? The idea of leaving her in the dragon's den so long without showing himself! Bah! It is against all the examples of chivalry.

*Eve.* When he does I warn you to be on your guard. You will be paid for your vile slander.

*Y.* Thank you for your kind solicitude, but I am not afraid. I don't expect him. Or has he sent a carrier-dove with a love message through the bars of your cell?

*Eve.* [*Aside.*] O, perhaps, he knows—No, no, he shall not make me betray our secret.

*Y.* Come, Evelyn, dear, you see he is gone. He is out of the field. I didn't wish to jeer you. Listen to me. Try to look at my proposal for a moment. There can be no harm in that. It is only business—

like and sensible. I was about to say something about that when you interrupted me. I am not as young and handsome as you might wish me to be, but I am not as old as I look either. I will not try to induce you to marry me by painting the glories of celestial marriage, for you don't believe in that stuff. I don't propose to you as a Mormon at all. In fact I am none! I have told you, I have tried to restrain and suppress this outrageous humbug of polygamy. I am sick of it utterly. Now Amelia is gone; she was always in favor of it, strange to say. If you consent to be my wife I will marry you publicly, and, at the same time, dismiss all the other women and proclaim that polygamy shall be abolished. Do you think I could bear the touch or the sight of another woman beside you? Now just think of what a great work you will accomplish by consenting; a work for your whole sex and for mankind, a work for history and for posterity. Thousands of poor women in these territories will hail you as their deliverer. All the women of the age will rise and call you blessed. All the world will honor and celebrate you as their greatest heroine. And then we will emigrate from this inhospitable country soon. The hypocritical Government will apparently never give us any rest. It is a cold, miserable region anyhow. I have my eye on the mountains of Mexico. I will buy an immense region of land there, and build up a commonwealth there that shall be the wonder of the world. And you shall be the worshipped queen of that new kingdom. There, in that salubrious, romantic realm, I will build a great city, and in it a palace for you, beside which their old

White House in Washington will be a miserable dog-hut. There you shall reign in splendor and in glory. The poor and afflicted shall crowd around you and shall go away blessing you and rejoicing. There the great and good of all lands will repair to admire and honor you. There the ambassadors of kings and princes will appear to pay you court. Think of this? Will you give up such a future? Will you forego such an opportunity for doing good for the sake of a passing, silly sentiment? We should not bury our talents, you know. We must give an account of them. God has given you queenly beauty and a queenly mind. Will you bury them in the low soil of a prosy, ordinary existence or will you raise them to a worthy position of usefulness?

*Eve.* You must have a poor opinion of my queenly mind if you think I can be moved by such a crude attempt at a fairy tale.

*Y.* What! Do you think I have not the power or the money?

*Eve.* You should have money enough, as my mother, among others, knows, to her sorrow, and your bad power over the ignorant is apparent.

*Y.* I suppose, if the handsome young knight, instead of the wicked old ogre, drew the picture, then the fairy tale would be a toothsome young ladies' romance.

*Eve.* If I were a beggar girl, and you the emperor of both Americas, and rich as a thousand Vanderbilts, I would spurn your offer with my foot.

*Y.* And drudge for him all your life?

*Eve.* I would rather be his drudge in a hut than your empress in a palace.

Y. Then you reject my proposal?

*Eve.* My ears burn with shame, for listening to it.

Y. And you will not take time to think about it further?

*Eve.* Not a minute. Go now!

Y. Think over it until to-morrow. You may change your mind.

*Eve.* Never, never, never. Leave me now, please.

Y. To your thoughts of your absent lover?

*Eve.* Yes, sir; your presence has been an insult to him too long.

Y. And a disturbance to your sweet love thoughts.

*Eve.* Yes. Go, go, if there is a grain of the gentleman in you.

Y. O, no, there is not, of course.

*Eve.* It seems so.

Y. I suppose, in order to earn the honor of being considered so by you, I should now open the door, and let you go to him.

*Eve.* You may taunt me, a weak girl, with your power, but he at least is beyond it.

Y. How do you know that?

*Eve.* What can you mean?

Y. You must have a poor opinion of my mind, that mind which rules these territories and outwits the diplomats at Washington, if you think I would bungle this business by leaving such an enemy at large.

*Eve.* O, you have not laid your hands on him!

Y. Ha! that changes your tone into another key. That has never occurred to you, has it? You have yet to learn, my girl, that Brigham Young does not do things by halves. I was afraid you wouldn't



listen to me while your Jimmy love still figured in the game. I didn't want to make use of my trumps, except as a last resort. I hinted to you that he was out of the field, but you didn't understand that, of course. Your mind was too full of romantic pictures of the coming cavalier and the midnight rescue, etc. I must disabuse your mind of these silly fancies and tell you plainly that he is out of the field.

*Eve.* O, what have you done with him?

*Y.* Nothing as yet nor will I do him any harm if you say YES.

*Eve.* Never. You dare not do him any harm.

*Y.* I know he is a dangerous fellow with the revolver, but we have attended to that. He is as harmless as you.

*Eve.* You dare not touch a hair of his head, for he is an American citizen, and his government will protect him.

*Y.* His government! O sweet simplicity! Protect him indeed! Ha, ha, ha! Don't you know his government out here is a dirty foot-ball, that I kick about as I please. I have just kicked it out of Utah for a good long while.

*Eve.* But he was a captain in the army, and his old comrades, who know he is here, are not far away.

*Y.* Dear child, they are far away, never to return, thanks to that same sublime government. You are both absolutely in my power. But I will not abuse it. I will let him go free if you promise to marry me.

*Eve.* O, no, no, no! How can you suppose he would go away and leave me here.

*Y.* Of course not willingly, but with a dozen

Danites urging him at the muzzles of twelve revolvers he might.

*Eve.* No, sir. He would not. You judge him by your cowardly self.

*Y.* Well, then, we will know how to get him out of the way.

*Eve.* What will you do?

*Y.* He has deserved death over and over again, according to our Mormon laws. He deserves death for robbing the saints and then carrying his ill-gotten gains away. He deserves death as a soldier associated with that band of marauders that invaded our territory. He deserves death as a friend and assistant of that reporter spy, Norris, who is writing us up for the New York papers. He deserves death, a horrible death, for profaning the mysteries of our Endowment House.

*Eve.* He has deserved death, most of all, for being an innocent obstacle to the Mormon despot's vile purpose.

*Y.* You are right—that is the invariable fate of all who cross my wishes. But I will be merciful to him. Our people are clamoring for their blood, the Danites have whetted their knives for the slaughter, it was my arm alone that shielded them—One word from me and they die. That word can be kept back only by one word from you. Speak that word, and he shall live.

*Eve.* Never, never!

*Y.* What, is that your love for him?

*Eve.* Our love is a sacred compact for life and for death. We have sworn to be faithful to each other,

whatever betide. I will keep my part of the agreement, so will he.

*Y.* [*Aside.*] I didn't expect this. You are a rare girl, more of an ancient Roman than a modern English. Still you are acting silly. What good will your tragic and romantic love do you if it causes your lover's death?

*Eve.* Love is above such accidents as life or death. My fidelity he has a right to expect aside from all other considerations.

*Y.* Very fine and very foolish. You have read too many novels and they have made you unpractical. If you really love him you cannot deliberately consign him to death. Yours is an icy, cruel love.

*Eve.* My unfaithfulness would cause him more agony than a thousand deaths.

*Y.* To be butchered with bowie-knives is not like reading a novel.

*Eve.* Horrible! But I would dishonor him by thinking worse of his love than of mine. We are both ready to die. I do not expect any more happiness on earth. End your loathsome parley and begin your bloody work. Here plunge, your bowie-knife into my heart first. You shall see that even I can die without a murmur.

*Y.* I really believe it, but I'm not such a fool. I don't want to kill you. What use would you be to me dead? I want you blooming, warm and living. I know a better use of your soft bosom than to stab it. Die indeed! You shall not die, neither shall he.

*Eve.* Ha!

*Y.* No, you have shown me a better way. He shall live but so that not only death but your unfaith-

fulness would be a thousand times less agonizing.

*Eve.* O my trembling soul, what shall I hear?

*Y.* Only that I will provide you both quarters near each other. I will prepare a dungeon in the cellar for him right under this room. So that the barred windows of your room and the grating of his cell shall look out on the same garden, and you can catch the sound of each other's voices. Won't that be delightfully romantic. There he shall be kicked and tortured every day, the dog! Death is indeed too good for him. I will chain him to the stone wall and spit on him. I will instruct the vilest fellow I have, in the art of taunting and tormenting him. He shall be kept alive on mouldy bread and dirty water. He shall be caged there until his beard is grizzly and his fine face as ugly and imbecile as a beast's. You shall hear his groans and smell the foul odor of his dungeon up here. He shall hear your sobs and cries below, and when he clenches his bony fists and helplessly pulls at his chain, I will come down and tell him that you send him a sweet kiss, which I have just taken warm and fresh from you. Ha, how does this picture of your knight strike you? Come, I must have one now. It will bring back the color to your cheeks. [*Tries to kiss her.*]

*Eve.* Monster, do not touch me.

*Y.* Not? Ha, ha! All the better. I am not in a hurry. They won't spoil. I can wait till the gentleman is in his quarters below.

*Eve.* O God, O good and merciful God, help me to think.

*Y.* Aha, that's a sensible prayer. You're coming to reason at least.



*Eve.* It all seems like a frightful tragedy that I am witnessing from afar, only now and then comes the horrible intimation like the whisper from the cold breath of a skeleton, benumbing my soul, that it is our tragedy. I feel that I am standing between two alternatives, as between two terrible abysses, but all is growing dark. I am walking in a dizzy dream—O Lord Jesus, do Thou hold and steady me! Thou art my rock, my shield, my light—I cling to Thee, Thou wilt not forsake me.

*Y.* Hell fire! stop that infernal praying. Answer me. Will you say yes or no?

*Eve.* [*Falling on her knees.*] Have pity on me, Mr. Young. You sometimes look like a venerable father. Think of your daughter Alice. What have I done to deserve this? We have perhaps done wrong against your religion. O, let us expiate it by our deaths. We do not want to live, we do not want to escape and marry. We only ask death, that common solace of despair, which is denied to none. Forgive us if we have angered you, but as you expect mercy of God, as you expect to render him account, do not do this. Here, plunge your dagger in deep. I will thank you with my last breath. By all that is sacred and humane, I implore you.

*Y.* O, bosh, stop that theatrical business now.

*Eve.* O Lord, wilt Thou not prick this viper that he sting. It cannot be thy will that I fall into the embrace of his clammy folds!

*Y.* That does seem to be His will, and it isn't such a dreadful fate. What is there so dreadful about it? Your lover may be saved, and you may yet go to him. Perhaps I will let you go soon.

*Eve.* O, horrible! What assurance will you give me of his escape?

*Y.* My word of honor.

*Eve.* I don't believe it. It is a long way out of Mormondom. My fall would not save him. Who shows no honor toward woman will show none toward man. No, I am resolved now. I thank thee, God. I will fall into thy hands. No, sir, do your worst, I will not consent.

*Y.* The devil you won't. Then I'm resolved too. Hear me, crazy fool. I wanted to make you my wife, my queen; now you shall not even be my concubine. You shall be the vilest wench of all the land. I will take the romantic nonsense out of you. I will bring your proud virtue low. You shall be the slave of all my women. The common strumpets of the Gentiles shall point their fingers at you. You shall only serve my pleasure and, when your proud beauty is gone and I am done with you, I will turn you over to the Danites as their common property. To-morrow morning, proud Evelyn Gray, I will come again. [*Flinging her from him.*]

*Eve.* Now I am calm again. I awaken from a hideous dream. Hell has overleaped its mark and spent its force. God is with us. O, I don't believe he has captured James at all. At any rate I will do my part, and if this end of the file does not effect my escape, the other is sharp enough to reach my heart.

SCENE V.—GARDEN ADJOINING BRIGHAM YOUNG'S HOUSE. LARRY, BIDDY and LUCY RAWDON outside the wall with horses.

*Enter JAS. and ROBERT with rope ladder over the wall.*

*Jas.* How about Mrs. Gray, Bob?

*Rob.* Couldn't move her by sweetness or severity.

*Jas.* The dickens! I'm afraid Evelyn will not want to leave without her.

*Rob.* I think she'll give in, she's in such a state of hysterical imbecility.

*Jas.* What's to be done?

*Rob.* I have arranged a *coup de main* as a last resort.

*Jas.* What is it?

*Rob.* Met Jerry Bowles and he promised to fix himself up as an Indian. You know what a wild terror she has of Indians. He'll burst on her with tomahawk and Comanche yell. About the same time Levi Savage and another recusant Mormon will appear as if to rescue her, saying they'll take her to Brigham's—that'll fetch her. They'll have their horses ready and fly to the camp with Jerry in pursuit.

*Jas.* Levi Savage going to skip Zion, too?

*Rob.* Yes, indeed, got his family in the camp already.

*Jas.* It will be grand sport for Jerry. Don't begrudge her the fright very much. It was dear mother-in-law who got us into all this.

*Rob.* Imagine her rage when she finds herself in the Gentile camp with us. You'll catch it, poor Jim.

*Jas.* Hush, isn't some one coming out of the house there?

*Rob.* It's the darkey. Pst! Tom, this way.

*Enter TOM.*

*Jas.* How is it?

*Tom.* All right, Mass, Sinclair. Jess come from de young Miss's doah. I war hangin' roun' dar all de ebening ter gib de tap when he cum.

*Jas.* Who?

*Tom.* Mass'r Brigham.

*Jas.* He's been in to her again?

*Tom.* Shuah, been in dar mos' a whole hour, talkin' weddin' cake to her. He didn't do her no harm doh. I heah it all outside. He jess went foh to skeer her wid a story 'bout you bein' in a dungen' too, but she didn't skeer wuth a cent, un' wouldn't say yas nowhow.

*Jas.* God bless her!

*Tom.* Las' he went away tearin' mad an' cum an' wake me up. I wah sleepin' mighty soun', ye see, hah, hah, an' tole me to watch dere all night. I let on I wah drefful sleepy, so't he had to kick me. Wen I git's dah she wah filin' away agin. I whispers froo de keyhole dat you'se all right, an' den she jess go filin's do she wah hired by de job. She am all frough now.

*Jas.* Well done, dusky conspirator. Where is the great brute now?

*Tom.* In his room, but he aint sleepin' yit. I knows w'n he sleep, kase he do snore like a hoss.

*Jas.* The vile beast! If he shows his face, he'll never snore again. Are you well armed, Bob?

*Rob.* Cap-a-pie as the story books have it, but see here, Jim, if you dare to fire before I give the word, I'll shoot you. As sure as you live, I will. If the



worst comes to the worst, I'll not deprive you of the right to kill him, but for God's sake, remember we're here to save Evelyn, not to have a shooting match. Everything is propitious so far: Brigham ignorant of the plot, the Danites away at Weber canyon, the night dark enough, and the town quiet. Now don't ruin our only chance by your wild desire for revenge.

*Jas.* I'll mind you, Bob. Isn't it time?

*Rob.* [*Looking at his watch*]. Yes, it's just one. Tom, please go and stand guard at the door.

[*Exit TOM.*]

[*Gives three cricket chirps, EVELYN appears at the window.*]

*Jas.* O God, there she is!

*Rob.* Shut up. No Romeo apostrophes now. She has lowered the cord. [*They approach the house. ROB ties the rope-ladder to the cord, which is raised and fastened above. EVELYN then descends and falls into JAMES' arms.*]

*Jas.* My angel, I hold you again.

*Eve.* [*Weeping, clinging to him*]. God be praised! Now I am content.

*Tom.* [*Running up*]. He am a comin'. Dah he comes, dah he comes. [*BRIGHAM YOUNG appears, coming out of the door.*]

*Jas.* Where is he? [*Drawing his revolver.*]

*Rob.* Put up your shooter, Jim. Away, away to the wall, to the wall! [*Pulling them along.*]

*Y.* Hell fire, they have come for her! Hey, Tom, that's right, catch her! Head her off, head her off.

*Tom.* All right, Mass, Briggum, dat's wat I'se gwine ter do.

[*They climb the wall, TOM helps EVELYN over.*]

Y. Hold her fast, you black idiot, pull her down, why don't you?

Tom. [*Climbing up after her.*] I'se gwine ter head her off, Mass' Brigum.

Y. Hold her fast a minute, and I'll give you your freedom.

Rob. By your leave, King Bluebeard, we have resolved ourselves into an underground R.R. Co. for that very purpose. Thomas, in the name of the Abolitionists, I emancipate you.

Tom. [*Jumping on a horse.*] All right, sah. Thank you, sah. Let's go now, quick.

[*They mount their horses,*]

Y. Thousand damnations! Are you in this plot? You, infernal nigger, I'll wring your black neck. I'll get you and the girl yet.

Rob. You'll have to ride hard. The twin relics of barbarism are going fast. (bowing)

Y. You go to hell. I'll have you all hanged for stealing my property. Murder! Murder!

Jas. [*Aiming at him.*] Here, take it, you bellowing beast.

Rob. Hold Jim, you'll rouse the whole town and territory.

Eve. Where's mamma, James?

Biddy. She's gone afore, me darlint. [MRS. GRAY passes on horseback with a friend of LEVI SAVAGE followed by JERRY, whooping and brandishing his tomahawk.] Howly Mither look at the bloody Injun?

Rob. There she goes.

Y. Murder! mur——

*Larry.* [*Knocks him down with a club.*] Take that fur yer foine screechin', Misther Profit, wid the compliments of owld Erin.

*Rob.* Away, away to California's golden clime.

[*Exeunt, galloping off.*]

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—EMIGRANT CAMP, *south of Salt Lake City*. FATHER PARSONS and LEVI SAVAGE *before a camp fire*.

*Father P.* I believe your account, Mr. Savage, and, as a mark of confidence in you, we want you to take charge of the train.

*S.* That's a mighty respōnsible position, Mr. Parsons, an' I come to you as a stranger an' seekin' shelter.

*P.* We are the strangers in this country, and you know every cave and corner of it, and your own danger is the best guarantee to our trust.

*S.* I see, it's jest like a man jumping in 'mongst a lot o' fellers swimmin' fur the shore—they all turn an' ketch hold o' his heels to tow 'em out, s'posing as he orter know what he's about. But 'tain't exactly that way neither—leastways you was all safe enough. Brigham didn't have no grudge 'gainst you. It's my joinin' you an' these other folks as puts you in a tight place.

*P.* We have never stopped to think of that, nor would it make any difference. You are all welcome no matter what comes.

*S.* You are a noble man an' a ra'al minister, a long day's ride from them Mormin priests, sir.

*P.* Tut, tut, Mr. Savage, no compliments.

*S.* All right, sir, I ain't a man o' compliments my-



self. It'll be as you say. I'll take charge of the train. We'll do our best. I wish they'd come.

*P.* We're all ready, except to wake up the people. What road will you take?

*S.* The reg'lar southern route, I reckon, pushin' straight through fur Mountain Meadows. There we'll rest a few days, an' then strike right acrost the desert fur Southern Californy.

*P.* How far is Mountain Meadows?

*S.* About three hundred miles, right on the divide 'twixt the waters o' the Great Basin an' the Colorado. It's a lovely place, with a big spring an' good feed fur the critters, an' when we get there, I'll feel's though we was sayin' good-bye to Mormondom.

*P.* It has a pleasant sound. God grant it may prove a pleasant refuge to us.

*S.* I wish they'd come. I'm gittin' uneasy. There, I hear the soun' o' gallopin' horses. They're comin', sir.

*P.* Thank God!

*S.* There they are. Whew, how they're whizzin' along. Hello, boys, here we are! Is't all right?

*Enter* LARRY, BIDDY, JAS., EVE., LUCY RAWDON,  
ROB, and TOM on horseback.

*Rob.* All right, Captain.

*S.* Where's the ole lady?

*Rob.* On the road. They'll be here in a minute.

*S.* Then we kin git ready. Hello! All up and about here.

[*Emigrants awake and arise.*]

Hitch up the horses an' fall in line. The wagons 'll take their regular places, with the ladies' carriage in the middle. The men wi' horses ridin' on both

sides all along the train. Mr. Norris wi' the Irishman an' Jerry 'll command the rear guard, w'ile me an' the minister 'll ride ahead. Don't forgit to load yer rifles. Hurry up now.

[*Emigrants disperse.*]

This is Father Parsons, the leader of the company.

*P.* I thank God for your success, my friends. The young lady with her friend had better come into the ladies' carriage.

*Jas.* All right. Thank you, sir.

[*Helps EVELYN to dismount*].

[*Exeunt JAS. with EVE., BIDDY and LUCY RAWDON.*]

*Enter MRS. GREY, with recusant Mormon, followed by JERRY BOWLES.*

*Jerry B.* Whoa, ole feather-foot.

*Mrs. G.* Murder, murder! Save me from that savage. Hold him, hold him.

*JERRY gives another Indian war-whoop.*

*S.* Shet yer mouth now Jerry. Go an' take them Injun traps off, er you'll scare the ole woman inter fits. Don't be afeard Mrs. Gray, you're 'mongst friends now.

*Mrs. G.* Oh, where am I? Where is Mr. Young? Take me to him.

*S.* Not much. You thank the Lord you're away from him. This is a emigrant train from Arkansaw on their way to Californy, an' we're all goin' along with em. You're daughter's here too.

*Robt.* I hope you will pardon our little trick, Mrs. Gray. The dreadful Indian is no other than our old trapper friend of the mountains.

*Re-enter JERRY divested of paint and feathers.*

*Jerry.* Gie's a grab o' yer fist, ole woman, an' no offense. I didn't go ter hurt yer. Jerry Bowles don't tomahawk no wimmin.

*Mrs. G.* Go away, you brute [*crying.*] That is in keeping with your other conduct, sir, to make me the butt of your low jokes and terrify me to death in my illness too. Oh, if only Mr. Young were here!

*Rob.* You forced us to it as a last resort. But now let me take you to your daughter.

*Mrs. G.* Never, I will go back to Zion. [*Remounts.*]

*S.* [*Holding the horse's bridle.*] You don't know wa't your doin'.

*Mrs. G.* Let go.

*Re-enter JAMES and FATHER PARSONS.*

*Robt.* Well, Jim, here's a quandary.

We've brought the pony to the brink  
But who is going to make her drink?

*Jas.* For Heaven's sake, Mrs. Gray, don't keep up this farce any longer. Let me take you to Evelyn.

*Mrs. G.* No, sir. While you are with her, I will not go near her. Tell her that her mother's curse and that of her mother's God rests on her wicked flight. I'm going back to Zion. [*Rides off.*]

*Rob.* Let her go, Jim, a gentle riddance.

*Jas.* She's gone stark mad.

*Sav.* She won't come to any hurt there, an reckon she'll follow us yit. Here, Jerry, you go 'long back with her and kind o' scout aroun'. You kin come an' go without bein' suspicioned, an' kin do us more good there nor here. Keep yer eye on the Danites, an' send reports along the trail.

*Jer.* All right, Levi. Good-bye, Jim. Ain't I got a goshy ole time a ropin' my gal. I ain't ez slick ter this yer loping bizzness nor you young uns.

[*Exit JERRY whooping.*]

*Sav.* None o' that, Jerry. Keep outen her sight and stop yer hoss-play. Ready now. All aboard! Forward!

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

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SCENE II.—SALT LAKE CITY.—*Office of Brigham Young.*

[BRIGHAM YOUNG *with bandaged head rises from a sofa and rings.*]

Y. Tom, Tom! O, I forgot that nigger's gone. O, the black dog of hell! Don't I wish I had him here for five minutes. Good heavens, I wouldn't shoot him. It would be the dearest luxury just to fix my fingers round his toad-like neck and choke him, choke him. To think that he should be at the bottom of all this,—a black, stinking, loathsome beast, a stupid, staring reptile. This is the worst of the whole business. But I'll get him, if I have to send to California. Yes, all of them, the whole infernal crew. They shall die. It'll be small pay for this one blow on my head. I feel like murdering a thousand. Where are those two sneaking scamps staying? [*Rings again*]. The devil, can't one of those twenty scarecrow females come. God damn this whole infernal Mormonism to hell!

*Enter AMELIA.*

A. Well, that's about the first good wish I ever



heard you express, only you needn't swear quite so loud.

Y. Good Lord, where do you come from?

A. Why from the place I went to, and a nice state of affairs I find things in: all the women scurrying through the house in their night-gowns and petticoats like a flock of geese, and you a roaring and swearing with a battered head. What is the matter? Have your twenty concubines avenged their wrongs at last?

Y. Bah, the silly hussies, no such thing.

A. Who has been breaking your head?

Y. Nobody, I fell downstairs, that's all.

A. It doesn't look like it. Where's Tom?

Y. The black scoundrel! He's gone. He ran away with a lot of apostates, and starting after him in the dark I fell down the steps and hurt my head.

A. That's funny. Then he gave you the signal when he went?

Y. Oh, pshaw, no, I got wind of it, and just caught him.

A. But you didn't catch him.

Y. I will though, darn his black hide!

A. I hope not. If I can help him escape I'll do it, the poor boy. Have you been marrying any more?

Y. Oh, bosh, Amelia, can't you talk sense? Aren't you glad to see me again?

A. Well, hardly in such a plight. You don't look very charming. You'd better go to bed.

Y. I can't. I'm expecting Wells and Kimball on important business. Won't you go and quiet those women?

A. Poor things, they're anxious about their one twentieth of a husband.

[Exit.]

Y. Confound it, how she always does turn up. It's lucky though she didn't come yesterday. Wonder if she's heard of Evelyn. Lord, I hope not.

*Enter* WELLS and KIMBALL.

K. Good Lord, Brother Brigham, what's the matter? Have you been in an election fight?

Y. Shut up. I'm not in a mood for fun.

K. Excuse me, Brother Brigham, but I was thinking of my own head, you know.

Y. Confound your silly head, but mine, the head of Mormonism. It's an outrage and a sacrilege. I've been mobbed and assaulted in my own house.

K. Good Lord, by whom?

Y. By that treacherous, infernal St. Clair party.

W. Why, how could they do it?

Y. Just came and did it. They had bribed that sooty imp of hell, Tom, you know, to show 'em the way into the garden. When I went out to see what the noise was, they were lying in wait for me, and while St. Clair held a cocked pistol in my face, that drunken Irishman knocked me down with a club.

K. Oh, he is a slugger.

W. Well, I never saw a bolder crowd. They stop at nothing. Why didn't you call for help, Brother Brigham?

Y. Call? I should think I did, but the only answer I got was the sound of people shutting their windows—the miserable cowardly mob?

W. Well, you can't blame them for bein' scared when the Danites murder people in broad daylight.

K. Where were the Danites?

Y. Oh, I don't know. You're all a pack of cowards and traitors.

K. Don't say that, President, we'll do anything to avenge this outrage. Where are these wretches?

Y. They're gone with that Arkansas train.

K. That so? You know that Levi Savage and Lucy Rawdon and others have gone with them too? Something must be done before they get out of the Territory. They know too much.

W. What are you going to do about it?

Y. They must all perish. The whole train.

W. Not those strangers too?

Y. The whole damned train.

W. Why, what have they done?

Y. What business have they harboring our criminals? Besides they'll all have to be killed before we can get the others.

K. It does seem dreadful, but I don't see any other way.

Y. It will take them two days to reach Harmony. There are enough of our people around there to use them up. Here Dan, sit down and write. [*Dic-  
tates.*] To Bishop Higbee and President J. C. Haight, of Cedar City, and Bishop John Lee, of Harmony: "An emigrant train from Arkansas, which has been joined here by apostates, traitors and criminals, will pass through Harmony to-morrow, *en route* to California. It is the President's wish that you should pursue these accursed Gentiles and let the arrows of the Almighty drink their blood. The entire party must be used up. He leaves the method to you, but will hold you responsible for the execution of his command." Have you signed it?

W. No sir. Why should I sign it.

Y. Because you are my Adjutant-General. It's the usual form of military orders.

Wells. It reads more like your instructions to the Danites. I don't call the assassination of a hundred and thirty innocent men, women and children a military order. If you want to have them murdered, sign your own name.

Y. Why, what have you to do with it, you eternal jackass. It is my order. You are my secretary, my agent.

W. If I am, why should my name be there?

Y. I have already told you, numskull. Will you sign?

W. No I won't.

Y. The hell you won't? Get out of here. I'll have you attended to.

K. Come, Dan, think of your duty. Your duty is to obey. You have no responsibility.

W. What are we here for then? Why are we elected to the first Presidency?

Y. Why, you everlasting jackanapes. When will you get over your school-boy conceit? Why? To be a figurehead, a wooden machine,—that's why. And I put you there because I supposed you had sense enough to know you had no sense. The first Presidency, indeed! You impudent, stupid, bungling donkey. I am the first Presidency; I am Mormonism. Don't you know that yet, you big lumbering ox? Now, then, I'll just give you five minutes to consider. Either you sign that paper, or you and your office go to the devil.

K. Oh, dear, no, Brother Brigham, don't abolish



the office. Come, Dan, you take no responsibility.

W. Why, who does, when my name is the only one there? Brigham Young isn't implicated a jot in that order. I understand that game.

Y. Ah, you do, do you? And I understand yours. It's fear for your precious bovine neck. Oh, you great soldier!

W. What, I a coward! Give me that paper. What's the difference? We're all going to hell anyway. [*Signs.*] There that lets all of you out. [*Gives YOUNG the paper.*] Are you satisfied now?

Y. There, Heber, you send that paper to Haight at Cedar City by the fastest rider you can find. And listen, I want them to take Tom and the girl Evelyn alive. Their blood shall be on the head of Haight and John. As for you, Wells, get the Nauvoo Legion in shape to march after them if necessary. [*Exeunt WELLS and KIMBALL.*] Well, I've got them in the breach this time. [*Knocking.*] Who the devil's that? Come in.

*Enter MRS. GRAY.*

Mrs. G. Oh, Brother Young, I come to you, to you!

Y. I see that. What the dickens do you want?

Mrs. G. Oh, my prophet, whither else shall I fly?

Y. Please don't catch hold of me. Don't you see I ache all over. I thought you had gone with your confounded daughter.

Mrs. G. You are justly incensed at her.

Y. What do I care for the baggage. She's not worth pursuing.

Mrs. G. Sir!

Y. A common wench with all her fine airs and

lofty ways. To run off with a low adventurer to a camp of rowdies by night in the company of a New York Bohemian and an abandoned actress. That is your unapproachable Evelyn.

*Mrs. G.* O God, there is light at last, awful, harrowing light.

*Y.* Bah, don't you get theatrical too. She got that trick from you. Did she get her virtue there also?

*Mrs. G.* Oh, oh, I see it all now. The scales fall from my eyes. Now I see you as you are. My pure, peerless Evelyn, to have your whiteness tarnished with such a breath. O God, in mercy forgive me. They were right, and I have brought them all to this!

*Y.* O, go to the devil.

*Mrs. G.* God forgive me? O, you monstrous beast, how could I worship you as a god? O, Evelyn, my sweet, my dear. I will go to her. If she forgive me, God may too. [*Exit.*]

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SCENE III. — *Camp of Emigrants at Mountain Meadows. Evening. Camp fire.*

*Mother* (MRS. SAVAGE) *singing to her child:*

On the earth the night descending,  
Homeward men their way are wending,  
Light and shadow fast are blending,  
And all nature seeks repose.

Work and waking now are over,  
Sleep thine eyelids soon will cover,  
While good angels o'er thee hover,  
In sweet slumber let them close,

Thou our hearts with love art thrilling,  
 With fond care our labors filling ;  
 From the night air damp and chilling,  
 We will keep our nestling warm.

Days of sorrow vexing sorely,  
 Nights of grief may be before thee,  
 But a Father watches o'er thee,  
 He will keep thee from all harm.

Stars in heaven without number,  
 Shining now attend thy slumber,  
 May no earthly care encumber,  
 In thy dreams thy peaceful rest.

May His star thee ever guiding,  
 Lead thee on with hope abiding,  
 While earth's days are onward gliding,  
 To the sunlight of the blest.

JAS. and EVELYN walking at a distance. Enter ROB  
 and LUCY RAWDON.

*Rob.* Yes, all things now invite to the close of the play. Beauty saved and promenading on the arm of her lover, the Beast far away. The quiet valley and the sunset furnish the idyllic, and here is the lullaby too, suggestive of sweet domesticity. Even the minister is at hand like a veritable *deus ex machinâ*.

*Lucy.* Ah, true, if we only knew whether our play is to end as a four-act comedy or a five-act tragedy. *Quien sabe?* The heroine's face is still beclouded.

*Rob.* That is until the last scene of the returned and relenting mamma. But indeed her style of beauty is too classic for a modern society comedy. "I would

she were fatter." Too statuesque. If she were only a little dumpy then we would not need to be.

*Lucy.* O, terrible. But, despite your fun and pun, do you not worship her?

*Rob.* Ah, only from afar.

*Lucy.* Alas, so do I. O, holy girl, prove thou our tutelary saint. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter* LEVI SAVAGE.

*Savage to Mother:* Is the young 'un asleep, wife?

*Mother.* Yes, I will put him to bed.

*Savage.* How sweet and calm he looks asleep, jest like this lovely evening. To-morrow, wife, we'll be away from Mormondom. [*Shots fired. Mother and child, together with a dozen other emigrants, fall dead. Great outcry and confusion.*]

*Savage.* Good God Almighty, what's this? O, my darlins. Wife, wife!—Dead, she's dead, and so's the boy, killed by the same bullet. Great Lord in heaven, who done this? Hello, all hands to work, shove the waggins together an' sink the wheels in the ground. Throw, up trenches agin 'em inside. Every man to work with his rifle by his side. All keep inside the barricade.

*F. Parsons.* For God's sake, Captain, come in here.

*Savage.* No, I'll patrol outside, sir. [*Throws himself on his wife and child.*] Dead, dead, so suddenly, an' I alive to look on this, an' never see a happy day no more! Who done this devil's deed? [*Jumps up and looks.*] I see some figures skulking up the ravine. I swear it looks like Brigham's work. Put out them camp-fires an' all the lights. Don't stop that diggin'. I'll do the watching.



*Parsons.* Do come inside, dear Captain, your life is indispensable to us.

*Savage.* God knows 'tain't worth nothin' to me. But you air right, an' mebbe it's better so. They went so quick an' easy. There's no more trouble for them. O, my darlins. Come, some o' you, an help carry these dear bodies in.

[*The dead are borne inside, Loud lamentation.*]

*Savage.* Sh. Quiet, my friends. Dark an' still is wot we want. I think the cowards have sneaked away.

[*Subdued crying, and the muffled sound of shovelling. It grows quite dark.*]

SCENE IV.—*Camp of Mormons and Indians in another part of the valley. Some of the Indians playing at leaping and running ; others carousing and dancing. Mormon young men throwing quoits. JOHN D. LEE and J. C. HAIGHT sitting together, drinking whiskey.*

*Jno. D. Lee.* I say, Haight, this yere business is takin' too long. Here it's nigh on to a week we've been shootin' 'em, an' no sigus of a surrender. We only pick out one once in a w'ile. They're making their fort stronger all the w'ile, and they got lots o' grub. Durned if I don't believe they're gone an' dug a well inside their corral, leastway we don't ketch none o' them at the spring no more. They kin hold out for a month, or till they git help.

*Haight.* Why, where in the hell are they going to git help from ?

*Lee.* Jerry Bowles is gone scooting out someweres. Arter he brought the ole woman inter their camp, the other night he wiggled right out again. We foun' that out. He knows every track an' trail from the Rockies to the Sierras. Mebbe he's gone to fin' the army. You kin jess bet your life he knows where they be this very minnit. An' jess look at them dirty Utes. They're flockin' in every day like buzzards 'round a carcass, drinking up our whiskey and gittin' chuck full o' fight, and the smell o' blood. If we don't let 'em loose on them people soon, durned if I aint afeard they'll turn on us. Besides, our boys is gittin' tired on it, too.

*H.* Well, why not attack the durned shebang an' carry it by storm?

*L.* Not much. There air fifty fighting men in that air waggin' yard, with Levi Savage at their head. W'y they'd jess mow us down like alfalfa. I don't want none o' that in mine. We have to try strat-jim. We have to fool 'em out o' their corral.

*H.* Yes.

*L.* Now, you see they don't know there air any w'ite men fightin' 'em. W'y can't we play the role o' peace-makers an' protectors, an' start em on the back'ard trail without their arms.

*H.* Very fine, if they'll only come out.

*L.* In course they will, an' blamed glad.

*H.* Wot, to be murdered in cold blood?

*L.* Botheration! They don't expect us, men an' brethren to do that.

*H.* But that's the program?

*L.* Precisely. Them's our orders, an' them's my sentiments. Air you going to back out?

*H.* No, no, I ain't, but it is a dreadful job. Give me some whiskey, John. (*Drinks*). You air a cool han' and no mistake. When air you goin' to try it on?

*L.* To-morrow afore sun up. Go an' sen' Higbee to me. [*Exit* HAIGHT.]

Now my sweet Evelyn Gray, your weddin' bed is awaitin' for you. This is John Lee's turn an' Brigham Young kin wait for his'n till he gits to heaven.

[*Exit.*]

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SCENE V.—*Mountain Meadows. Early dawn. Camp of Emigrants.* MRS. GRAY, EVELYN, LUCY RAWDON and BIDDY.

*Mrs. Gray.* Another day and still another. How they come creeping over the hills like mighty ghosts with their messages of doom. Ah, who will fall to-day?

*Eve.* Think of the thousands, dear mamma, the whole world over, who daily die. What does it matter how?

*Lucy.* I feel as if this day decides our fate.

*Biddy.* Alannah, it's the truth. It's me that seen the Banshee in the night.

*Mrs. G.* But tell me, Evelyn, what has become of the negro boy who helped you to escape?

*Eve.* I shudder to tell you. He gave his life for us.

*Lucy.* The morning after the first attack he was gone. The trapper who brought you told us of his fate. He had ridden all night, and the next day

threw himself at Brigham's Young's feet. An hour later he was lying on the street, with his throat cut and a placard on his breast with the words :

"Let white women alone."

*Mrs. G.* Great God, such heroism in such form should shame our fear away! It is I, only I, who should step into the breach, but my poor life, alas, would not avail. O God, if my death could only atone for this that I have brought upon you all.

[*Enter JAMES. She falls at his feet.*]

Forgive, forgive me, James.

*Jas.* (*Raising her up.*) Still the old refrain.

*Eve.* Now we have you back again, what is there to bewail?

*Jas.* Yes, and we are not dead yet. Hello, what is that coming there? A wagon full of white men with a white flag.

[*Enter LARRY, ROBT, SAVAGE.*]

*Savage.* What's that, Jim? (*Emigrants crowd around*).

*F. Parsons.* White men, thank God.

*Savage.* Mormons, which is another thing. (*Hold-ing up a little girl dressed in white as a signal of truce. Wagon with JNO. D. LEE, J. C. HAIGHT and other Mormons in it, drives up.*)

*Lee.* Hello, Levi, w'at you doin' here?

*Savage.* I'm waitin' to hear wa't you want.

*Lee.* Why, you commandin' this yere train?

*S.* Yes, wa't do you want?

*Lee.* Wa'al, you air rather crusty to your friends. Any you folks git killed by the Injuns?

*S.* My wife an' baby was killed by some infernal cowards that fired them first shots.



*Lee.* That so? Wa'al you see, Levi, ef you had married more wives like a good Mormin, that wouldn't come so hard on you now, ha, ha, ha!

*S.* Lookee here, John Lee, you'd better not talk eny more like that, ra'ally now. You jess state your bizness right away.

*Lee.* Oh, all right, Levi Savage, which you air savage this mornin' an' no mistake; ef you don't want the intervention o' friens, blame you, you kin say so. Pears to me you orter to be durned glad fur it.

*Savage.* That's fur us to say arter you have spoken?

*Lee.* Wa'al, mean' and the brethren up to Harmony an' Cedar hear o' you gittin' shet up here by the red-skins an' we came over to offer our help. We had hard work to git 'em to stop firin' an' open negotiations with the beseiged heroes. They're murderin' mad. They say you've gone an' pizened the spring.

*Sav.* Wa'al, that beats the story of the wolf an' the lamb. You know that a hull barrel of arsenic wouldn't pizen that spring. Go ahead.

*Lee.* Wa'al the long an' short of it is that they won't let you go on. An' their conditions is that you give up all your property, includin' your arms an' go back to where you come from. An' we promise, ef you accept them terms to see you safe through ez far ez Salt Lake. That's the whole on it, ain't it, Brother Haight.

*Haight.* I reckon so, John.

*Sav.* All right. Now thankin' you fer yer kindness, will you please drive off a piece while we hold a pow-wow about our answer?

*Lee.* Wa'al don't be too long about it.

[*Exit wagon with Mormons.*]

*Sav.* Now my friens, you have all heard the proposal. W'at do you say?

*Emigrants.* Accept, accept.

*F. Parsons.* What other alternative is there? What do you say Captain?

*Sav.* I don't say neither yes or no. Let the majority settle it.

*Emigrants.* We must accept.

*Sav.* All right then. (*Motioning to Mormons.*) I really don't see no other way. (*Re-enter wagon.*) The people have agreed to accept the offer o' the good Injuns.

*Lee.* Good for them. Now then, march out an' stack yer arms. Then fall in ranks an' take the road northard. The wimmin an' the children go in front, the men behind. A body-guard o' forty o' our men'll bring up the rear. Hurry up an' no shilly-shallyin'.

[*Exeunt Mormons. Emigrants leave the corral.*]

*Jas.* Why, Captain, you are not going back?

*Sav.* Not much. Looke here, I'll tell you. This is all Mormin doin's. There ain't enough Pah-Utes nur Pah-Vents aroun' here to tackle a party like ours without Mormin help or hirin'. An' what should they care wich way we go? It was Mormins that attacked us. John Lee hasn't washed all the paint off his ugly face yit. I thought they wouldn't let us git off so easy. But it's better fur our Arkansas friens to go. They're innocent, an' stan' a better show without us. I ain't goin'. I know wa't waits fur apostates in Salt Lake. As fur you, you-mus' all judge fur yerselves.

*Jas.* We have nothing better to expect. We shall not go.

*Eve.* O, never, never ! Let us die here.

*Jas.* The only one that stands any chance is Biddy.

*Biddy.* Mavrone orth, sir, to hear that same from you.

*Larry.* Damnho sheery, ef I could wonst give the skinadhre bishup his gruel, it's me that 'll bite the turf wid the aisy heart.

*Rob.* The emigrants are moving off. Where are the Mormons? They'll come for us soon now. Let us all say good-bye to each other and then sell our lives dearly. [*They all embrace each other, the men take positions in front of the women.*]

*Jas.* God bless you, Bob, if I go first, don't let her fall into their hands.

*Eve.* [*Smilingly showing a knife.*] Never fear, dear heart, we will go together. Stand by my side, mamma.

*Mrs G.* God forgive me, and hasten the end.

*Rob.* It is a tragedy after all, Miss Lucy.

*Lucy.* O, horrible. Yes, a real one.

*Sav.* It looks as though they've forgot us. See the Mormins have closed up the rear. Thank God, our friends are out of it. [*Volley of musketry, war-whoop of Indians, shrieks of emigrants.*] Great God they're killing the hull train.

*Enter LEE and HAIGHT with Mormons and Indians.*

*Lee.* Where are the traitors? Yonder boys. Down on 'em. [*Urges Mormons and Indians forward.*]

*Larry.* Come out from behind 'em, ye garran, an' oi'll annigulate ye. [*Shots. JAMES, LARRY, SAVAGE*

and MRS. GRAY fall dead. *Indians and Mormons rush forward.*]

Rob. [*Aiming.*] Come on, gentlemen. [*He is struck with a club from behind and falls.*]

Biddy. Wurrah, wurrah. Now we's alone. God save her, accushla machree. [*Mormons and Indians rush upon them. The latter trample on the faces of the dead and scalp them. HAIGHT drags LUCY out of the crowd.*)]

Biddy. Me sowl to God an' the Virgin !

Lee. [*Shoots her.*] There you ole Irish watch-dog. You don't bark at me no more. (*To Indians closing around EVELYN.*) Hans off, you wolves. Now sweetheart, w'at a Providence you're left unteched for me. Come. [*Tries to seize her. She wounds him in the face.*)]

Lee. Thunderation! [*Shoots her dead.*]

*Exeunt Mormons and Indians after robbing the bodies.*

*Re-enter HAIGHT.*

Lee. Hello, w'ere you been ?

Haight. O, jess had a little love-scene with the purty actress. You orter seen her beggin' fur her life arterwards. Finest actin' of her life, wich I had to cut short with a club. But you're bleeding from your cheek like a hog. Who done that? Did the lovely Evelyn kiss you there?

Lee. Yes, with that knife. An' I got mad an' shot her. O, wa't a everlasting fool ! All this fur nothing, all this, all this.

Haight. Are they all used up ?

Lee. Every las' one. Jess hear them red devils.



*Haight.* Brigham orter be satisfied.

*Lee.* Brigham be hanged. Say, Haight, this is awful.

*Haight.* I should say so. W're you going, John?

*Lee.* Home, an' mighty quick. I can't stan' this.

*Haight.* So am I. Lord what'll come o' this?

[*Exeunt.*]

*Robert.* [*Struggling into a sitting posture and leaning against a wagon wheel.*]

My skull is broken and my scalp is gone.

Truly the workshop seems beyond repair.

Why should I drag my mangled consciousness

Out of the limbo wherein I have lain,

Back into such a world and such a scene ?

Perhaps it is to write a live report

Of this unheard-of massacre unto

A higher Chief. Exciting sure it were.

Alas. He saw it all and must respond

Or all is naught. Vengeance is His ! 'tis well.

He sees, has seen for fifty centuries

Since Cain's day. He knows. Even so, 'tis well.

But what of thee, my loved America,

Who harborest unknown in hidden lap

This ghastly thing, whereat the devils laugh

Can no one help thee expiate this curse ?

Ye Mountains, gazing on it sombrely,

Will ye not quake the' unnatural secret forth

With sudden, thundering, convulsive crack ?

Thou innocent, laughing Sky, dost thou not hang

Eternal crape around thee, and thou Sun,

Rising unconscious o'er the hills, wilt thou

Not turn aghast unto the east again  
At such a sight? O God, that I should view  
This ruin ere I go, these loved forms,  
The noblest victims of our Western Turks.  
There in the middle, still the heart of all,  
That fairest English lily, fairest now,  
Pillowed in death upon her lover's breast.  
We could not guard thee. It is well. She went  
Unstained. The savages have even spared  
Her golden hair, which flutters in the breeze.  
Why do I linger here? O, haste my soul  
Their spirits wait for me. I hear them call.  
Life, thought and motive glide away. All strife  
Is done. The world recedes—a dream—a shade  
I feel the wafting of another air.  
A glad farewell to this. My friends, I come.

[Dies.]

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